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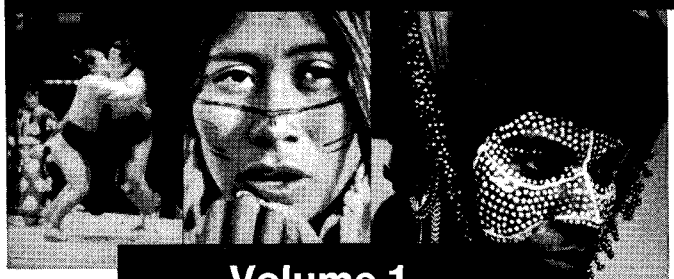

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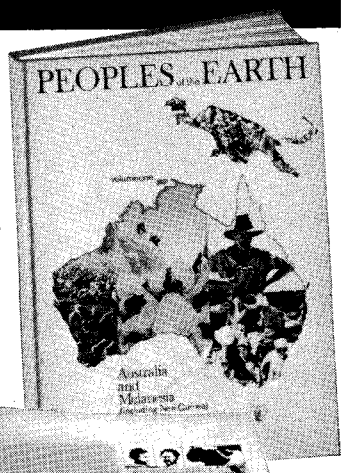

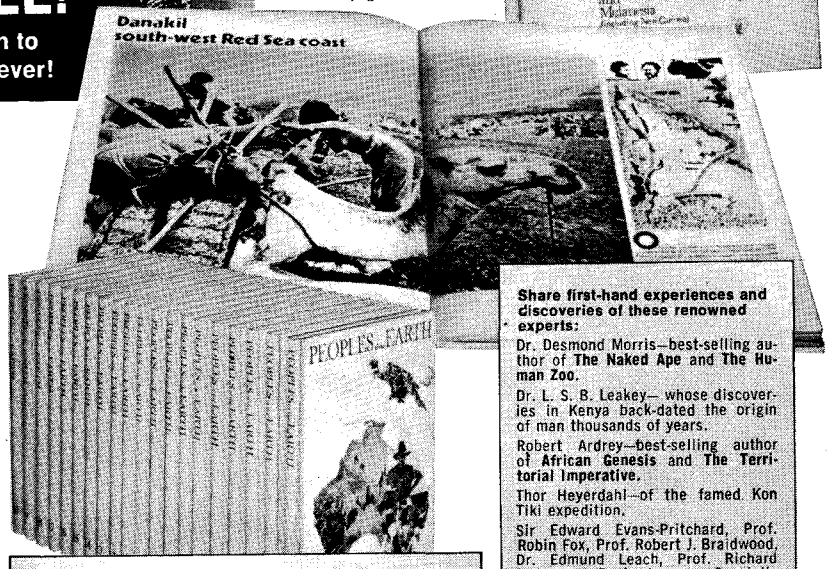

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Volume XVII
Number 123
Jan. 1974

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REAL WEST published monthly by **CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC.** Division St., Derby, Connecticut 06418.Vol. XVII, No. 123, Jan., 1974.Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Derby, Connecticut. Second Class Postage Paid at Derby, Conn.©Copyright 1973 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.Executive offices and office of publication, Division St. Derby, Connecticut 06418. Subscription $5.00 per year. Subscription Manager: Ida Cascio. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. All material must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Printed in the USA. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050).

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Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin — the man who discovered it — makes this shocking claim . . .

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Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR — SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there — standing before him, as real as life — was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting— stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire — called a Photo-Form — then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,

standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

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BRICKBATS

Dear Sirs,

I would like to comment on the article contributed by Warran J. Kelly, Jr. of Corpus Christi, Texas in the July 1973 issue of REAL WEST.

I would like to know why you have to emphasize the fact that Earle Repp and Carl Breihan are reputable writers. That has no bearing at all on what Mr. Kelly was referring to. You can always come up with a lot of crazy comments that are not pertinent to the issue being discussed. The issue was not whether these two men were reputable writers, although, like Mr. Kelly, I personally regard them as frauds, and they do not always print the facts, and you do not always dig into their background sources to see if they are printing the facts. So much for that.

The issue was that there were several stories told about how Jesse James lost the index finger. I will not comment further on this because personally I could not care less if he had lost all his fingers.

I would like to say that anyone who would stoop low enough to take the word of a known liar in order to make up a story is just as big a liar as the one he interviewed. I am talking about Bill Stiles who was regarded in his day and in later days as having been the biggest liar who ever stood on two feet west of the Mississippi River. Also about Mr. Repp and Mr. Breihan who put so much stock in what he had to say.

Mr. Breihan seems to have a lot of information about the James gang. I will not dispute that point. I will dispute the point though of him having to interview such people as Bill Stiles in order to get it. I have a sizeable western library of my own and a lot of information on different subjects and places in the west that is not generally available to the general public, and I have not had to resort to interviewing known liars in order to get it. Therefore, in the future I suggest that each of your writers as Earle Repp and Carl Breihan get their facts straight and not from liars.

I suggest also that if they want the facts, that they get in touch with Mr. Rex Bundy of Rte. 1 — Box 192, Corvallis, Montana 59828. Mr. Bundy is president of WESTERN HISTORICAL RESEARCH ASSOCIATES and although he may not have as complete a collection on the James gang as Carl Breihan may have, every bit that he has can be depended upon to be the truth. Also you may pass the word on to Mr. Breihan that I would like to see some articles by him about somebody other than a bunch of glorified crooks who masqueraded in their day as the James gang. Frankly I am sick and tired of reading so much about them. Now go ahead and print this because I am anxious to see what kind of silly comment you will make about it. You can't seem to make any kind of comment that is not silly. Thank you very much.

Respectfully,

Herbert L. Book
P.O. Box 171
Elk City, Idaho 83525

No comment necessary.

BISMARK IS IN NORTH DAKOTA

Dear Sir:

While I'm way late in pointing this out, let's hope that if Custer buffs will still be arguing well into the next century about what happened and why, that they'll at least get one fact straight. From Stephanie Shulsinger's "What Really Happened at Little Big Horn" Fort Abraham Lincoln was in Mandan, North Dakota, across the Missouri River from Bismark, which is NOT in South Dakota.

William Julison
Grand Forks,
North Dakota
58201

A LETTER FROM NORTHERN IRELAND

Dear Editor:

Just had to write and congratulate you on recent issues of REAL WEST. They have been real good reading with well written stories on Dallas Stoudenmire, Ledbetter, Col. Jack Hays, the Daltons, James Gang, and various Indian chiefs. I have started taking your magazine each month again since spying Mario DeMarco's great series on the Western Movie Stars, with the article about Tom Mix in the March 1972 issue, and the stories and his sketches seem to get better with each succeeding issue and hope they will continue for a long time to come.

I hope he will include favorites of mine like Ray "Crash" Corrigan, Bob Livingston, and Max Terhune, the stars of probably the most popular series ever, "The 3 Mesquiteers". I also hope he will write articles on some of the earlier silent heroes like Art Accord, Jack Hoxie, Fred Thompson, Leo Maloney, Kermit Maynard, Wally Wales and others not so well known. Keep these articles about our favorite movie cowboys coming and one last request before closing.

I could not get the October 1972 issue here and see its not among the back copies for sale, so missed the article on Hoot Gibson and wonder if you could let me have a copy of this story from your file copies or if any of your readers could help me on this. I'd be most grateful. Once again thanks for much interesting reading and hope you keep up the high standard achieved recently.

Yous sincerely

Gerry Gardiner,
64 Heathfield Road,
Belfast 14, Northern Ireland.

CUSTER AND THE LITTLE BIG HORN

Gentlemen:

I take exception to the article, "What really happened at Little Big Horn," by Stephanie C. Shulsinger, Vol. XVI, No. 118, August 1973, in which she so blandly states that 15,000 warriors participated in the Battle (not a massacre, as some historians would have us believe). Having spoken and visited with some of the survivors a number of years back, I think I speak with some semblance of knowledge of the affair.

Custer and his Seventh Cavalry were in Montana Territory for the sole purpose of annihilating the Sioux and Cheyenne Nations. He, Custer, was an asinine fool for thinking that he could pull off such a coup; he got away with it at the so-called "Battle of the Washita" since he caught the Indians in the dead of night and asleep. It was a different story at the Little Big Horn.

Another misconception is the idea that Sitting Bull took an active part in the Battle. He did not; he was a Medicine Man, not a Chief or Warrior. I am not speaking through my hat, as I am part Sioux and was raised among the Indians.

Miss Shulsinger also states that Tom Custer was scalped three times; how this could have been accomplished boggles the mind. I've always been under the impression that each man was blessed with one scalp; maybe somewhere along the line I've missed something. I'm not saying Miss Shulsinger is not a good author, what I **am** saying is that she has her wires so badly twisted she can't find either tip. A little more research might have given the reading public a more accurate picture of what really did happen at the "Little Big Horn."

Custer rode hell for leather into something he knew nothing about, taking with him 268 good men who probably knew more about

(continued on page 72)

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YOUR NERVES CAN CURE THEMSELVES

once you learn how to de-sensitize them, this doctor's ingenious new way...

If You Suffer From A Single One Of These Torturous Symptoms Of Nerves, Tension Or Chronic Anxiety, THEN THE FACTS BELOW MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT YOU HAVE EVER READ IN YOUR LIFE!

Because they reveal, for the first time, *how your nerves have tricked you* into the following mental symptoms:

constant nervousness and ever-irritation... indecision... depression ...loss of confidence in yourself and others...feelings of unreality... overwhelming obsession with one or two horrible thoughts...

a hopeless feeling that your entire personality is coming apart...that your identity is dissolving...or that you may be helplessly drifting into a nervous breakdown!

And—equally as bad—*how your nerves have tricked you into the following physical symptoms:*

chronic fatigue, that starts in the morning, and grows worse as the day goes on...

"missed" heartbeats—"racing" heart—palpitations—or sudden sharp pains under the heart...

sweating hands—or "pins and needles" in either your hands or your legs...

"churning" stomach...nausea...choking feeling in the throat... inability to take a deep breath...tight band of pain around the head..."ready to jump out of your skin"...strange tricks of vision ...weak spells...insomnia, that goes on night after night after night...

hand shaking...panic spasms...knots in your chest...dizziness... difficulty in swallowing...vomiting...*and all the other physical tortures that turn your life into one continuous hell!*

And Every One Of These Nervous Symptoms Can Be Controlled...And Then Diminished ...And Then Eliminated—OFTEN BY AS LITTLE AS THIS ONE SINGLE INSIGHT INTO THEIR HIDDEN CAUSE!

And that insight is this:
If you suffer from any of the nervous symptoms listed above, then you *must understand at once that your nerves are not ill... they have not deteriorated... they have not lost their true physical health in any way!* What has happened to them instead is that *they* have simply become OVER-SENSITIZED..."rubbed raw" by too much outside irritation *...and are now ready to discharge the emotional and physical symptoms of panic at even the slightest thing that goes wrong!*

Thus, the depression...indecision...loss of confidence and all the other emotional symptoms you feel are all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves! And the churning stomach...palpitating heart... never-ending headaches and all the other physical nervous-symptoms you feel are—again—all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves!

And therefore the way to treat ALL these symptoms is NOT with drugs...NOT with shock...NOT with medical formulations or hospitalizations at all! *The way to treat these nerves is to change the poisonous-thoughts that are rubbing them raw!*

And this is done (as proven by this internationally-famed physician on thousands of patients) in four simple steps! The first of which *stops nervous symptoms (both physical and emotional) from multiplying from that moment on!* The second of which *serves to tranquilize and quiet down those over-sensitized nerves far more powerfully (and permanently) than any drug a pharmacist could ever give you!*

The third of which lets you stop fighting those symptoms (which only intensifies them in an ever-increasing spiral of sheer torment), and—instead—*leave them alone in an ingenious way that lets them start healing themselves!*

And the fourth of which—the great reward—*brings you slowly-but-surely back to the person you used to be! With a new, enduring feeling of control and confidence that nothing can destroy!* So much so that this doctor actually comes right out and states bluntly: *"The advice given here will definitely cure you, if you only follow it"!*

In Fact, Case History After Case History Proves That Cure May Be So Dramatically Quick That Your Friends And Family Will Beg You To Tell Them Your Secret!

Once again, it doesn't matter what physical or emotional symptoms you are now suffering from...how "deeply entrenched" they are... how long you have been plagued by them...how "old" or "weak" or "out-of-control" you may feel today! *Here is specific, step-by-immediate-step advice that will* (again to quote directly from the doctor) *"banish every unwelcome sensation and regain peace of mind and body"!*

For example:

The two-minute self-treatment (you perform one ingenious little action with your chest) *that ends sudden panic seizures on the spot—including all their side effects such as dizziness, pins and needles, involuntary stiffening of the joints,* inability to breathe, and all the rest.

That "lump in the throat that won't go away"—*how to banish it in minutes... and enjoy eating any food you wish to once again!*

Physical weakness—perhaps the most dreaded of all symptoms—and (surprisingly) perhaps *the fastest of all to banish!*

How to deal with the twin monsters of fatigue and guilt! And leave behind emotional exhaustion...morning depression...thoughts that once raced around and around in your mind without cessation! (And leave them all behind—*for good!*)

Why so many patients who tried these simple techniques *actually came out of their nervous sicknesses as far finer and stronger people than they ever were before!*

How to recover from chronic tension caused by an insoluable problem! The only sane way to overcome it! How to avoid unnecessary suffering, for both yourself and others! And, perhaps, *actually turn your worst defeat into crowning success!*

The surest and most permanent way to cure obsessions!

How to tap the forces of Nature, every morning, *that are just waiting to cure you!*

How to bring happiness back into your everyday life! Not by waiting for some great event or reward...*but simply by developing the eyes to see joy in the little things all around you!*

How to beat *insomnia! Again, specific,* proven *step-by-step* instructions! Ten different aids that may have you waking up tomorrow morning as fresh as a baby, with eight full hours of blissful sleep replenishing every cell in your body!

And—the final goal: How to develop the kind of nervous control that automatically turns panic off the instant it starts! That frees you forever from "nerve-crutches" such as drugs or alcohol! That lets you pick up your life again from the point where over-sensitized nerves forced you to abandon it, with absolute confidence that you now have the poise and self-possession to accomplish the goals you have always wanted!

WHAT OTHERS SAY:

"...helped me so much and released me from the particular hell I have been living in since my breakdown six years ago."

"I think of Dr. Weekes with admiration and deep gratitude, as I am sure thousands of other people are doing."

"Looking back now I am amazed at the progress I have made in such a comparatively short time."

"It would be no exaggeration to add that your book saved my life."

"The method you give for cure of nervous conditions is so effective—and so simple—I cannot think why, out of all the professional people I have seen and all the books I have read in an effort to find a cure, nothing remotely like your system has been suggested to me.

"The great reassurance you give about the distressing physical symptoms of a disturbed nervous system is one of the greatest benefits to be derived from your book."

"You cannot possibly imagine what a relief it is to be able to view life normally again, instead of fear-panic all the while."

"I cannot describe the emotion I felt to find, at last, someone who really understood the problem, and to hear her say the condition can be cured.... If only this understanding person had the time to take all sufferers under her wing."

"I would like you to know that my nervous condition has so greatly improved through the advice gleaned from your most precious and invaluable book...that all symptoms have now disappeared and I rarely need Librium or sleeping capsules."

"My physician is amazed at my progress and of course I showed him your book which he borrowed and read thoroughly and is now recommending to other patients in like circumstances."

"My wife has made a vast improvement since using your book and now feels for the first time like getting away from the hospital altogether. I'm sure if she had had your treatment in earlier years she would never have had to go into the hospital at all."

WHAT THE PUBLISHER SAYS:

HOPE AND HELP FOR YOUR NERVES *has sold over 250,000 copies and has been endorsed by medical and mental-health associations throughout the world. Millions of Americans have heard Dr. Weekes on television and radio shows and have read excerpts from the book which recently appeared in* Reader's Digest. *If you are one of the many whose nerves are on edge and who sometimes feel panic and don't know why, this remarkable book was written for you. The reader discovers the simple treatment the author recommends for the dreaded and mystifying experiences known as "nerves" – indecision, suggestibility, feelings of panic, sleeplessness, loss of confidence, unreality, depression, and countless other recognized feelings of ill health.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DR. CLAIRE WEEKES became interested in the problems of nervous illness when she observed in her medical practice that those who suffered most suffered "nervously." Dr. Weekes is Consulting Physician to the Rachel Forster Hospital in Sydney, Australia. She has written articles for popular magazines in England and has appeared widely on English television.

Dr. Weekes has appeared with Mike Douglas, Arlene Francis, Barry Farber and many other U.S. radio and TV shows.

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By
Cy Martin

THE TREASURE OF

There are three lost gold mines located on the Western slope of Parrott Mountain. The first one discovered was *The Lone Wolf* Mine, the second was called *The Lost Clubfoot Mine*, and the third was known as *The Venison Lode*. How they were lost and what has been done to find them makes a fascinating article.

Very skillfully concealed by Mother Nature in the San Juan Mountains of southwestern Colorado are three fabulously rich lost gold mines. They have been the object of search for more than sixty years, and there is absolutely no doubt about the existence of these mines or of their richness. Yet, to this day, their exact location is still a mystery which, when solved, will lead some lucky hunter to an incredible golden bounty. All three of these mines are located on the western slope of Parrott Mountain in the San Juan.

The first of these, *The Lone Wolf Mine,* was discovered in the 1870's. The second, called by most people *The Lost Clubfoot Mine,* was discovered a few years later, while the last, often called *The Venison Lode,* was discovered in 1901.

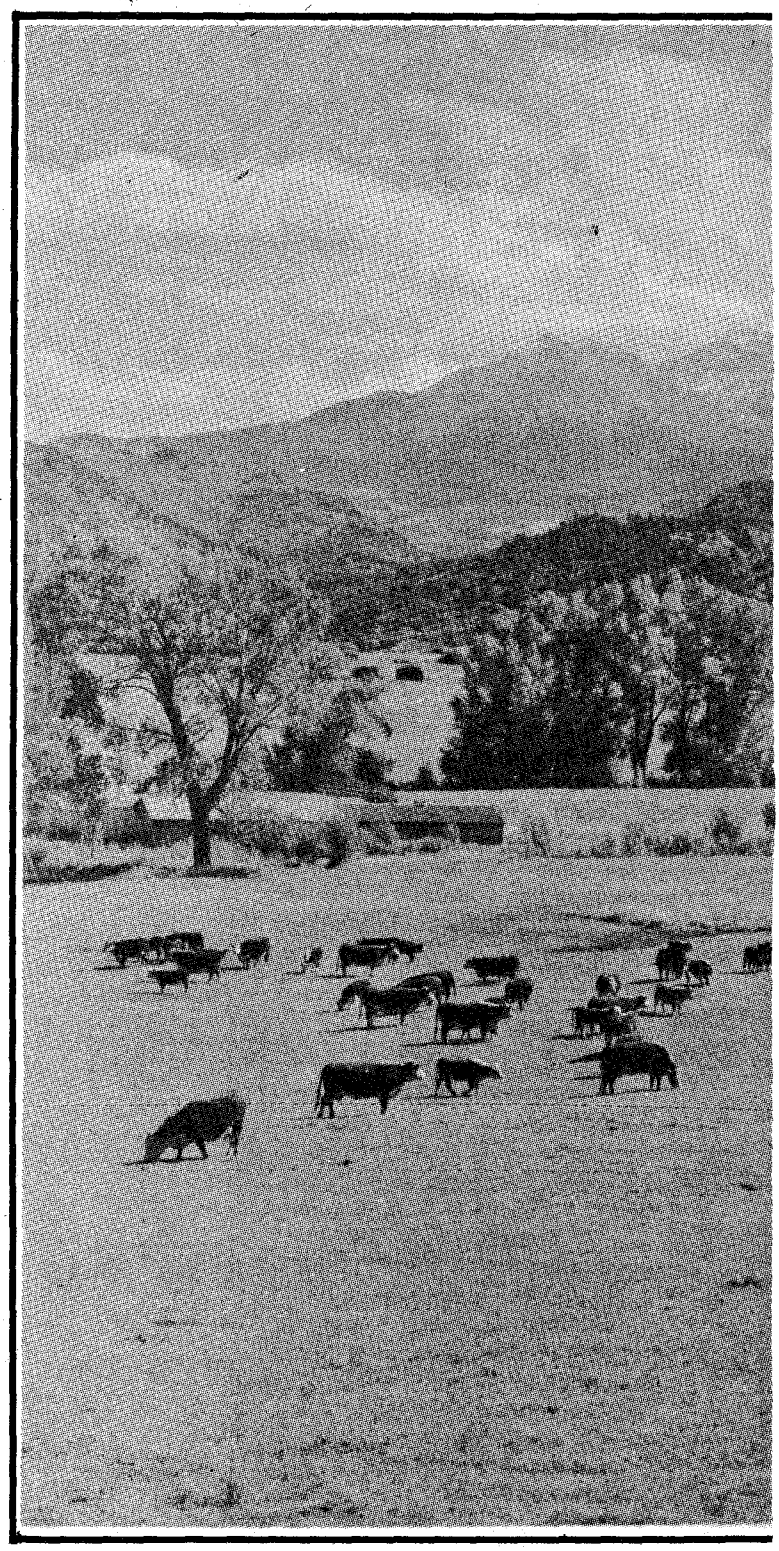
The *Lone Wolf Mine* was discovered as a by-product of the placer mining activity carried on near the town of Parrott City. Men from all over the West drifted into the camp: miners, prospectors, gamblers, adventurers, ore-buyers, and just plain laborers. The town was a rough, lively, and plenty-tough frontier town and a mighty good place for a man with cash to stay away from. Among those intent on making a fortune was a lone-wolf prospector, a very deliberate, solitary and taciturn man who kept his mouth shut.

"Lone Wolf" was young, perhaps no more than twenty-five, but his rough clothing, faded cotton shirt, worn jeans and heavy shoes (added to his long whiskers and shaggy hair) gave him the appearance of being middle-aged. He did not tarry long in Parrott City. He bought a few supplies, asked a few questions and took off with his two loaded burros, leaving Parrott City to its own interests.

After traveling a couple of miles westerly around the base of Parrott Mountain, he set up his camp. It was an area exactly to his liking, for the western slope of the mountain was not too steep or too rough, and it had an abundant covering of spruce and scrub oak, with a few little valleys of lush grass. There was also plenty of good spring water, and Lone Wolf had the whole area all to himself.

Somewhere in this area, in a narrow ravine near the base of Parrott Mountain, Lone Wolf found a small nub of rock protruding a few inches above the ground. He studied the outcrop a few minutes before knocking off a sizable chunk. Then he got excited because the new break in the rock showed it to be a true fissure vein, amazingly rich in free gold. Lone Wolf had made a fabulous strike beyond all dreams.

He did a little work on the claim, driving a few feet of tunnel into the vein, before going back to Parrott City. He came into town with both of his burros loaded with rich ore which he promptly converted into cash with an ore buyer. Leaving town without answering a single question, he headed for Alamosa, 200 miles to the east. At Alamosa he sent samples of his rich ore to H.A.W. Tabor in Leadville, stating he would take $25,000 in cash for his proper-



The rugged San Juans contain countless millions in gold and silver just waiting to be discovered. This view is near Ridgeway, Colorado.

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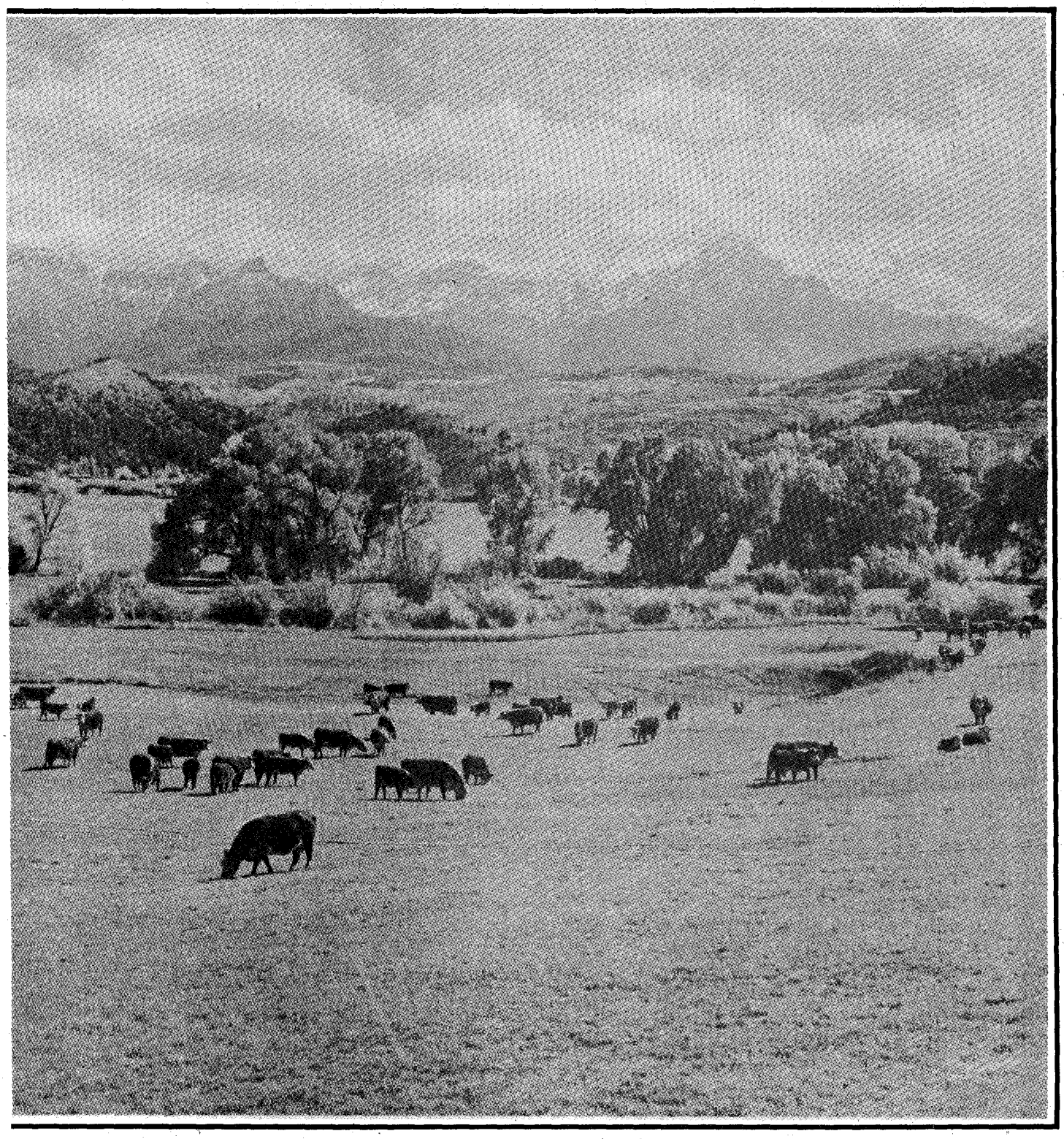
PARROTT PEAK

COVER STORY



Colorado Department Public Relations

ty. Tabor was impressed by the proposition and sent one of his mining engineers to inspect the claim. The engineer even carried a check made out by Tabor himself, in the amount of $25,000, payable to *Lone Wolf*, since it was the only name the man had given Tabor.

The two men met in Alamosa, then together made the trip to Parrott City and the mine. The engineer was satisfied, and back in Parrott City, he offered Tabor's check to the Lone Wolf. But checks were not common in those days. Lone Wolf wanted no part of a piece of paper. He had said cash, and that's what he meant — *cash money*. For hours, the engineer tried to explain the check was convertible into money at any bank. Lone Wolf replied, "You go and turn it into money and bring me the cash."

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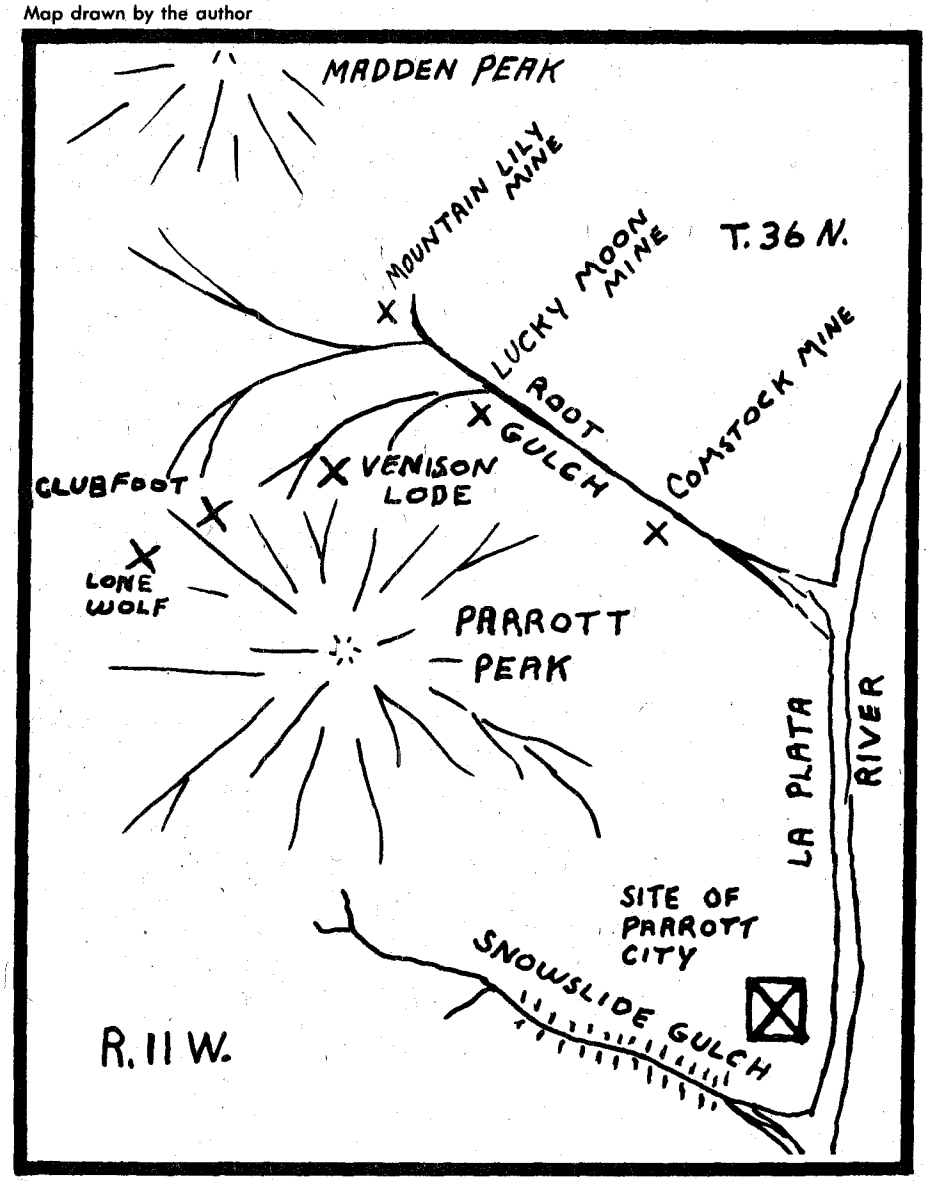
Map drawn by the author



Area where lost mines are believed to be located.

The engineer protested, "The check is made out to you and you'll have to sign the back of it before I can do anything."

"I ain't signing anything until I get the money for my mine," was Lone Wolf's flat reply. "You just tryin' to beat me out of my property and you won't make it that easy." With that statement Lone Wolf walked away into oblivion for over fifty years.

In the spring of 1927, Robert McCartney and Milton DeLuche were down near the Mojave. They stopped for breakfast in a small hamlet on the edge of the desert, and as they entered the cafe, they noticed a stooped, slender, unkempt old man. So they asked the proprietor who the old fellow was.

"Oh, he's an old desert rat. Prospects around these parts. He's been here a long time," was the reply.

"Let's go talk to him," suggested McCartney.

"Won't do you any good, he's a peculiar old cuss. Like most of the desert rats, he's got bats in his belfry."

The old fellow was unsociable when McCartney and DeLuche started talking to him, but when they suggested breakfast, he thawed. When he learned they were from Southwestern Colorado, he matter - of - factly remarked, "I prospected in the La Plata Mountains about fifty years ago. Found a rich gold vein close to a town called Parrott City, but some crook by the name of Tabor and his engineer tried to beat me out of it. I covered up the mine and came away. Always been intending to go back and I ain't never got around to it."

With that the old man shut up like a clam, and no amount of persuasion brought out any more information.

Even before this, in 1908 an old-time prospector by the name of Brawner heard about the mine from Tabor's engineer and decided to make an effort to rediscover the lost bonanza. Brawner spent a great deal of time, off and on, scouting around Parrott Peak and sampling all the rocky outcrops he could find. Late one summer afternoon, after a long day, Brawner stood at the head of a brushchoked ravine. He was tired and hungry, and he was on his way back to his camp. Rather than climb to the top of a ridge and follow it down to his camp, he decided to go down through a patch of thick oak brush.

At the bottom of the draw he stooped over and discovered a loose fragment of rock protruding from the leaf mold. Brawner grabbed it up and examined it. Its irregular shape and sharp edges told him it was not a piece of float or ordinary country rock. Its appearance, its very feel, told him this rock was gold ore. Brawner looked the fragment over, rubbed it, and got the surface dirt off and looked at it again. This time, there was no mistake.

It was ore, gold ore, and mighty rich.

Even though Brawner was excited, he did not let his excitement get the best of his judgment. He looked all around for the source, bur saw no outcrop. A few feet away, right at the foot of the mountain slope, he did see a slight depression filled with short rotted poles and leaf mold. He examined this depression and found ax marks on some of the poles. In stirring around in the leaf mold he found more specimens of ore, all identical.

Brawner was convinced he had found the long-lost Lone Wolf Mine.

Still, he had no tools with him. It was getting late, so he went back to camp. Brawner offered R.R. "Ross" McGirr a half interest in the property for a grubstake. Brawner and McGirr rode the Rio Grande Southern narrow gauge to Sima switch at the base of Parrott Mountain and started for the claim. McGirr was in the lead, but after they had traveled for a half a mile or so up the side of the mountain, Brawner complained of being extremely tired.

A few minutes later McGirr heard a crash. On looking behind him he discovered Brawner had fallen by the side of the trail. The man was dead, stricken with a fatal

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heart attack. With Brawner's death, most of the active search for the Lone Wolf Mine came to an end.

Let us look at the case of the *Lost Clubfoot Mine,* which was also located on the slopes of Parrott Mountain. Parrott City had settled down a bit and was over its early boom when a prospector known only a "Clubfoot" came to town. He was a stocky, middle-aged man of ruddy complexion with fair hair and keen blue eyes. Clubfoot was a practical man and a prudent man, his only problem being the congenitally deformed right foot.

Clubfoot owned a string of three burroes, two of them loaded with camp outfit and mining tools. The other, a big sandy-colored jack, was Clubfoot's mount. "Sandy does my walkin' fur me, and together we get into some of the gosh-awfullest places and get out again. Without Sandy I'd be helpless," Clubfoot often stated.

Clubfoot, like Lone Wolf, was a hardrock man who was looking for gold in a solid vein.

He pitched his camp at the edge of Parrott City where the water and grass were plentiful and spent his time on Sandy prospecting around over the adjacent canyons and mountains.

His method of prospecting on his burro was simple and efficient, for Sandy's pace was slow and steady as he traveled over the rough terrain. This gave Clubfoot plenty of time to study the outcrops and formations. When he saw a ledge he wanted to examine, he stopped Sandy, dismounted, and hobbled over. The faithful Sandy patiently stood waiting for him to return and remount.

Before he left Parrott City, Clubfoot took his steel drills to the blacksmith to be sharpened and tempered. The shop belonged to a powerful German who spoke English with a pronounced accent. He was known on the frontier as "The Dutchman." As a smithy he was cheerful and friendly and reputed to be the best blacksmith in the San Juan! He delighted in visiting with whoever chanced to come by, but he never violated a confidence or let slip any information he might pick up.

He was an honest, rugged individual whom Clubfoot liked from the first. Work in the shop was not rushing, so the two men visited, getting pretty well acquainted. Clubfoot told the Dutchman he was going back into the mountains to prospect for gold.

"Better you be careful. Other men into the rough parts they do not go. You, alone will be. There are bears, unt one might you get," warned the Dutchman.

"Don't worry about me, so long as I got old Sandy, I'll be might all right," was Clubfoot's confident reply.

It was early in June when Clubfoot went up along Parrott Mountain. No one saw or heard anything from him until the middle of July when he came back to Parrott City for supplies. The first place Clubfoot stopped with his string of burros was at The Dutchman's. There he dismounted and hobbled around to unload his other burros.

The blacksmith saw him and stopped work to help. "Var you been so long, for?"

"Over back of the mountain. Them's some drills I'd like you to sharpen," replied Clubfoot.

"You do a lot of work in the rock," said the Dutchman as he saw the dull drills.

"Sure have. I've driven nigh on to ten feet of tunnel."

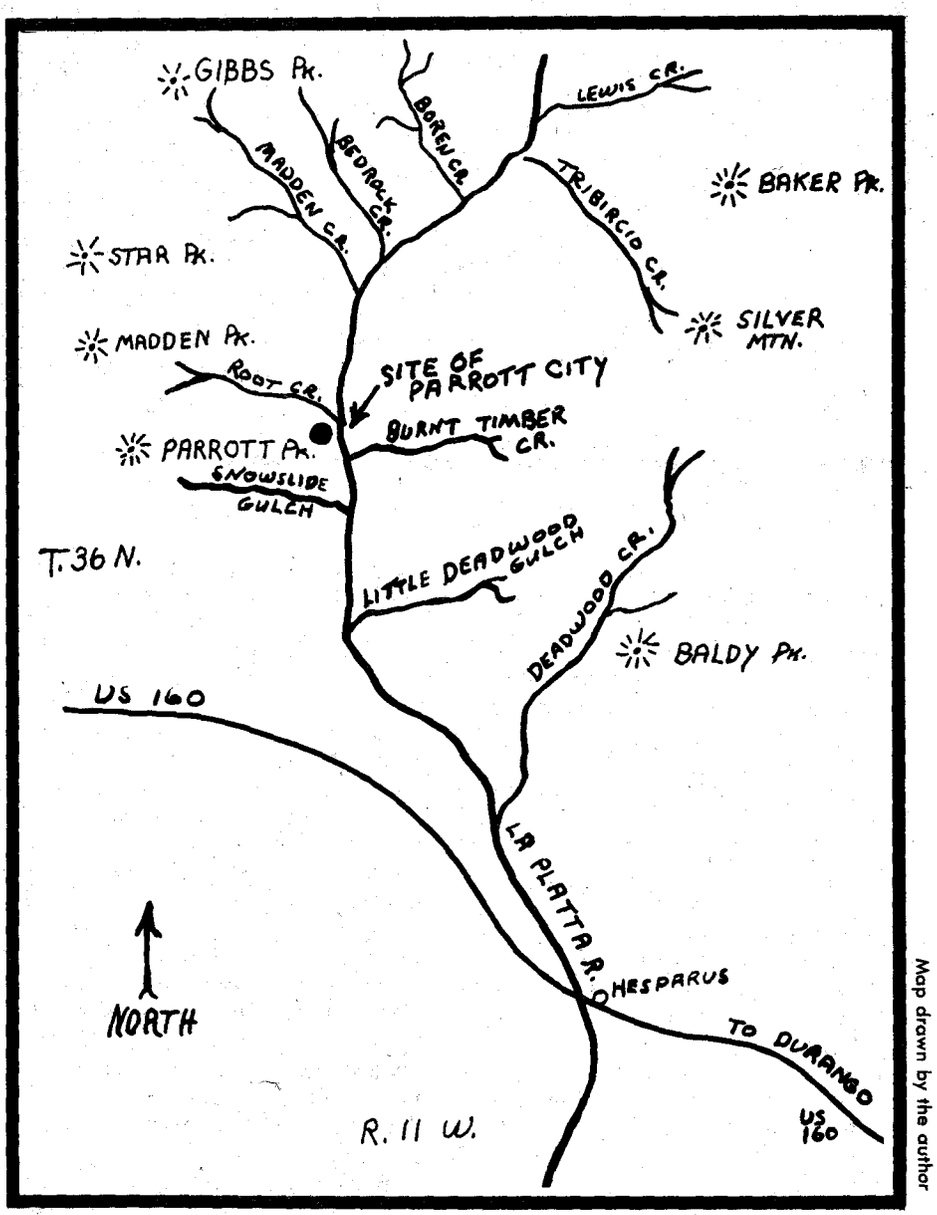
"Some gold, you find?"

"Take a look at this, but don't tell nobody nothin' about it," said Clubfoot as he showed the Dutchman a small canvas sack.

"Aye, nobody nottin's tell," he nodded as he poured out the ore in the sack. "Ach, my Gott im Himmel! You the rich vein find? Yah!"

"Yeah, I got a lot more at the mine. I sure did find a rich vein. Remember, not a word."

Clubfoot avoided letting slip any clue about the exact location, but he said he had found a small outcrop of



Map drawn by the author

The Parrott Peak area and the drainage system of the La Plata River.

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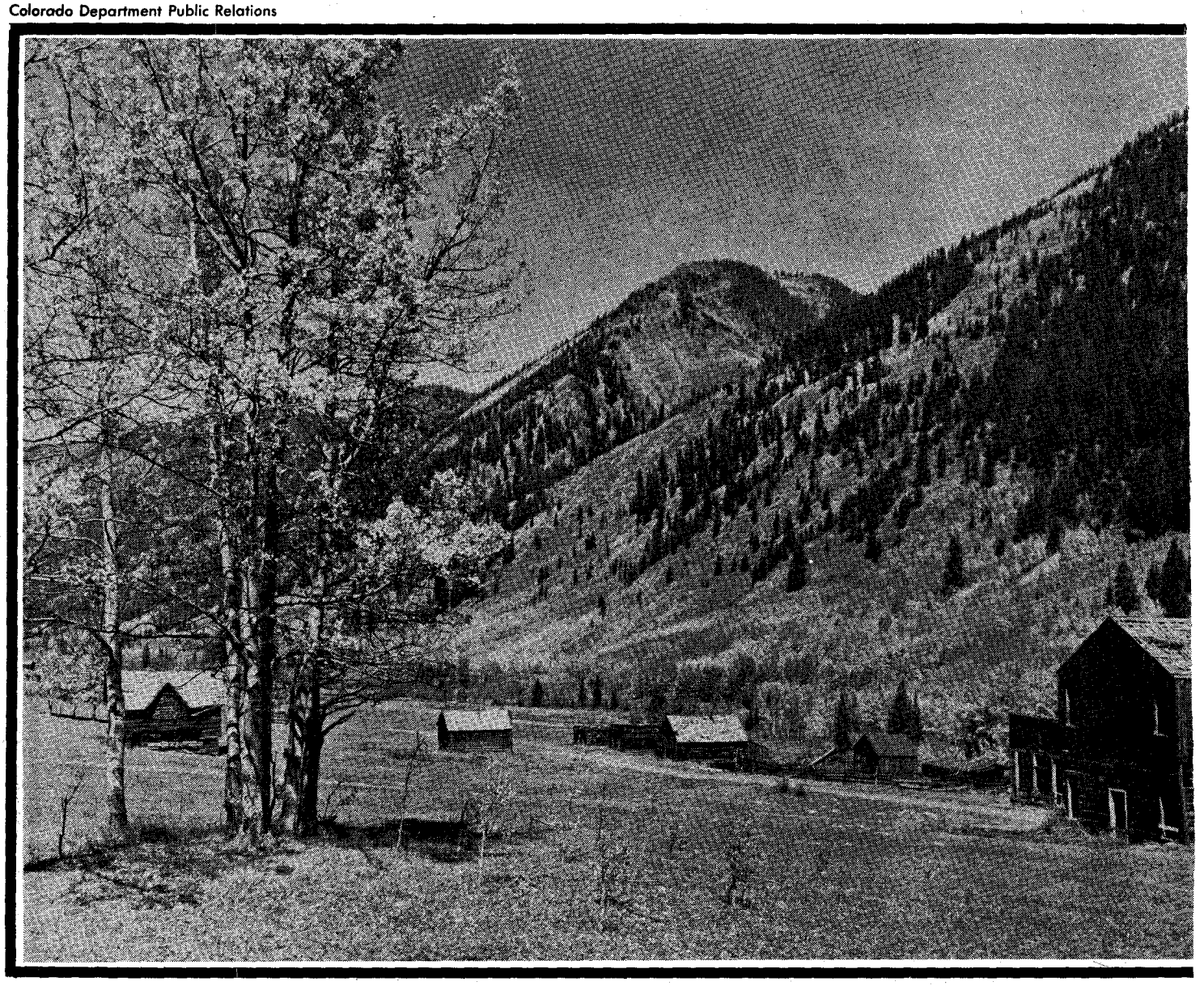

Old gold camps, now ghost camps, such as this are common in the San Juan mountains of Southwestern Colorado

rich gold just a few days after he began prospecting up Root Gulch. He made his tunnel small so it would be easier to cover over, but a few feet underground, he dug out a small room before driving his drift into the lode. Clubfoot went on to explain that he stored his ore inside his tunnel and threw his muck in the creek.

This way he wouldn't have a dump to show where his mine was located. Not only that, he always left his tools in the tunnel and carefully covered the entrance when he was not working.

Clubfoot was out of supplies and came to town only to get more powder, candles, grub and the drills sharpened. He and the Dutchman made a deal to split the sack of ore fifty-fifty, since he didn't want to sell the stuff himself. The Dutchman was used to taking ore in payment for his work and could sell it without arousing any suspicion.

The small sack of ore netted $320.00; with his share Clubfoot made his purchases and quietly slipped out of town. Only the Dutchman knew of the rich discovery, and true to his promise, he kept his mouth shut.

How much work Clubfoot did at his mine on Parrott Mountain no one knows. He was seen alive only once more when, two weeks later, he made another trip to Parrott City. He rode in on the faithful Sandy, found the blacksmith's shop closed, made a few minor purchases and posted a letter. Then he set out on the return trip to his mine.

Exactly what happened is unknown, but the actions of the faithful burro led to the discovery of Clubfoot's death. Late in the evening of the next day Sandy showed up on the edge of town. The burro was still saddled and bridled, but the reins were broken and the blanket was missing from under the saddle.

To those who knew about the dependence of Clubfoot on Sandy and how reliable the jack usually behaved, the situation indicated something had taken place. The Dutchman was really disturbed, so he and a group of men assembled to carry out a rescue mission. Among them was a rough-necked old prospector called "Sourdough" who was wise in the ways of burros and knew it was going to be a tough job.

Sandy was turned loose on the mountainside. True to that unerring instinct of all burros, he followed precisely the tracks he'd made on his way to town a few days before. High up in the mountains the men found the missing saddle blanket and broken reins. Just ahead they found the lifeless body

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of Clubfoot, fatally mauled by a bear. The tracks showed a grown one and two small cubs. It was assumed Clubfoot encountered a she-bear with a couple of cubs, with the mother bear killing him in protecting her young. The verdict settled the matter.

Clubfoot's pockets yielded a twenty-dollar gold piece, some change and a handful of small nuggets. The party split, and three of the men returned to Parrott City with the corpse, while the others followed Sandy on to Clubfoot's camp in Root Gulch. They found the camp under a big spruce tree on a grassy bench beside the creek with the other two burros staked out nearby.

However, they found no gold ore or mining tools. There was nothing of a personal nature which gave any clue to Clubfoot's real identity. After cutting a long blaze in a tree to mark the spot, the men loaded the burros and brought them back to Parrott City. Clubfoot was buried in the frontier graveyard just out side of town. His few effects were disposed of, the nuggets were sold to a gold buyer, and the proceeds were put into a kitty. His estate was assessed at exactly that amount for searching costs and burial expenses. The whole search party, except the Dutchman, got on a big drunk which ended all interest in Clubfoot.

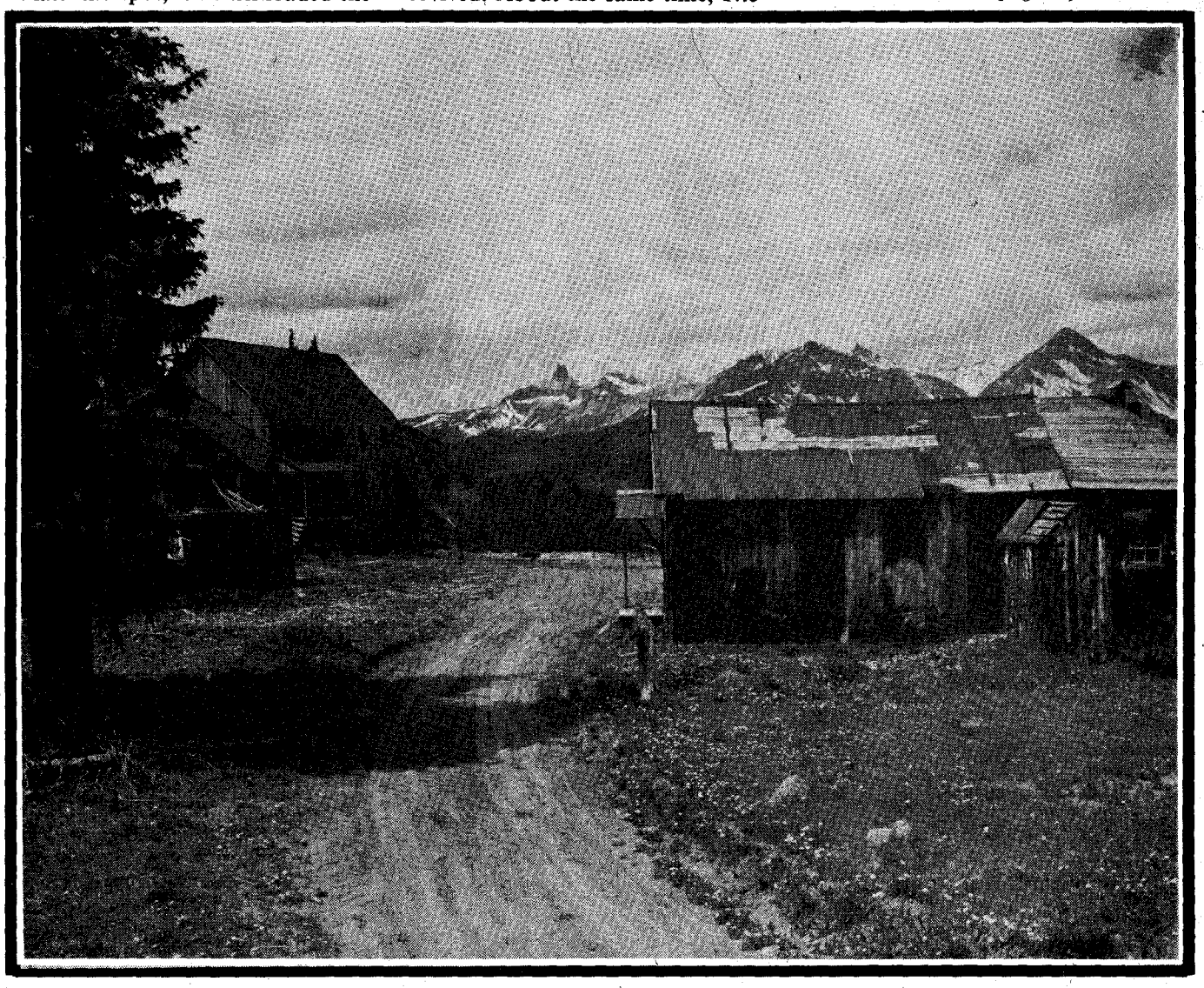
Years later when the Dutchman told the story of the rich mine, men's interest was renewed. The fabulous *Comstock Mine* at the mouth of Root Gulch, a couple of miles down Parrott Mountain from Clubfoot's old camp, gave added pressure to the search. Just after the turn of the century, the *Lucky Moon* was discovered in a side canyon of Root Gulch, south of Clubfoot's camp. Again, interest in the lost mine was revived. About the same time, *The Mountain Lily* was discovered a mile or so just north of the old camp site.

In 1930 the *Red Arrow*, the most fabulous mine of them all was discovered on east Manchos canyon at a spot a few miles directly west from Clubfoot's camp site. While none of these rich mines were the lost Clubfoot, they were all located in the immediate area and were tangible proof that Parrott Mountain contained a fortune in gold.

Most people claim the lost Clubfoot Mine has never been found. But, let us see. Did Milt Hollingsworth run across a branch of Clubfoot's vein when he found the *Venison Lode?*

Prospecting and deer hunting are two different occupations, yet at times, a man can do both. This is exactly what Hollingsworth, an old-timer in the San Juan, spent much

(continued on page 78)



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The Alta Mine and the Wilson Mountains near Telluride in the San Juan Mountains. Rough country such as this protects its treasures from all but the most hardy searchers.

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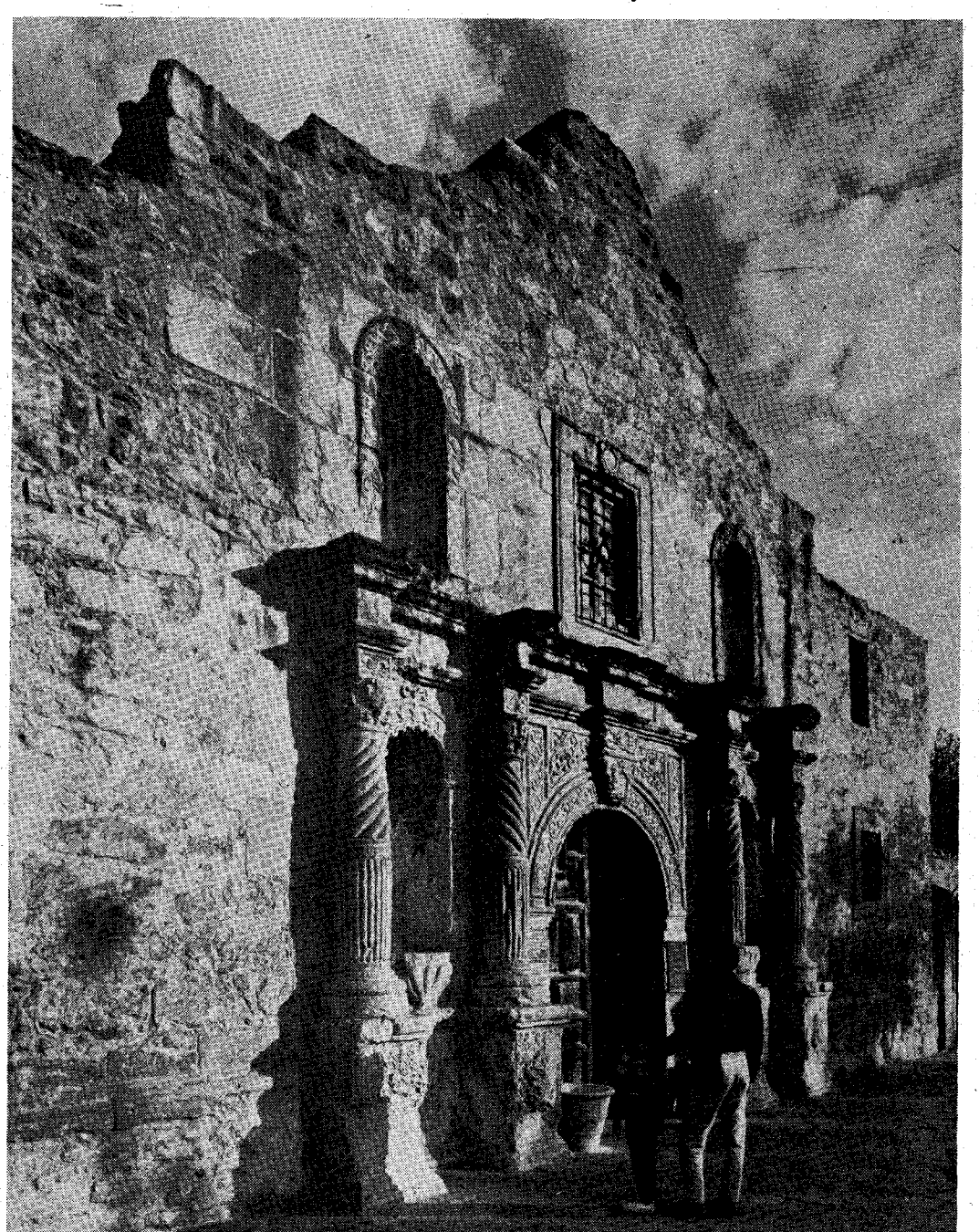
FORTS OF THE WEST

THE GREATEST FORT IN TEXAS

By Louise Cheney

An authoritative recount of the Battle of the Alamo fought in San Antonio, Texas, that lasted from February 23rd to March 6, 1836. Not a single fighting man was left alive inside but it was a great victory for Texas because it gained time and fired up the nation in the cause of Texas liberty.



Texas Highway Department

The greatest fort in all of Texas, the Alamo. Its defenders died in order to buy time for Sam Houston and his Army of Independence. All 182 male defenders died at the hands of the Mexicans. Only Susannah Dickenson and her baby were left alive.

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Here was fought the bloodiest battle in all the history of Texas. It was not built originally as a fort, but it became one during the battle for Texas independence in 1836. The outcome of the battle was tragic, for not a single fighting man was left alive. Yet the battle was to have great consequences, for its bloody outcome enraged the Texans of Sam Houston's army and spurred them to win independence from Mexico on April 21, 1836 at the historic battle of San Jacinto. It bought valuable time for Sam Houston, Commander - in - chief of the Texas Army of Independence to whip his ragtag band together. It also eventually changed the face of North America. Today it is a hallowed shrine dedicated to the heroes who willingly gave their lives there that Texas might be free. It is the historic old Alamo in San Antonio, Texas. Its name was one of the battle cries in the Battle of San Jacinto.

The battle and fall of the Alamo came about in 1836. In 1835 the American colonists rebelled against the tyranny of Santa Anna, the president of Mexico and the self-styled Napoleon of the West. Texas then was a province of the Republic of Mexico. In the early part of December of that year, three hundred Texas colonists led by the dashing Ben Milam had taken the city of San Antonio from the Mexican general Cos and had run his army out of Texas. He had retreated to the old mission there, known as the Alamo, and had surrendered. The brave Milam lost his life in the battle, and Colonel James Clinton Neil was given charge of the Texas army in San Antonio.

The despot, Santa Anna, on learning that the Texans had taken San Antonio sent word in the latter part of December, 1836 that he and his army were coming to Texas to crush, once and for all, the rebellion of the colonists.

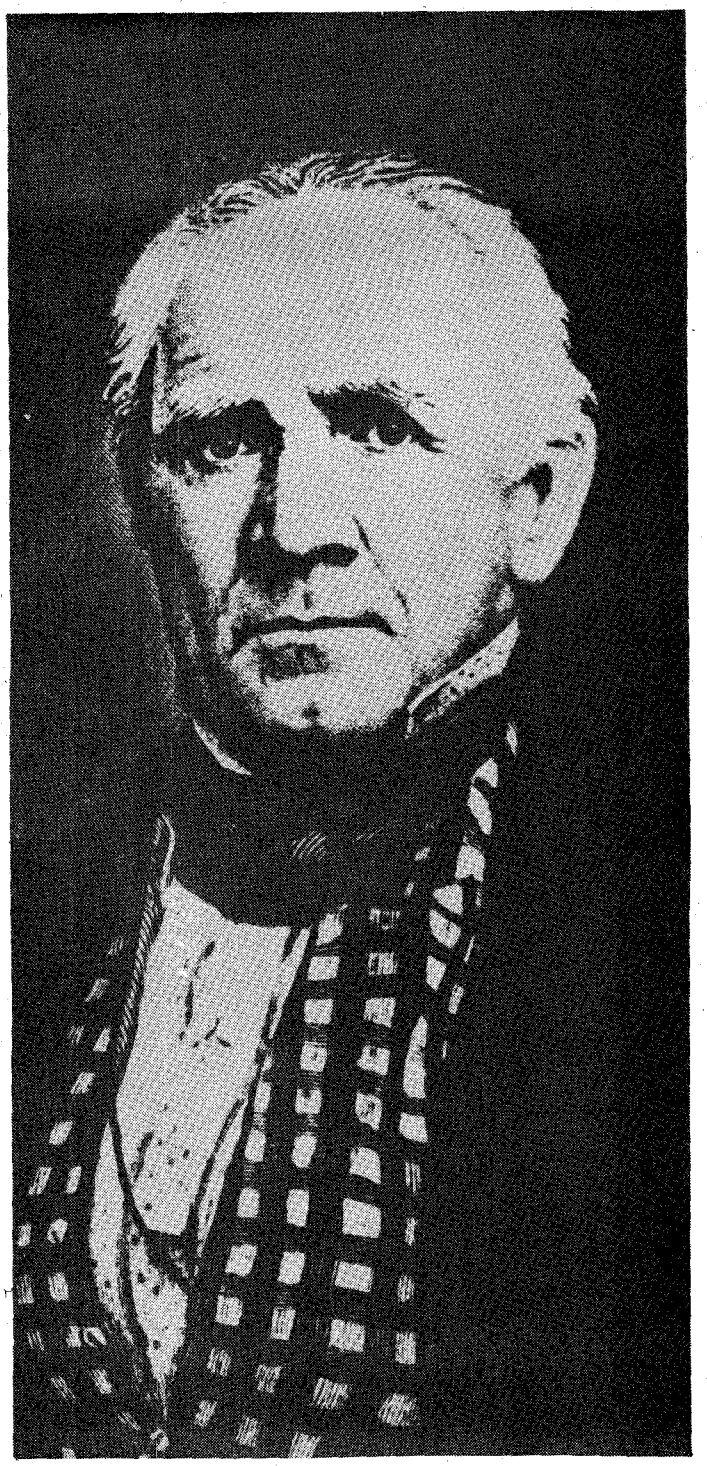
Due to the fact that the weather in San Antonio was very bad with rain and unseasonal cold, the Texans in the Alamo did not expect the Napoleon of the West until late March. Therefore little precaution was taken, and some of the men in the Alamo even took off to join in the "Matamoros Expedition" under Colonel Frank Johnson and Dr. James Grant. The object of the expedition was to capture the Mexican port of Matamoros. With their leaving, Colonel Neil sent out word for more Texans to come to his aid and enforce his crew at the Alamo.

His call was heeded by some, for on January 19, 1836 came the famous Jim Bowie of Bowie-knife fame to offer his services to Neil. He also carried orders from General Sam Houston to blow up the Alamo and to demolish all of its fortifications. He did not carry out these orders after he saw the lay of the land. Instead, he wrote to Governor Smith who had been elected at Washington - on - the - Brazos, telling him that the Alamo must be kept as long as possible and that the salvation of Texas lay in keeping it. He also wrote that there were no horses to move out the cannon and ended his letter, "We will rather die in the ditches than give up to the enemy."

Texas had not as yet signed a Declaration of Independence, but a provisional government had been established at Washington - on - the - Brazos, Henry Smith having been elected governor of the new republic. Thus the men of the Alamo were fighting for a republic that they did not know had been established.

It was on January 3, 1836 that William Barrett Travis, a young lawyer, came to aid the men of the Alamo with twenty men. Just a few days later Neil was called home because of illness in his family, and he gave command of the Alamo to Travis.

Five days later came the renowned Davy Crockett. With him he carried a long rifle which he affectionately called "Old Betsy". He also brought sixteen robust men who were called his Tennessee Boys. Crockett was a sharpshooter, a woodsman and had served in the Congress of Tennessee.



Sam Houston, commander of the Texas army for whom the brave men of the Alamo bought precious time. He avenged their deaths by winning the Battle of San Jacinto which freed Texas from Mexican rule.

Even in 1836 the Alamo was an old structure, having been built to serve as a mission in 1718. Near the end of the century it had been secularized. It covered some two or three acres. Its buildings consisted of a chapel, some barracks and a church. Outside was a large courtyard surrounded by a wall. It was not a good fortress because it was not strong enough to withstand a heavy assault. Besides, it would have taken a much larger force than Travis had on hand to defend it.

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Susannah Dickenson, wife of one of the defenders of the Alamo. She proved herself a heroine giving comfort to the dying on that fateful day that the Alamo fell.

Before Santa Anna reached San Antonio, Travis sent James Butler Bonham, a friend and fellow statesman of his (both were from South Carolina), to Goliad to seek help from Colonel Fannin who was entrenched there in the old mission, La Bahia. Fannin had a force of four hundred men in Goliad.

The Texans inside the old Alamo had sixteen cannons. Each man had a number of sidearms. They were well supplied with ammunition captured from the defeated General Cos. But in spite of this there were not nearly enough men to defend the Alamo. And yet they remained.

It was on February 23 that the Mexican families began to flee the city. It was also on that day that the lookout in the Alamo hastily descended from his post and advised Travis that the army of Santa Anna was arriving in the city. Travis immediately dispatched a Dr. Sutherland and a John V. Smith to determine the force of the Mexican army.

They went out and returned in a hurry, reporting that a large Mexican army was indeed camping over the hill beyond the Alamo and that the men seemed to be forming for battle.

Travis then frantically sent Smith and Sutherland to Goliad and Gonzales to try for help. Bonham had not returned as yet. The Mexicans hoisted the red flag of no quarter in the plaza of San Antonio and then fired a cannon at the Alamo. Then a white flag asking for a parley was raised by the Mexicans.

James Bowie, who shared the command of the Alamo with Travis, also sent out a courier with a white flag to parley with the enemy. He was soon back with a message from Santa Anna that the dictator demanded unconditional surrender of all in the Alamo. Travis then hastily administered the oath of no surrender to his men. All willingly agreed. He then defiantly sent a cannon blast at the Mexican troops. It was war to the end for the Texans in the old mission. They knew they were hopelessly outnumbered, but they entertained no idea of surrendering.

It was the next day, the 24th of February that reinforcements arrived for Santa Anna. With their coming he laid siege to the Alamo, a siege that was to last until March 6, 1836. It was also on that day that Bowie, while working on a fortification, fell and injured himself seriously. He was totally disabled. The full responsibility of the command of the Alamo fell upon Travis.

Bonham had returned from Goliad on the 23rd of February. He had hopes that Fannin would come but was not sure. He remained in the Alamo until February 28; then, riding his milk white horse, he rode through the Mexican lines and set out once more to plead with Fannin to come to their aid. This time Fannin did start for San Antonio, but some of his wagons broke down, so he returned to Goliad where he was to be massacred a short time after the Alamo fell. Bonham returned to his companions in the doomed fortress.

It was on March 1, 1836 that Captain Albert Martin and thirty men from Gonzales slipped through the Mexican lines and entered the Alamo. He and his men raised the number of defenders to 182 men. But it was 182 men against five thousand of the enemy.

On March 3, 1836 the heavy bombardment of the enemy slackened. Travis feared that the final attack was not far off. He knew that when it came he and his men were doomed, but he was determined not to surrender. Soon after the Mexicans had entered San Antonio he had written a letter to "the people of Texas and all Americans", declaring that he would never give up and that he was determined to die like a soldier.

He wanted to be fair, so he called

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all his men and told them the truth: that if they remained to defend the Alamo they had not a single chance to come out alive. He declared that he was determined to stay.

He then drew a line with his sword and asked that every man willing to die defending the Alamo step over it. Bowie who could not rise from his sickbed asked that he be lifted across, and he was. All the others stepped across. To a man the defenders of the Alamo decided to die rather than surrender. However, there is a story (whether true or not I cannot say) that a man by the name of Moses Rose leaped over the walls and escaped.

Bonham returned from Goliad on March 3. He knew now that Fannin was not coming. He noted that many Mexicans surrounded the Alamo and had it under fire. He knew that the Alamo was doomed since it had not enough men to defend it, but he selected to return. He tied a white handkerchief (a prearranged signal) about his hat and galloped his snow white horse through the Mexican lines and entered the Alamo to die in its defense. A town in north Texas is named for him.

On March 6, Santa Anna's superior forces attacked the Alamo. They marched toward it with their bugles blaring the no-quarter song, the old Moorish battle tune of Deguello.

There was the awful sound of marching feet, and Travis knew that the final attack had come. There was also the cacophony of many hand guns and rifles. The rushing Mexicans killed the sentries, and in a few moments the Alamo was completely surrounded by Mexican soldiers, with bullets and cannon balls pounding the structure with a roar.

As soon as Travis realized that the final attack was in progress, he rallied his men. All assumed positions of defense. He stationed himself on the north side, manning a gun. The outside wall on the southeast was defended by Crockett and his Tennessee Boys. Operating a twelve pound cannon was Bonham on the top of the chapel.

A Captain Almaron Dickenson was in command of the artillery. With him in the Fortress was his young wife and baby daughter. His wife's name was Susannah, and later she was to loom large in Texas history as she saw the full force of the Battle of the Alamo. On his cot lay the dauntless Jim Bowie with his guns and famous knives ready to battle to the death the enemy. The guns in the Alamo let loose with a savage roar against the Mexicans. In that first attack the Mexicans suffered heavy losses, so heavy that they fell back.

But once again the enemy came on, tearing at the mission in an attempt to place scaling ladders against the wall. But once again the madly fighting Texans repulsed them and once again they fell back.

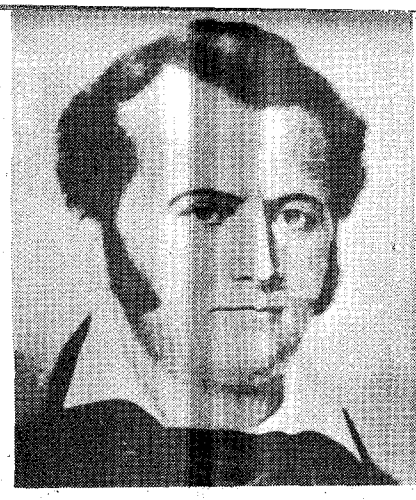
But still once more in a savage rush the Mexicans attacked, in spite of the heavy fire that poured forth from the structure. That time they did indeed place their scaling ladders against the wall, and the dusky hordes of Mexicans fell over them into the courtyard of the Alamo.

The Texans fell back into the inside of the old mission and fought hand to hand with any weapon at hand. Crockett swung his Old Betsy like a club. The brave Bowie fought from his bed. Many Mexicans were killed in the hand-to-hand combat, but still others kept pouring in. It was an uneven struggle from the start, and the Texans died heroically. The dashing Jim Bowie finally lay dead on his cot, but around it lay many a Mexican killed with his pistol and Bowie knives. Travis died by his gun. Not a fighting man lived.

It has been said that "Thermopylae had its messenger of defect but the Alamo had none", but that is not quite right, for Susannah Dickenson, wife of Almaron Dickenson who commanded the artillery was spared, as was her baby daughter and a slave boy of Bowie's and a slave boy belonging to Travis. Susannah had given comfort to the wounded and dying during the battle. As she left the Alamo, she was wounded in the leg by a flying bullet coming from the Mexican lines. The victorious Santa Anna placed her with her baby in her arms on a mule and sent her to Gonzales to tell Sam Houston of the fall of the Alamo.

The fighting Texans in the Alamo had taken a heavy toll of the enemy forces, as between twelve and fifteen hundred Mexicans lay dead at the end of the battle.

The news of the tragedy flew over Texas, and all the population was enraged. Then the news spread to the United States, and money and aid came to the Texas cause. Sam Houston's soldiers were screaming for vengeance and begged Houston to attack Santa Anna at once.



Jim Bowie, Texas hero who died defending the Alamo.

Instead Houston retreated to San Jacinto, below Harrisburg (near Houston). Once there, Houston attacked Santa Anna's forces. As they charged the dictator and his men, the soldiers roared, "Remember The Alamo, Remember Goliad". The raging battle was over in 18 minutes, and Houston's army was victorious. The memory of the outrage of the Alamo had given the men the strength and daring to whip Santa Anna. Texas was free!

The men of the Alamo had bought precious time for Sam Houston to whip his ragtag army into shape, and the memory of the tragic deaths of the heroic defenders of the Alamo spurred them to victory. The fall of the Alamo spelled the finish for Santa Anna.

Texas became a Republic and operated as such for almost ten years. Then it was annexed to the United States. This brought about war with Mexico in 1846, and the United States won that war in 1848. Under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hildalgo the United States acquired most of the great Southwest. So it may be said that the Battle of the Alamo led indirectly to the changing of the face of the United States.

Today the old Alamo is surrounded by downtown San Antonio. It is a shrine, and the blood stains of the heroes who died there are still on the floors and walls. Many visitors from all over come to see the spot which is called "The Cradle of Texas Liberty". ● **RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

The Extension Loan Department of the University of Texas
Thirteen Days to Glory, by Lon Tinkle
An interview with my maternal grandmother who knew Susannah and heard about the Fall of the Alamo from her.

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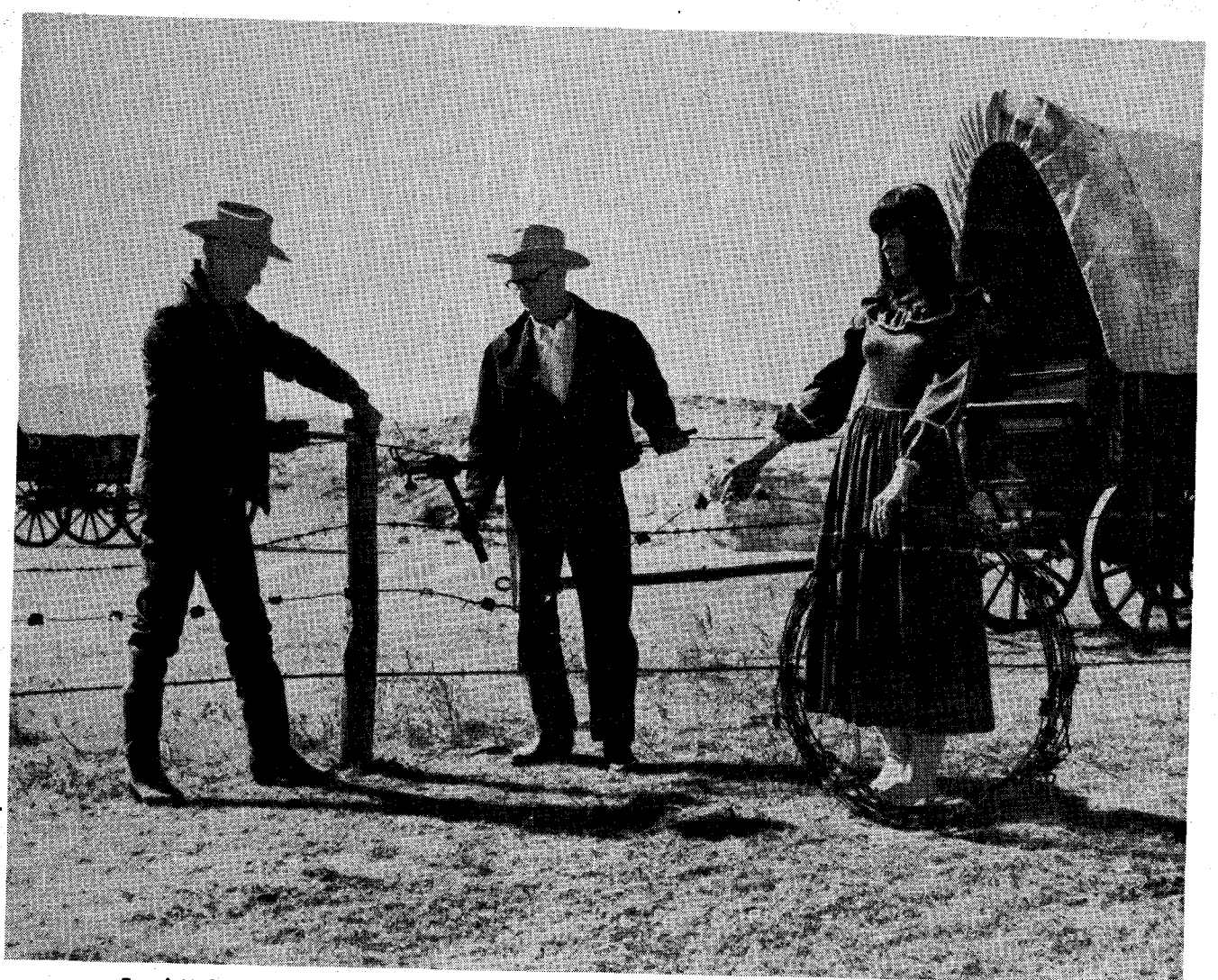
The West's SILENT SENTINEL

When cattlemen began crowding the vast Western prairies with their herds of longhorn cattle, there had to be some kind of fence to keep the herds apart and rustlers away from the grazing beef. The problem was solved with the invention of barbed wire.

By
Bryan Wolf



Photos furnished by the author

Frank Hefner, left, Don Wigington and Frank's daughter, Barbara of Quinter, Kansas went through a lot of trouble to get this photo for the writer. Hefner is the owner of a wagon caravan called "Westward Ho" which vacationers can join and live and travel across the Kansas plains like the pioneers used to do. Wigington is a Kansas rancher who raises registered Herefords. They took the wagons and antique barb wire and dressed up pioneer style and went out on the plains, setting up the fence of antique wire in order that they might get this one picture.

The American western frontier of 1865 was a grazing land claimed with six-gun authority by open range cattlemen who moved their vast herds from graze and water to new graze and water on unpurchased lands. Wealthy easterners, rich westerners and foreign royalty became even more prosperous by grazing huge herds of longhorn cattle on the limitless, lush prairies of the American west.

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Photos furnished by the author

Miss Stacy Holland of Perryton, Texas, elected "Miss Barb Wire" by a vote of the nation's barb wire collectors at a national convention sponsored by the author.

Following the Civil War, an exodus of settlers moved westward to homestead, creating an urgent need for an effective fencing material. The settlers migrated from the eastern and southern portions of the United States where raw fence materials in the form of stones and logs were plentiful. On the open prairies of the west, however, these materials were not available in sufficient quantities for use in constructing fences.

Men of vision met this challenge to the effective settlement of the frontier. Forerunners of the barbed-wire salesmen sold Osage Orange seeds, Bois d'arc, Cherokee and McCartney rose seeds and slips by the pound to those settlers desiring to grow their own fences. One of these salesmen, Jacob Haish, was destined to go down in history as one of the "big four" in the invention and manufacture of barbed wire. The other three greats were Joseph Glidden, Isaac Elwood and Ichabod Washburn. Fences made of barbed wire patented and manufactured by these men almost a hundred years ago may still be found on farms and ranches in our western states.

Prior to the year 1872, a number of patents were granted for fence wire of sorts. The first was issued to C. Hall of Connecticut on November 27, 1829. Fence wires patented after that date and up until 1872 did not have identifying sketches logged in the official government files of the patent office, with the exception of a wire known today as W.H. Merriweather's "Snake wire" patent of November 8, 1853. Merriweather was a resident of New Braunfels, Comal County, Texas.

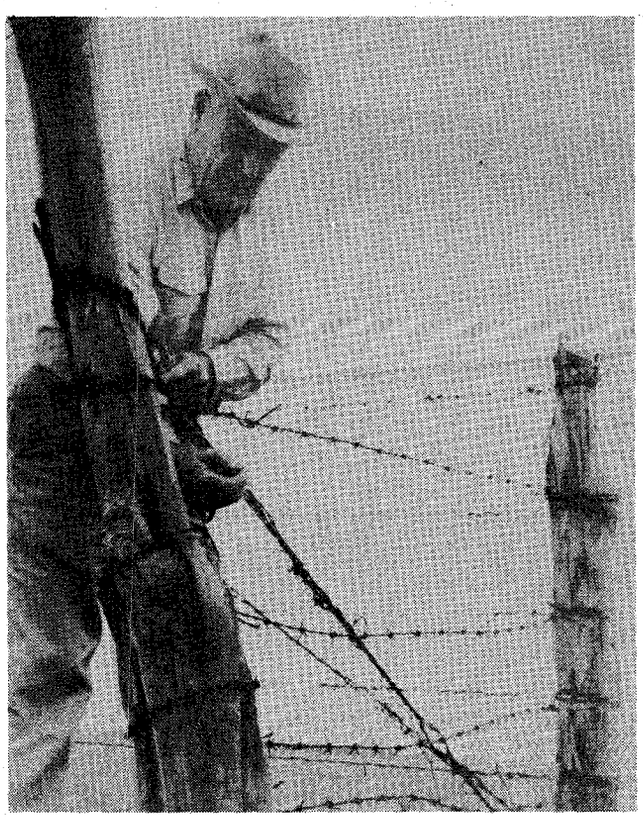
Many men attempted to design and patent effective barbed fence wire prior to 1867, but that year will long be remembered in history as the year barbed wire fence was first officially recognized on the North American Continent. Three patents were issued in 1867 for barbed fence wires. The first was to Alphonse Dabb on April 2, 1867 and was nothing but a spiked metal strip attached to the top rail of a wooden fence. The second was issued to Lucien Smith on June 25 and was made of hard wooden blocks just large enough to hold two small barbs projecting outwardly and strung on a single line wire.

As wagon trains brought the "dirt farmers" west, some of them remembered this invention and made their own version of it, using horseshoe nails and small wooden blocks. The third patent of 1867 was issued to William D. Hunt on July 23. Hunt's fence wire was made of metal, spur-like wheels mounted on a single line wire. A wire similar to this turned up a hundred years later on an old fence in the Texas Big Thicket Country.

In 1868, Michael Kelley of New York patented a two-strand barbed wire for fencing. A diamond-shaped metal plate was threaded on one line wire, the second strand of line wire twisted around it. In his application for a patent, Kelley stated the second line wire's purpose was to strengthen the fence. He failed to state it was also to help hold the barbs in place and thus, lost one wire of his patent to Joseph Glidden in a court battle over patents five years later.

The trio of Joseph Glidden, Jacob Haish and Isaac Elwood anticipated the value of barbed wire as an effective fencing material after witnessing a demonstration of the patent of H.M. Rose (Patented May 13, 1873) at a DeKalb, Illinois County Fair. Rose's patent was not actually a fence wire but rather a fence attachment made of wood picket with nail points protruding, but nevertheless, it proved effective.

Joseph Glidden was the first man to actually apply barbs to fence wire of the type generally accepted as barbed wire. He made the barbs and crimped them on one line wire with use of parts of an old coffee mill and meat grinder, then twisted around a second wire to hold the homemade barbs in place. His first patent was turned down in October 1873, but a year later, on November 24, 1874, he was issued the first of many wire patents. In 1875, he sold a half interest in his patent of 1874 to his friend, Isaac Elwood, and together they formed the Barbed Fence Company of DeKalb, Illinois. In 1876 Glidden retired, selling his half interest in the company to I. Washburn and Company of Worchester, Massachusetts, retaining only a small per cent of royalties.



Photos furnished by the author

Archie Taylor of Dunn, Texas rightens a "dead man" located on the exact spot where the Taylor family sold water to travel drovers when herds were driven to the rail head at Colorado City.

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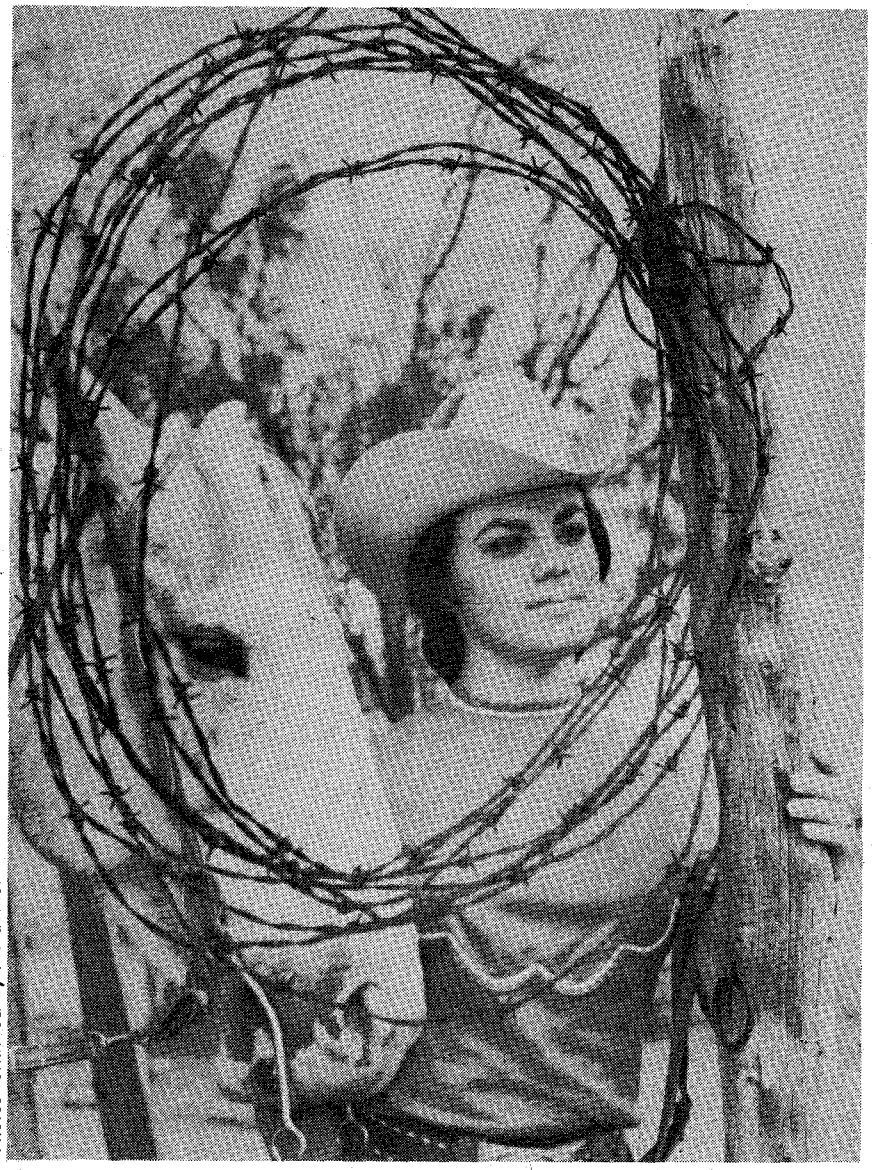

Photos furnished by the author

Miss Karen Robinson, a senior at Texas Tech, admires a loop of old barb wire near Lubbock, Texas.

Isaac Elwood was a merchant of Dekalb, Illinois and though he, too, had witnessed Rose's demonstration of his wire invention at the County Fair, his attempts at making barbed wire were not as successful as Glidden's, so he went into business with Joseph Glidden. When Glidden sold his half interest in the Barbed Fence Company to I. Washburn and Company, Elwood was made a partner in that company, but the name of the factory was never changed, and Elwood remained the sole distributor of this company's fence wire in the entire southern United States.

Joseph Glidden's barbed wire patent of November 24, 1874, was destined to be one of the greats in history, but not without a hectic beginning due to numerous legal entanglements with another barbed wire inventor named Jacob Haish. Glidden's first patent was granted on a fence wire stretcher and barbs were sketched in the application for patent. This was on February 12, 1874. His 1874 wire patent was applied for on October 27, 1873. After a full year of legal battle over the barbs on this wire, Glidden emerged victorious and immediately set about to protect his patent rights on two - and four-point barbs around a single line wire by applying for a reissue of his first original patent of a wire stretcher: one showing the stretcher being used with a two strand wire and one with one strand. These patents were granted on February 8, 1876 and were the beginning of numerous variations through the years that followed.

What was to later become one of the nation's largest wire fence factories started in 1831 as a one-man operation. Ichabod Washburn had a friend who needed small wires for use in making screws. Washburn accommodated him and started a small company known as the "Worcester Wire Works." The telegraph was invented along about this time, and the need for wire boomed. Washburn's little plant flourished. In addition to making wire for screws and telegraph wire, he made wire hoops for ladies' skirts and piano wire.

By 1852, the plant had expanded into "The Ichabod Washburn and Company" and Washburn had talked his son-in-law, Phillip E. Moen into joining the company, then the name changed to I. Washburn and Moen Company. In 1874 as the plant began to further expand and prosper, Washburn's nephew, Charles Francis Washburn, joined the firm. It was he who purchased for the company the half interest in Joseph Glidden's barbell wire patent of 1874.

The early 1880's saw the face of the American West crimsoned with the blood of cattlemen and homesteaders. The cattlemen claimed the land as theirs by prior settlement. The settlers claimed the land as homesteads with legal papers with which to back their claims. In the middle, a silent barrier reared it's pronged head ... barbed wire. Settlers chose lands to homestead where water was plentiful and fenced their properties. Cattlemen who had been using the water holes and streams for years objected.

The objections were backed up by riders with six-guns who destroyed the fences as fast as they were built. Range wars erupted. Some cattlemen fenced. Some did not. Fence troubles existed in almost all of the western states; however, the bloody range wars in Texas claimed the attention of the entire nation in 1883. In that year, the first lease law was enacted in Texas. This divided the cattlemen into two camps: the open range men (or "free grassers", as they were called) and the pasture men who favored fences and actually owned or leased the land on which their cattle grazed.

The Texas Archives at Austin reveal: "Fence cutting in Texas in the summer and fall of 1883 was a part of the conflict between landless cattlemen who wanted to retain practices of the open range and those cattlemen and farmers who brought barb wire to fence the land and establish themselves on permanent places. The fence wars (that followed introduction of the newfangled wire) were precipitated by

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the drought of 1883, which made it all the harder for the cowman without land of his own to find the necessary grass and water for his herds.

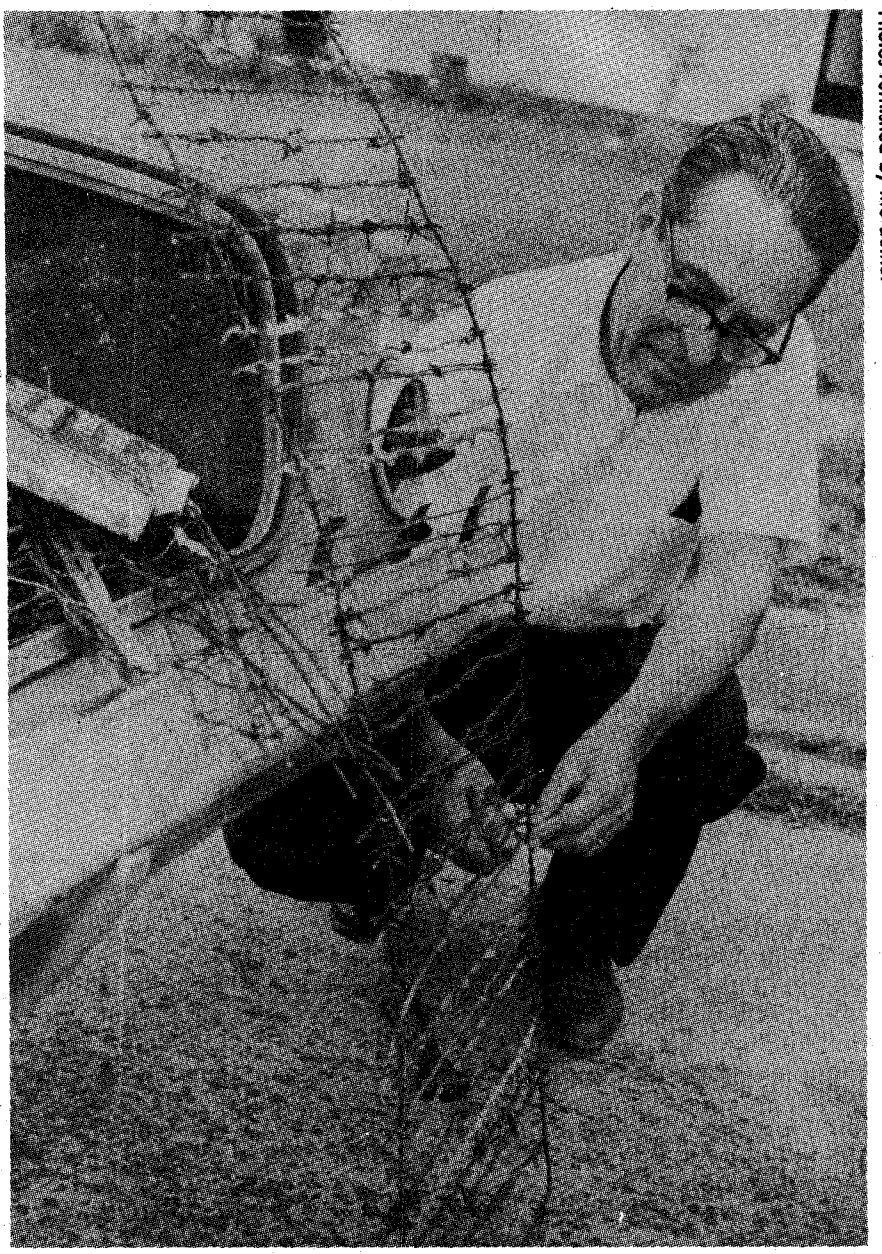
Most of the cattlemen owned or leased the land they fenced, but some of them enclosed other farms and small ranches as well as their own. Often the fences blocked public roads, cut off schools and churches and interfered with the delivery of mail. This unwarranted fencing led some men to join in fence cutting. As the cutting continued, it became less discriminate and attracted rougher elements. Soon, no one's fence was safe.

"Wrecking of fences were reported in more than half the counties in Texas and was most common in a belt extending north and south through the center of the state, the ranchman's frontier in 1883. Much of the cutting was done at night by bands of armed men who called themselves "Javelinas" or "Blue Devils". Often those who destroyed fences left warnings against rebuilding. In some instances, pastures of the fences were burned. Some owners who defended their fences were killed.

"Texas newspapers generally condemned the cutting, but indicated all the fencers were not free of blame. Few attempts were made to reconcile the embittered groups, but at the town of Henrietta, spokesmen for the fence cutters met with Clay county ranchmen and the two groups agreed that fences would be removed from across public lands and land not owned or leased by the fence builders and that gates would be provided for farmers. Thus, the fence - cutting would end.

"By the fall of 1883, damage by wrecking of fences in Texas was estimated at $20,000,000.00. At more than a million dollars in Brown County alone. Tax valuations declined $30,000,000.00. The clashes discouraged farming and frightened away prospective settlers. Politicians shied away from the explosive issue, but on October 15, 1883, Governor John Ireland called a special session of the state legislature to meet on January 8, 1884.

After a deluge of petitions and heated debates, a law was passed making fence - cutting a felony punishable by one to five years in prison. Malicious pasture burning was declared a felony and the punishment for this was two to five



Photos furnished by the author

Naymon Everett, a barber in O'Donnel, Texas is shown with a panel of "trading wire". Everett's barber shop is located next to the "Blocker Grocery". Dan Blocker (the late DAN BLOCKER, "Hoss Cartright" in Bonanza) used to get his hair cut by Everett before moving to California.

years in prison. Fencing of public lands or lands belonging to another was ruled a misdemeanor and builders of such fences were to remove them within six months. Ranchers who built fences across public roads were required to put a gate in every three miles.

These measures ended most of the fence troubles in Texas, though the Texas Rangers had occasional fence troubles in west Texas, especially during droughts for several years following."

Herds of cattle, traveling north from Texas to the railroad in Kansas, were steadily pushed westward as barbed wire fences crisscrossed the prairies, and hundreds of thousands of acres changed from open range land to lush fields of grain. As the herds of cattle passed through Indian Territory, they began to encounter barriers of barbed wire where lands had been leased by cattle companies and fenced. Fence wars erupted in Indian Territory over illegal fencing of Indian lands. Most of the fence cutting was done by riders on the side of law and order. The Chronicles of Oklahoma, published by the Oklahoma Historical Society reveal:

"Cattlemen from Texas and elsewhere were stocking the range with cattle and some of the pastures were being fenced. Under the Indian law, it was unlawful for a white man to hold cattle in Indian Territory,

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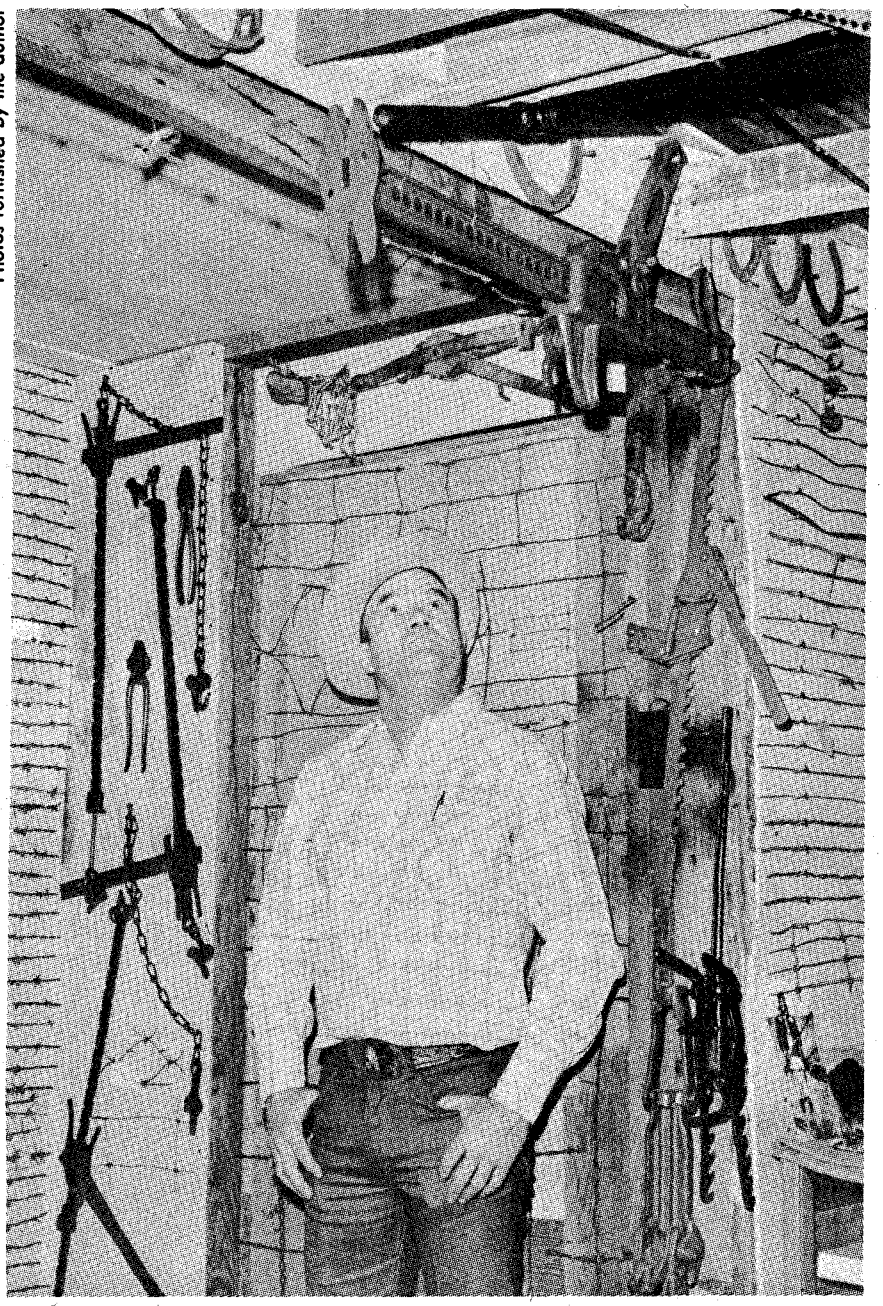

Jack Buswell of Denison, Texas is shown with a part of his antique barb wire and fence tool collection. Jack has over 400 different types of wire in his collection.

but this law was easily evaded by an arrangement with some Indian under which the pasture and cattle were held in the Indian's name.

"Owners of herds of cattle traveling to northern markets through the Indian Nation from Texas were compelled to pay a tax of twenty-five cents per head on all cattle driven through the Indian domain. This law was evaded by resourceful cattlemen, in many instances, by giving a bogus bill of sale to some Indian who would meet the cattlemen at the Red River. The Indian would accompany the herd, for an agreed sum of money, and claim them as his own until they passed the Indian Territory border on the north.

"Non-resident whites were compelled to pay a tax of five dollars per year each to live in Indian Territory. During Governor Overton's administration, this tax was raised to twenty-five dollars. Many whites refused to pay and were forcibly removed from the territory. Others paid, and additional whites flowed constantly into Indian Territory to take up residence. Texas cowmen came in seeking new range for their cattle and many of them ran wire fences to keep their own cattle confined and the cattle of others off their claimed lease. These fences were illegal, as were the claimed leases.

This practice became so prevalent that the Indian Government passed a law prohibiting any Indian from fencing more than 640 acres of land. Orders were issued for the removal of all fences in excess of that provided by law. Some of the owners (Indians representing the fence as theirs, the herds as theirs) refused to take down their fences, on instructions of the white man who actually built the fences and owned the cattle. The Indian militia acting on Government orders, proceeded to cut the illegal fences.

One incident of note: a detachment of Indian militia went to cut the illegal fences erected by a Mr. W. E. Washington, a Texan. They arrived at night, intending to cut the fences the next day. Late in the night, all their horses were killed by rifle fire. It was generally believed by the Indian Government that Washington's Texas cowboys killed the horses, and some of them were arrested, however the matter was resolved by Mr. Washington's paying for the Government horses."

On July 4, 1883, two barbed wire salesmen, who were later to become prominent men in the history of the west, were in attendance at the first official rodeo in America. The place was Pecos, Texas, and it was at this rodeo that John Warne (Bet - a - million) Gates first conceived the idea of fencing a herd of wild longhorn cattle in order to prove to cattlemen the holding ability of the new-fangled fence material called barbed wire.

The barbed wire salesman who accompanied him was Peter (Pete) McManus. They were, at the time, working for Isaac Elwood. Later that year, Gates built a fence in a section of the downtown plaza in San Antonio and invited cattlemen to run longhorns into his corral. Yelling cowboys obliged. The giant cattle charged the fence again and again. It held, ranchers responded, and barbed wire rolled into Texas by the ton.

John (Bet-a-million) Gates is credited by some writers as the man who brought the first barbed wire, in any quantity, to Texas. However historical records of Grayson and other counties reveal that a man who left his mark forever in Texas history preceded Gates by several years as a hot-shot barbed wire salesman. His name was Henry Bradley Sanborn. In 1874 Sanborn was employed by the Glidden - Elwood Barb Wire Company as salesman. He came to Texas a year later and sold his first order of

(continued on page 74)

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SIR GALAHAD IN BUCKSKIN

By Roy J. Stanfill

Young Wild West was the unlikely name of one of the first superheroes of American fiction. He was probably created by Cornelius Shea who wrote most of the six hundred and forty - four adventures that appeared in "Wild West Weekly" which sold madly at seven cents a copy.

"Hold on there, you sneaking coyotes!' The cattle thieves looked up in dismay and saw Young Wild West galloping toward them with the speed of the wind." This was an ordinary day-by-day happening in the life of a young western hero, much admired by a great many boys who were growing up in the first quarter of this twentieth century.

This young and handsome hero was not a flesh - and - blood character of the period but one who lived solely within the pages of a Dime Novel series "Wild West Weekly". Described as the "champion deadshot of the west", and "prince of the saddle", he was the creation of the magazine's original publisher, Frank Tousey, and was given life by one or more writers, each of whom signed himself "An Old Scout". It is generally accepted that Cornelius Shea wrote most of the stories, and it is entirely possible that he may have written all of the six hundred and forty-four adventures.

"Wild West Weekly", in the early 1920's, when it became this writer's favorite, was about seven by nine inches in size, though in its earlier years its dimensions had been greater. In contained some thirty pages of which at least twenty were devoted to the exploits of the daring young hero. It sold then for seven cents, later eight cents. In the small towns with which this writer is familiar it was the practice for many boys to gather at the usually only one place in town where the magazine was sold to wait its arrival in the Saturday afternoon mail. With it came other adventure magazines identical in format. They included "Liberty Boys of 76", "Work and Win" and others. They were read and re-read and traded and loaned much in the same manner as in later years the readers' sons and grandsons traded comic books.

We are told in one issue that Young Wild West, since his earliest childhood, had been a master hand with both rifle and revolver. We are told further that he had never tackled a wild horse that he could not break or ride. It was further stated by the "Old Scout" that our hero always "made good" in anything he undertook and that he never fought for or upheld anything that was not strictly right and honorable.

This daring young prince of the saddle never did much work, but he spent his time traveling about the great west with friends in search of adventure and fun. It was often necessary to administer a "sound thrashing" or to shoot somebody, but it was in a spirit of good clean fun. There was not an inquisitive Internal Revenue Service to ask where the money came from, or when, or how much. Best evidence appears to be mining interests. Although the gold coins were never in short supply, one may be very sure that their source was above reproach.

A very strange feature about our hero and his friends was that they, like some later comic strip characters, never aged. Although the time of the first several years' stories appears to be the late 1870's or early 1880's, it is mentioned in story that Jim Dart, one hero's partner, had gained his friendship during some troublesome times with the Sioux near Fort Bridger. Beginning with issue number 633, or thereabouts, Young Wild West, still a youth, organized a wild west show and took it to Europe, arriving there just in time to become involved in a small way in World War I. Apparently the show was able to return home before the U. S. became involved, but what happened after that no one will ever know, as a new publisher, Harry Wolff, began reprinting the stories.

Among the party of eight who rode in search of adventure and stirring scenes was the golden-haired and incredibly beautiful Arietta Murdock, the sweetheart of Young Wild West. She could ride and shoot as well as any man, usually better than most. This, too, was a long, drawn out love affair, as the series began with number one in 1902 and carried on to about number 644.

At the same time another love affair was going in within the party of adventurers. The aforementioned Jim Dart had his sweetheart, Eloise Gardner, along with them on their travels. To serve as chaperons, no doubt, were the redoubtable Cheyenne Charlie and his wife Anna. To do the work the group had with them two Chinese servants: the fun-loving, poker-loving, whiskey-drinking Hop Wah and his brother Wing. It would appear that the greatest show of affection that Young Wild West or young Mr. Dart showed their sweethearts was either a quick embrace or a chaste and quick kiss on the cheek or forehead. Passionate love was reserved for the more romantic and adult novels of the time.

As the party of eight wandered hither and yon, one of their travels took them into the area that was later to become the State of Oklahoma. On a bright fall day they found themselves at the banks of a sluggish stream. Not mentioned by name, references to terrain elsewhere in the story causes one to believe it was the Cimarron. They were enroute to a ranch located on the Rio Grande in Texas. Here they camped for the night. After the camp had been set up, Hop Wah, went fishing.

The scout Cheyenne Charlie bet Hop Wah a drink of "tanglefoot" that a fish couldn't be caught in ten minutes, but it was in far less time that the Chinese had landed a big one. At his next cast Hop hooked onto something else, causing his pole to break; but seizing the line with his fingers he pulled a dead Indian from the water. The dead Indian had been tied hand and foot and weighted with stone. After a brief discussion our hero and his friend allowed the body to sink back into the water. As they were discussing the matter, a canoe appeared; in it were four Pawnees in war paint. Alighting from the canoe, they put on an attitude of defiance, then the young leader of the group drew a revolver and demanded horses, money and blankets. Then, quick as a flash, Young Wild West leaped forward and knocked the weapon from his hand. Meanwhile Charlie and Jim had joined in the fray, and all of the Indians were under control. As Young Wild West was not a war-like young man, he allowed the captive Indians to go on their way. However, believing discretion to be the better part of valor, it was decided to move their camp to a position that would be more easily defended, should the occasion arise.

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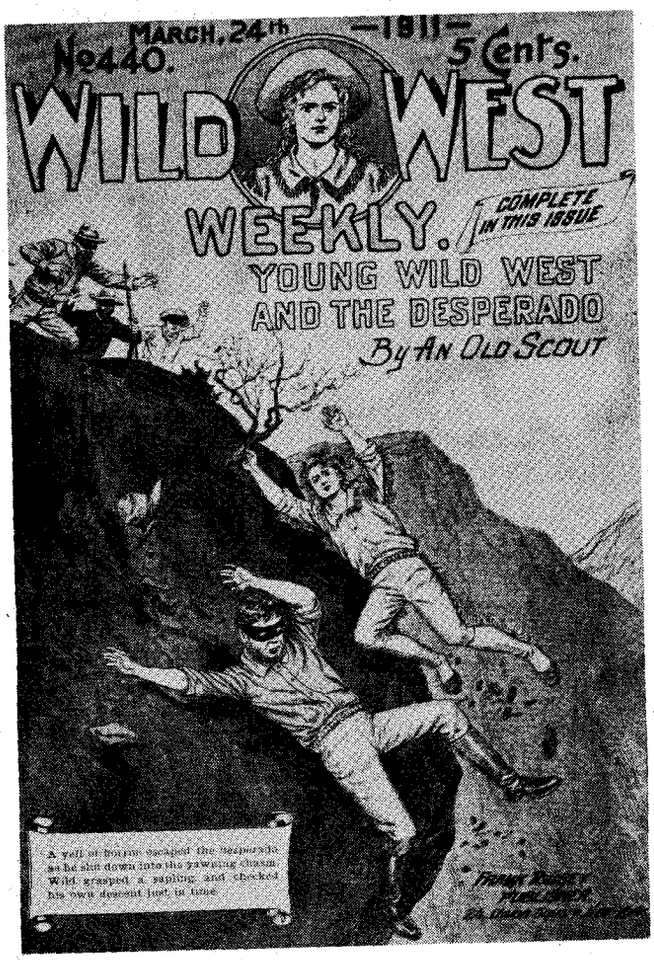
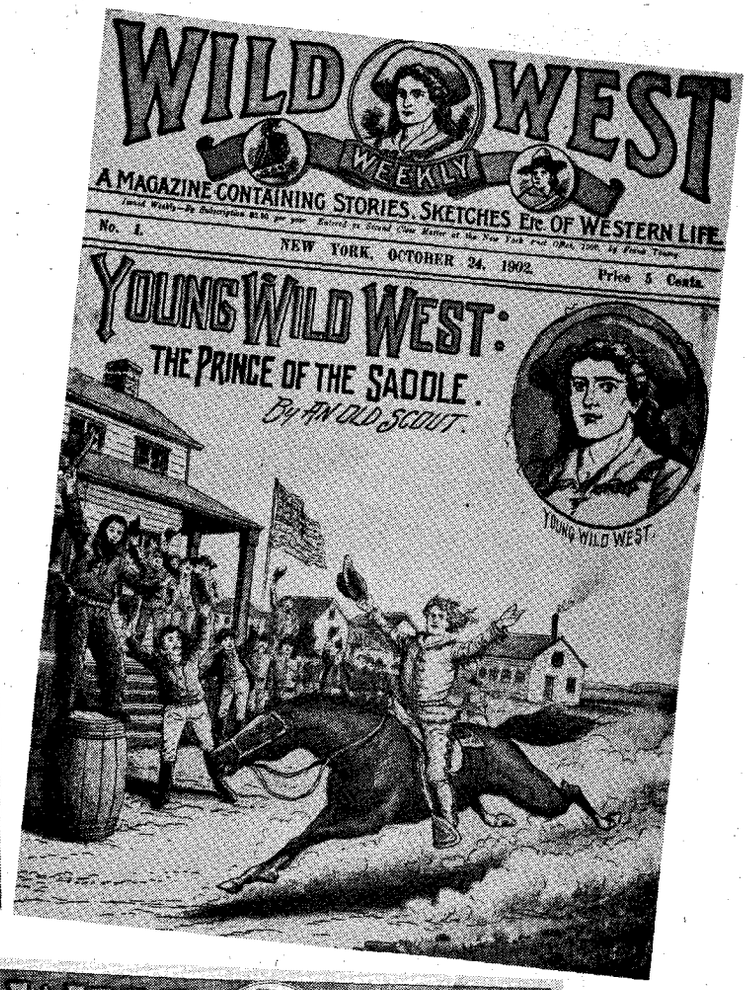
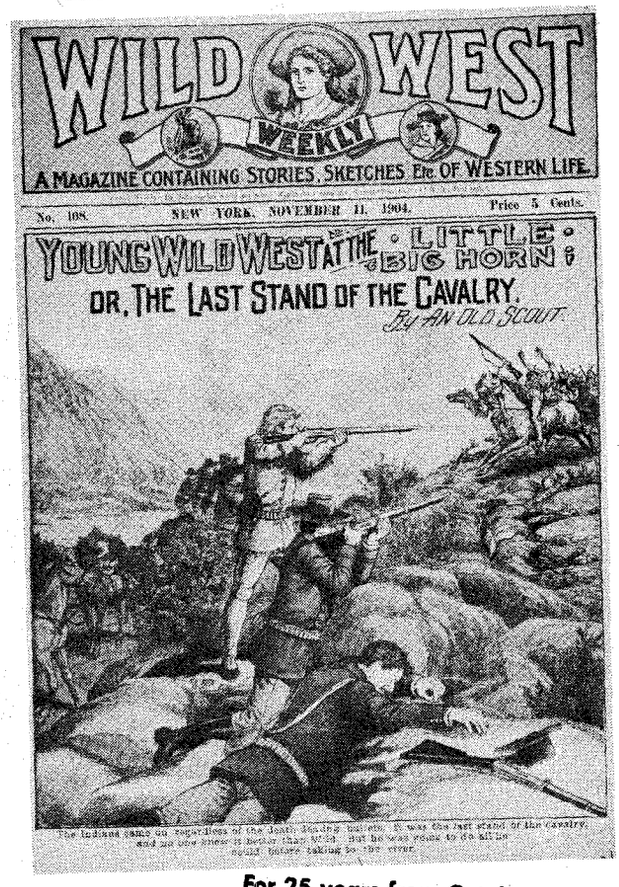
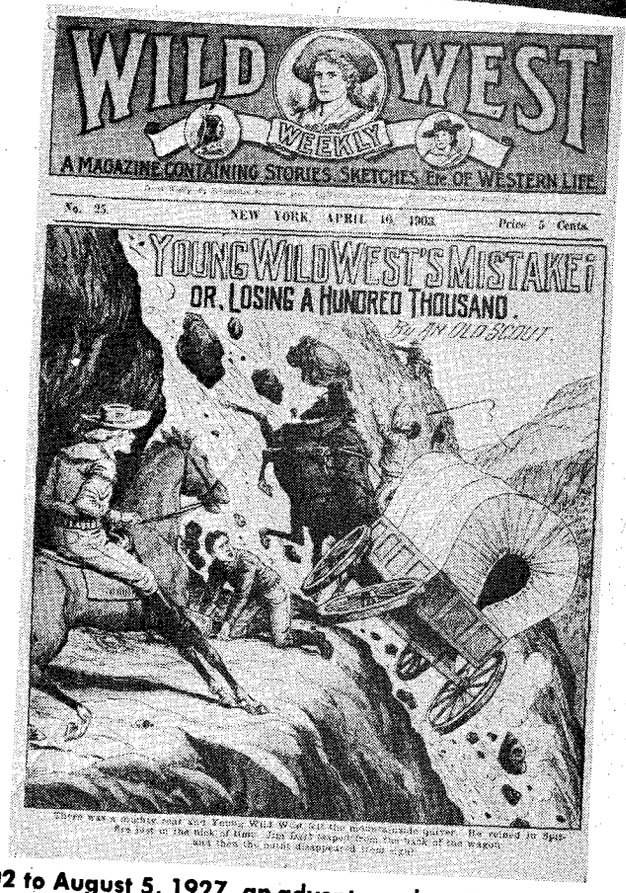



WILD WEST
WEEKLY
A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES Etc. OF WESTERN LIFE.
No. 1. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 24, 1902. Price 5 Cents.
YOUNG WILD WEST.
THE PRINCE OF THE SADDLE.
By AN OLD SCOUT.
YOUNG WILD WEST


WILD WEST
WEEKLY
A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES Etc. OF WESTERN LIFE.
No. 108. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1904. Price 5 Cents.
YOUNG WILD WEST AT THE "LITTLE BIG HORN"
OR, THE LAST STAND OF THE CAVALRY.
By AN OLD SCOUT


WILD WEST
WEEKLY
A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES Etc. OF WESTERN LIFE.
No. 25. NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1903. Price 5 Cents.
YOUNG WILD WEST'S MISTAKE
OR, LOSING A HUNDRED THOUSAND.
By AN OLD SCOUT

From the Edward T. LeBlanc dime novel collection

For 25 years from October 24, 1902 to August 5, 1927, an adventure about Young Wild West appeared every week. The stories were full of action and violence. Often youngsters read them behind the barn or up in the hayloft. Sex was "unknown" in the stories. Swear words were non-existent. They reflected the times in which they were published. Indians were mostly bad In-

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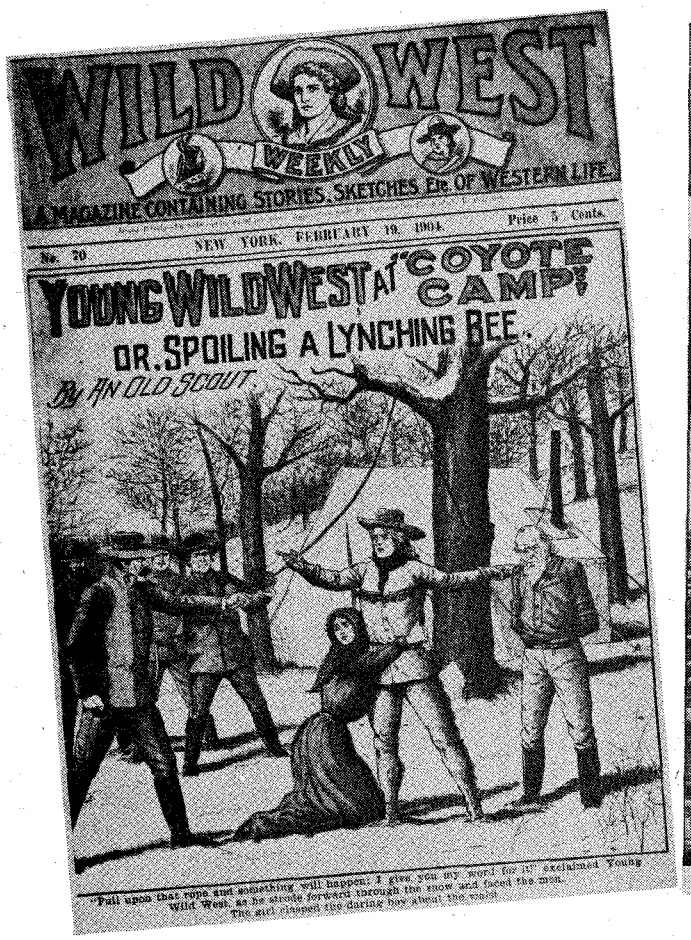
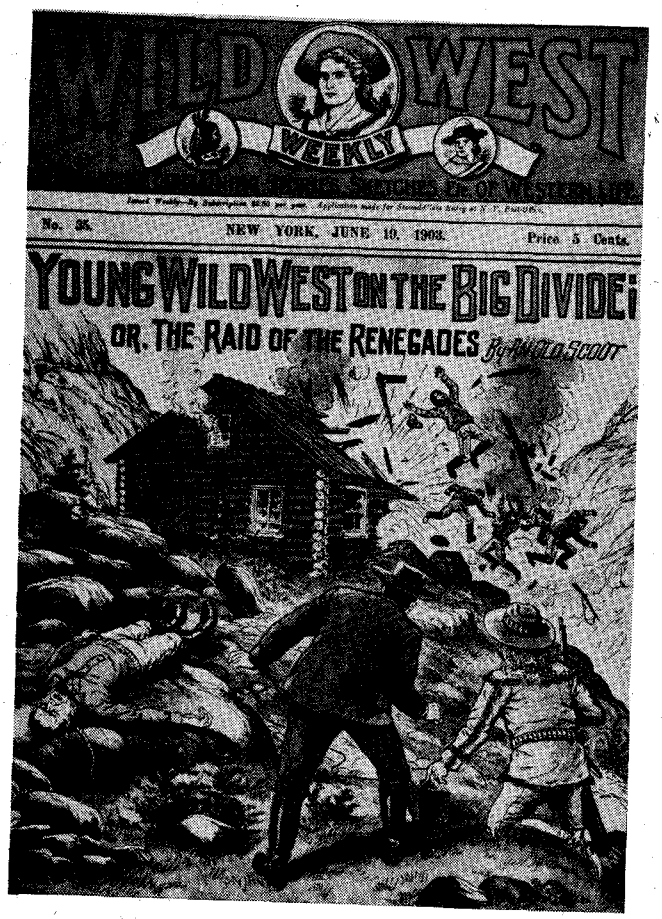

WILD WEST
WEEKLY
A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES Etc OF WESTERN LIFE.
No. 20 NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 19, 1904. Price 5 Cents.
YOUNG WILD WEST AT COYOTE CAMP
OR, SPOILING A LYNCHING BEE.
By AN OLD SCOUT

WILD WEST
WEEKLY
A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES Etc OF WESTERN LIFE.
No. 106. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1904. Price 5 Cents.
YOUNG WILD WEST AT PIKE'S PEAK
OR, ARIETTA'S STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE.


WILD WEST
WEEKLY
No. 85. NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1903. Price 5 Cents.
YOUNG WILD WEST ON THE BIG DIVIDE
OR, THE RAID OF THE RENEGADES By AN OLD SCOUT

WILD WEST
WEEKLY
A MAGAZINE CONTAINING STORIES, SKETCHES Etc OF WESTERN LIFE.
No. 345. NEW YORK, MAY 28, 1909. Price 5 Cents.
YOUNG WILD WEST'S PRIZE CLAIM
OR, THE GOLD OF GOOD-BYE GULCH. By AN OLD SCOUT.

dians, though occasionally, their plight was pictured sympathetically. All phases of western adventure were covered in the 644 stories that made up the series, ranch life, Indian battles, mining camps, chasing outlaws and road agents. In 1915 the stories began to be reprinted and a third reprinting began in 1927, but success had run its course. It ceased with No. 1294.

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When the camp had been established again, Young Wild West declared his intention of looking about to see if more Indians were in the area. He had only gone a few steps when he heard the sound of horses crashing through the brush. He hastily returned calling out "I recken the Indians are coming!"

All of the party, girls and Chinese, seized their rifles to resist an attack. But they were not Indians, but eight cowboys, one of whom announced that they were looking for Indians. The words were barely out of his mouth when the splashing sound of approaching canoe paddles was heard, and a dozen canoes came around the river's bend. Young Wild West did not have to repeat his invitation to the eight cowboys to join them behind the rocks.

The attacking Indians had spread out four abreast and were coming along at a sharp run. When the young deadshot saw the cowboys preparing to fire, he said "Easy, boys, wait until they get close enough. Don't waste bullets. I'll give the word."

"You the leader here?" one cowboy asked rather sharply.

"I reckon I am," replied the young hero in his cool and easy way.

Now the foremost of the attackers was as close as thirty yards when YWW raised his hand and called out: "Let them have it."

In a matter of a very few minutes more than a third of the Pawnees had fallen before the galling fire that opposed them, and seeing that they were losing the battle, they withdrew from the field.

After the Indians had fled, our friends questioned the cowboys about the Pawnee uprising, as they were considered one of the most peaceful of the plains tribes. The cowboy surprised them by explaining, "It is the school marm over at Duncan Flats who caused it."

"A school marm caused it? What do you mean?" the young deadshot asked.

The cowboy explained that there was a school at Duncan Flats, and last fall a pretty young woman had come from the east to be the teacher. During the summer she had become enamored of a Pawnee brave. She married him and went to live as a Pawnee squaw. This event had angered many of the young men of the Flats, and they had fired upon the Pawnee village a few nights before. The day before the skirmish the Pawnees had robbed and burned a house and had been fired upon by some of the settlers. The cowboy, who was named Little, and his companions had volunteered to ride out to learn what they could of the Pawnees so that the settlers might prepare themselves accordingly. Word had been sent to the nearest cavalry post, but it was expected to be at least two days before the troops could arrive to quell the uprising. Although the young deadshot and his friends were not pleased about the uprising, they were more than glad to be able to be of assistance in putting it down and saving the foolish school marm from the error of her ways.

Now it was noon, and, after all had eaten and nothing more had been heard from the Indians, our hero decided that the time had come to do a little scouting. He and Cheyenne Charlie took one of the canoes that had been left behind by the attackers and proceeded down the river. Less than two miles away they landed the craft and approached an Indian village on foot.

Crouching close to a fallen log, they took in everything that was to be seen. The redskins had finished their noonday meal but the remains of several fires could still be seen. Most of the braves appeared to be taking it easy, as the squaws did such cleaning as they felt might be necessary, for the place was about as unclean a place as could be found, with decaying heads of animals slain for game lying about and unpleasant odors from other parts of the camp.

Now, as they watched, the young chief Little Bear and his White Flower, the eloping school marm, emerged from their teepee and, coming nearer, seated themselves upon the log behind which Wild and Charlie were crouched. The position in which our friends found themselves was as embarrassing as it was dangerous, but they were soon discovered. The young woman screamed loudly, although by this time her savage husband, seeing himself covered by guns, remained silent. (Author's note - A young woman of this day might just well have taken YWW's guns away from him and assaulted him with them.)

At this point Young Wild West told the young chief he should take his bride and run for it, to which the young chief answered "Ugh!" and, taking his bride by the arm, ran for the village while Wild and Charlie departed without delay in the opposite direction for their own camp. Although they were pursued by Pawnees and had found it necessary to shoot a few, they were able to make their return without injury.

Since none of the stories would be complete without at least one chapter being devoted to the antics of the Chinese servant, Hop Wah, chapter six of this particular story tells of how Hop inveigled the visiting cowboys into a game of euchre. Throughout the game Hop Wah was up to his usual tricks, such as dealing from the bottom of the deck, slipping cards up his sleeves, et cetera: tricks that in other western stories would have led to his sudden demise. It goes without saying that Hop Wah won all the money and an argument ensued, but this came to an end when the leader of the cowboys admitted that he, too, had engaged in cheating but had met his match.

Meanwhile Wild and his companion, Jim Dart, had made another reconnaissance and, returning to camp, reported that the Pawnees had abandoned their village. After a conference it was decided to break camp, catch up with the Indians, and rescue the White Flower from her terrible fate; for all were fully convinced that the young girl from the east had made the gravest mistake of her life in marrying a man whose skin was of another color. The camp broken and the pack horses loaded, the party proceeded to the site of the abandoned village and found nothing left but some much gnawed bones and remnants of old blankets. Taking up the pursuit, they followed the Pawnee trail until about six in the afternoon when they reached a place at a canyon mouth that Young Wild West decided was ideal for camping and spending the night.

Seeing that the camp was established, that the two servants, Hop and Wing, were in the process of preparing the evening meal, that the horses were taken care of, Young Wild West seized his rifle and climbed a nearby cliff. Looking in the direction of the canyon rim he observed smoke rising from a low point about a mile away. He muttered to himself, "If we can see their smoke they can see ours. So what? We can take care of ourselves". Taking another look around and not seeing any other sign of the Indians, he descended and told his companions of his discovery.

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After the evening meal was eaten there was nothing left to do but wait until darkness, as our hero had decided to do nothing until that time came. Soon the shades of darkness began to gather, and the first star appeared in the blue vault overhead. At this point Wild and Charlie saddled their horses and rode off in the direction of the Pawnee encampment. Finally they left the horses and went on foot until they could hear the sound of Indian voices. For quite some time they remained, watching the camp and the activity therein, which, except for a few guards appeared normal.

As Wild and Charlie drew near to their own camp they heard the sound of many voices. Cautiously they approached and saw that they had been joined by a troop of cavalry. Commanding the soldiers was a young lieutenant, seemingly bloodthirsty and eager for action. Upon hearing Young Wild West's report on the encampment he announced his intention to attack without delay.

"Hold on there, Lieutenant," the young deadshot answered, "We wait until morning."

The young officer did not like the idea of a delay and intimated that our hero was taking too much authority upon himself. And then the young hero asked: "Did you know that I have an official document presented to me by a very high official of the War Department that allows me to come and go as I please? And that it reads that I am to advise any and all army officers in this part of the country?"

Our young hero then produced the document and read its contents to the young cavalry officer. This was a most unusual document. It had been presented to Young Wild West before he had reached his eighteenth birthday, in recognition of his brave acts and his most valuable assistance to the army in general and particularly for his action at Fort Bridger. After hearing the document read and seeing the signature affixed to it the lieutenant came to attention, saying: "I beg your pardon, sir. I await your orders." "That settles it, then!" the young deadshot exclaimed, "We move at break of day and not before."

Just before daybreak the cavalrymen, led by Young Wild West and his friends, drew near to the Indian encampment, only to find that during the night the Pawnees had decamped and, like the Arabs in the poem, had silently stolen away. Young Wild West put his horse to top speed and soon had put himself within sight of the retreating Pawnees. At this point, Wild dismounted to wait the arrival of the soldiers. Suddenly he was seized by four Indians who had evidently been left behind as a rear guard. The boy struggled to free himself but was unable to do so and was dragged away. One of the Indians had tried to catch his great horse, Spitfire, but the animal was too quick and dashed away in the direction from whence they had come.

Our hero was dragged into an area where the squaws were already setting up the teepees and tied to a tree. Suddenly he felt the bonds holding him loosen and drop to his feet. He looked around, but all he could see was the flash of a human hand. The young deadshot started in the direction of the canyon mouth, when he was discovered. The young chief followed very closely with upraised tomahawk. At this moment, the White Flower, the young chief's bride, flung herself upon her husband who pushed her from him and raised his weapon to strike her down. At that moment a rifle cracked from somewhere above the young chief. Little Bear staggered back, falling dead upon the ground. Our hero made good his escape and joined Jim and Charlie behind the rocks above.

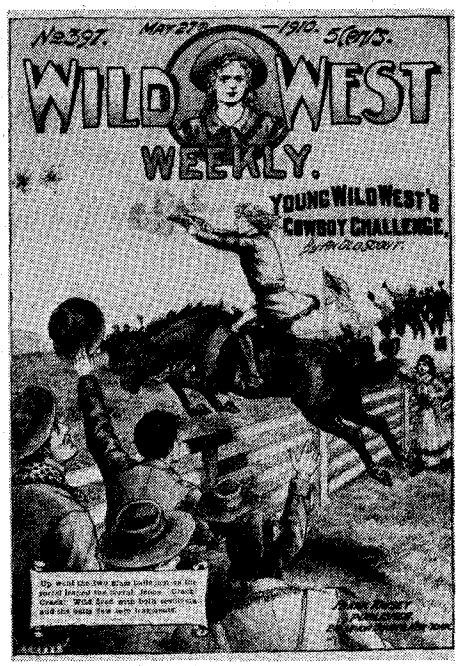
Now the blare of a bugle and the clatter of many hooves. No more resistance was made by the frightened Pawnees, who threw down their weapons and stood quietly. Three or four more shots were fired by the troopers, with the result that two Indians were shot when it was not necessary.

Wild now recovered his weapons from where they had fallen when he had made his escape. He entered a nearby teepee and found a crouching figure, half concealed by a blanket.

"Excuse me," he said "you are the widow of the late chief Little Bear, I presume. Get up. Everything is all right now."

Half an hour later, the young woman was safe at the camp of our friends, being looked after by the girls.

Since this "Pawnee Pursuit" had been of short duration, Young Wild West and his friends went to Duncan Flats. The next day as they were leaving, the young Mary Hopkins,



ex-White Flower, announced her intention of leaving that same day for her former home in the east.

Now, well-satisfied with the result of the "Pawnee Pursuit", our intrepid young hero and his friends mounted their horses and rode off in search of new adventures.

The foregoing account of a brush with Indians was only one of a long series of adventures, most of them highly improbable, though perhaps no more improbable than many of today's television stories. The writing was perhaps not of the best, but at least it contained no profanity and no four-letter words that touched upon the obscene. Ethnic origin didn't count for much. In these stories Mexicans were called "Greasers", Indians were called "Redskins" and, in at least one story, the Chinese Hop Wah, had spoken to a Black, calling him a "velly nice niggee man". The readers of the period read to be entertained.

Mr. Shea and others who wrote these stirring tales of adventure that appeared in "Wild West Weekly" and others of the same era did not write to deliver a message. They wrote to entertain, and in their own way, in their own time and place, it could be said that they were successful. ●**RW**

Acknowledgment:
The author wishes to express his thanks to some fellow collectors, especially to Mr. Ralph Smith, for their providing certain data useful in preparation of this manuscript.

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Author's collection

Calamity Jane as she appeared to the audiences at the Palace Museum.

The most famous female gunslinger and horsewoman of the Wild and Wicked West purportedly penned an autobiography in 1896 detailing her early Life and Times. Most of it is fiction. In fact, government records indicate Marthy Cannary probably didn't spell her own name correctly.

COVER STORY

WHO WAS CALAMITY JANE?

By George Hart

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Calamity Jane is a character known to anyone even remotely familiar with the lore of the Black Hills. Yet, no one — not even her contemporaries — *really* knew the woman; that is, in terms of origin, parentage, etc. Indeed, Jane herself was not quite clear on these things. In spite of this, the only genuine clues we have concerning her early life are contained in a booklet titled, *Life and Adventures of Calamity Jane.*

This was printed in 1896 (purportedly written by Calamity) and hawked by her when she was being exhibited by Kohl and Middleton's Palace Museum in Minneapolis, Minnesota, as "CALAMITY JANE! The famous woman scout of the Wild West! Heroine of a thousand thrilling adventures! The terror of evildoers in the Black Hills! The comrade of Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill!"

The "autobiography" is a curious mixture of truth, half-truths and tall tales. It would be unkind and unnecessarily harsh to call anything in it a lie, especially considering the circumstances in which Jane found herself. She was more or less on her last legs. Although only about 52, a life of dissipation made her appear much older. It was hard to imagine the rather haggard looking female as the "Beautiful White Devil of the Ylellowstone" or even as the "Heroine of Whoop-Up" (titles given her by writers in her early days of fame). Calamity's story of her life goes as follows (only corrections that do not detract from the anecdotal flavor of the original have been made):

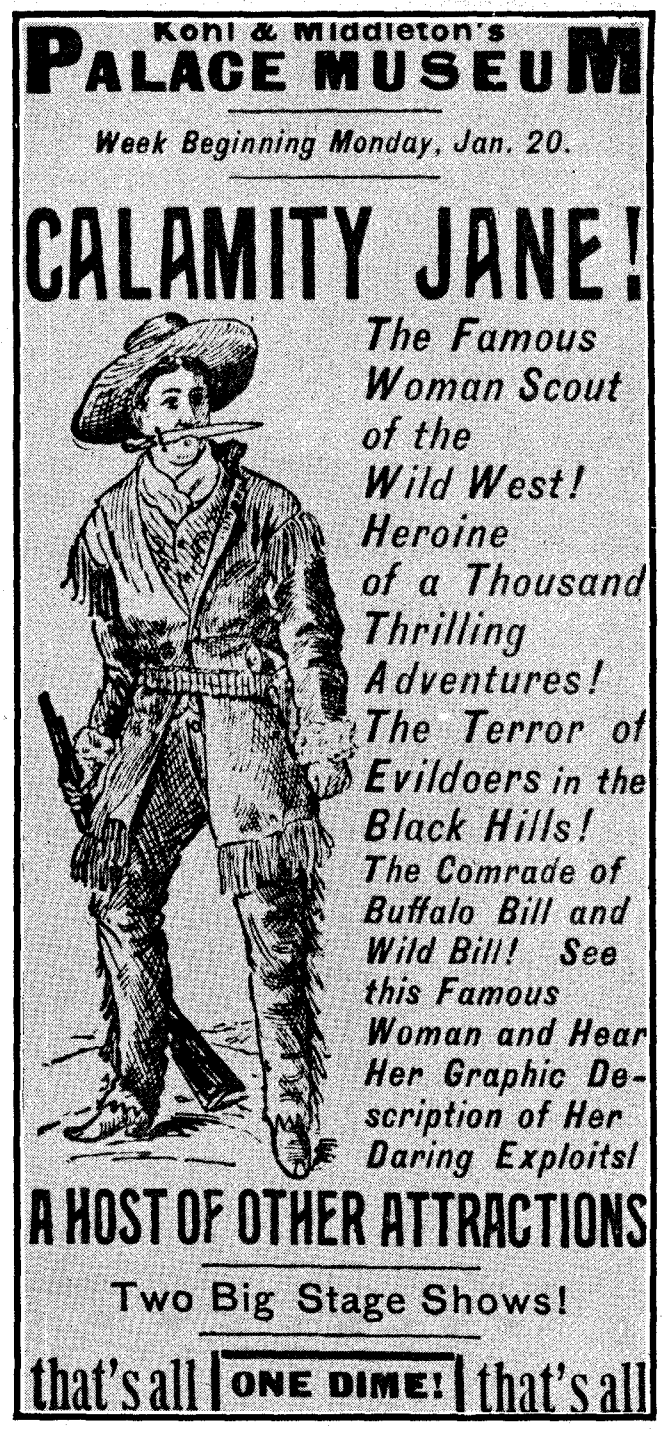
"My maiden name was Marthy Cannary, was born in Princeton, Missouri, May 1, 1852. Father and mother natives of Ohio. Had two brothers and three sisters, I being the oldest of the children. As a child I always had a fondness for adventure and outdoor exercise and especial fondness for horses which I began to ride being able to ride the most vicious and stubborn of horses, in fact the greater portion of my life in early times was spent in this manner.

"In 1865 we emigrated from our homes in Missouri by the overland route to Virginia City, Montana, taking five months to make the journey. While on the way the greater portion of my time was spent in hunting along with the men and hunters of the party, in fact I was at all times with the men when there was excitement and adventures to be had. By the time we reached Virginia City I was considered a remarkable good shot and a fearless rider for a girl of my age. I remember many occurrences on the journey from Missouri to Montana.

Many times in crossing the mountains the conditions of the trail were so bad that we frequently had to lower the wagons over ledges by hand with ropes for they were so rough and rugged that horses were of no use. We also had many exciting times fording streams for many of the streams in our way were noted for quicksands and boggy places, where, unless we were very careful, we would have lost horses and all. Then we had many dangers to encounter in the way of streams swelling on account of heavy rains.

On occasions of that kind the men would usually select the best places to cross the streams, myself on more than one occasion have mounted my pony and swam across the stream from having both myself and pony washed away to certain death, but as the pioneers of those days had plenty of courage we overcame all obstacles and reached Virginia City in safety.

"Mother died at Black Foot, Montana, 1866, where we buried her. I left Montana in spring of 1866, for Utah, arriving at Salt Lake City during the summer. Remained in Utah until 1867, where my father died, then went to Fort


Kohl & Middleton's
PALACE MUSEUM
Week Beginning Monday, Jan. 20.
CALAMITY JANE!
The Famous Woman Scout of the Wild West! Heroine of a Thousand Thrilling Adventures! The Terror of Evildoers in the Black Hills! The Comrade of Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill! See this Famous Woman and Hear Her Graphic Description of Her Daring Exploits!
A HOST OF OTHER ATTRACTIONS
Two Big Stage Shows!
that's all ONE DIME! that's all

Minneapolis Journal, January 20, 1896.

Palace Museum ad where Calamity Jane appeared on exhibition.

Bridger, Wyoming Territory, where we arrived May 1, 1868. Remained around Fort Bridger during 1868, then went to Piedmont, Wyoming, with U. P. Railway.

Joined General Custer as a scout at For Russell, Wyoming, in 1870, and started for Arizona for the Indian campaign. Up to this time I had always worn the costume of my sex. When I joined Custer I donned the uniform of a soldier. It was a bit awkward at first but I soon got to be perfectly at home in men's clothes.

"Was in Arizona up to the winter of 1871 and during that time I had a great many adventures with the Indians, for as a scout I had a great many dangerous missions to perform and while I was in many close places always succeeded in getting away safely for by this time I was considered the most reckless and daring rider and one of the best shots in the western country.

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Western History Research Center, Univ. of Wyoming

Calamity Jane, 1876, in her heydey as quasi-official scout.

"After that campaign I returned to Fort Sanders, Wyoming, remained there until spring of 1872, when we were ordered out to the Muscle Shell or Nursey Pursey Indian outbreak. In that war Generals Custer, Miles, Terry and Crook were all engaged. This campaign lasted until fall of 1873.

"It was during this campaign that I was christened Calamity Jane. It was on Goose Creek, Wyoming, where the town of Sheridan is now located. Capt. Egan was in command of the post. We were ordered out to quell an uprising of the Indians, and were out for several days, had numerous skirmishes during which six of the soldiers were killed and several severely wounded. When on returning to the post we were ambushed about a mile and a half from our destination. When fired upon Capt. Egan was shot.

I was riding in advance and on hearing the firing turned in my saddle and saw the Captain reeling in his saddle as though about to fall. I turned my horse and galloped back with all haste to his side and got there in time to catch him as he was falling. I lifted him onto my horse in front of me and succeeded in getting him safely to the fort. Capt. Egan on recovering, laughingly said: 'I name you Calamity Jane, the heroine of the plains.' I have borne that name up to the present time. We were afterwards ordered to Fort Custer, where Custer City now stands, where we arrived in the spring of 1874; remained around Fort Custer all summer and were ordered to Fort Russell in fall of 1874, where we remained until spring of 1875; was then ordered to the Black Hills to protect miners, as that country was controlled by the Sioux Indians and the government had to send the soldiers to protect the lives of the miners and settlers in that section.

Remained there until fall of 1875 and wintered at Fort Laramie. In spring of 1876, we were ordered north with General Crook to join Generals Miles, Terry and Custer at Big Horn River. During this march I swam the Platte River at Fort Fetterman as I was the bearer of important dispatches. I had a ninety mile ride to make. Being wet and cold, I contracted a severe illness and was sent back in Gen. Crook's ambulance to Fort Fetterman where I laid in the hospital for fourteen days. When able to ride I started for Fort Laramie where I met Wm. Hickok, better known as Wild Bill, and we started for Deadwood, where we arrived about June.

"During the month of June I acted as a pony express rider carrying the U.S. mail between Deadwood and Custer, a distance of fifty miles, over one of the roughest trails in the Black Hills country. As many of the riders before me had been held up and robbed of their packages, mail and money that they carried, for that was the only means of getting mail and money between these points.

It was considered the most dangerous route in the Hills, but as my reputation as a rider and quick shot was well known, I was molested very little for the toll gatherers looked on me as being a good fellow, and they knew that I never missed my mark. I made the round trip every two days which was considered pretty good riding in that country. Remained around Deadwood all that summer visiting all the camps within an area of one hundred miles. My friend, Wild Bill, remained in Deadwood during the summer with the exception of occasional visits to the camps.

On the 2nd of August, while setting at a gambling table in the Bell Union saloon, in Deadwood, he was shot in the back of the head by the notorious Jack McCall, a desperado. I was in Deadwood at the time and on hearing of the killing made my way at once to the scene of the shooting and found that my friend had been killed by McCall. I at once started to look for the assassin and found him at Shurdy's butcher shop and grabbed a meat cleaver and made him throw up his hands; through the excitement on hearing of Bill's death, having left my weapons on the post of my bed.

He was then taken to a log cabin and locked up, well secured as every one thought, but he got away and was afterwards caught at Fagan's ranch on Horse Creek, on the old Cheyenne road and was then taken to Yankton, Dakota, where he was tried, sentenced and hung. (sic)

"I remained around Deadwood locating claims, going from camp to camp until the spring of 1877, where one morning, I saddled my horse and rode towards Crook City. I had gone about twelve miles from Deadwood, at the mouth of Whitewood Creek, when I met the overland mail running from Cheyenne to Deadwood. The horses on a run, about two hundred yards from the station; upon looking closely I saw they were pursued by Indians. The horses ran to the barn as was their custom.

As the horses stopped I rode along side of the coach and found the driver John Slaughter, lying face downwards in the boot of the stage, he having been shot by the Indians. When the stage got to the station the Indians hid in the bushes. I immediately removed all baggage from the coach except the mail. I then took the driver's seat and with all haste drove to Deadwood, carrying the six passengers and the dead driver.

"I left Deadwood in the fall of 1877, and went to Bear Butte Creek with the 7th Cavalry. During the fall and winter we built Fort Meade and the town of Sturgis. In 1878 I left the command and went to Rapid City and put in the year prospecting.

"In 1879 I went to Fort Pierre and drove trains from Rapid City to Fort Pierre for Frank Witcher then drove teams from Fort Pierre to Sturgis for Fred Evans. This teaming was done with oxen as they were better fitted for the work than horses, owing to the rough nature of the country.

"In 1881 I went to Wyoming and returned in 1882 to Miles City and

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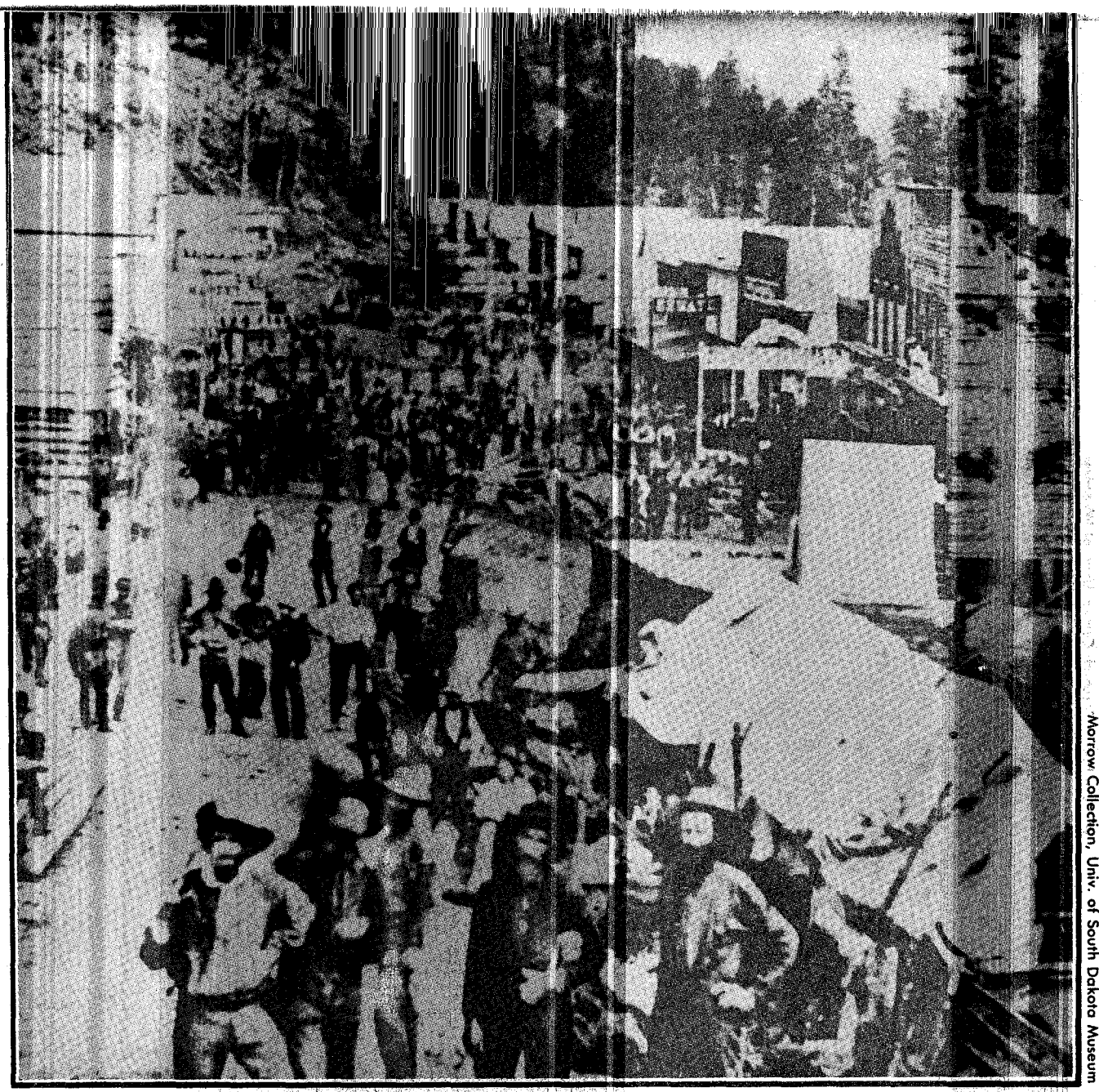

Morrow Collection, Univ. of South Dakota Museum

Deadwood, Dakota Territory, 1876-77, when both it and Calamity Jane were at their wildest.

took up a ranch on the Yellowstone, raising stock and cattle, also kept a wayside inn, where the weary traveler could be accommodated with food, drink, or trouble if he looked for it. Left the ranch in 1883, went to California, going through the States and territories, reached Ogden the latter part of 1883, and San Francisco in 1884. Left San Francisco in the summer of 1884 for Texas, stopping at Fort Yuma, Arizona, the hottest spot in the United States. Stopping at all points of interest until I reached El Paso in the fall.

While in El Paso I met Mr. Clinton Burk, a native of Texas, who I married in August, 1885. As I thought I had traveled through life long enough alone and thought it was about time to take a partner for the rest of my days. We remained in Texas leading a quiet home life until 1889. On October 28, 1887, I became the mother of a girl baby, the very image of its father, at least that is what he said, but who has the temper of its mother.

"When we left Texas we went to Boulder, Colorado, where we kept a hotel until 1893, after which we traveled through Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, then back to Montana, then to Dakota, arriving in Deadwood October 9, 1895, after an absence of seventeen years.

"My arrival in Deadwood after an absence of so many years created quite an excitement among my many friends of the past, to such an extent that a vast number of the citizens who had come to Deadwood during my absence who had heard so much of Calamity Jane and her many adventures in former years were anxious to see me.

Among the many whom I met were several gentlemen from eastern cities, who advised me to allow myself to be placed before the public in such a manner as to give the people of the eastern cities an opportunity of seeing the Woman Scout who was made so famous through her daring career in the West and Black Hill countries.

"An agent of Kohl and Middleton, the celebrated museum men came to Deadwood, through the solicitation of the gentleman whom I had met there and arrangements were made to place me before the public in this manner. My first

(continued on page 68)

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History proves Clay Allison was about the weirdest killer to stalk across the West. There's little doubt he was a psychopath. Once, when challenged to a duel, he chose Bowie knives in an open grave. He killed his opponent and climbed out, well carved up himself.

Rose Collection,
Univ. of Oklahoma Library

Clay Allison, one of the West's worst psycopathic killers. He once fought a duel with bowie knives in an open grave to save the trouble of burying the loser.

Many of the oldtime Western badmen were, by modern psychiatric standards, real gone crackpots. Clay Allison was one of the worst. Clay's weird behavior indicates rather conclusively that he was of the manic-de-pressive type of psychopath, alternating between moods of wild elation and blackest despair. On the mad upswing of his emotional curve, Allison was about as fantastic a character as you'd be apt to meet outside a padded cell.

There was the time Clay put on a frontier "Lady Godiva" act for the amazed and amused citizens of Canadian, Texas. Stripped to the skin—except, of course, for gunbelt, boots and sombrero—Allison rode down Main Street at full gallop on Saturday night, standing upright in his stirrups and whooping endearing remarks to the scandalized women on the board sidewalk. Proud as a prince and naked as a jaybird, he rode the entire length of Main Street, dismounted in front of a saloon. Posing

COVER STORY

CLAY ALLISON,

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gracefully in the doorway, Clay doffed his sombrero with a grand flourish and invited his fascinated audience inside for a drink.

Not all of Allison's stunts were as harmless. Challenged to a duel to the death by an outraged Texan, Clay promptly chose Bowie knives as weapons and a deep, open grave for a dueling ground. The grave would also double as a last resting place for the loser. Clay's shaken opponent, pale but game, accepted the unique terms. Allison carved him up and left him dead in the grave. Well-sliced himself, Clay climbed out of the gory trench, dripping blood and laughing insanely. The tendons of his right leg were injured so badly in this sanguinary affair that he walked with a limp the rest of his life ... Maybe the grisly affray made sense to Allison; it failed to impress the sickened spectators.

Uneasy ego drove Allison to challenge any rival sixgun ace to a showdown shoot-out—which he generally maneuvered to look like a case of "shooting in self-defense."

Wyatt Earp was one gunfighter who turned the tables neatly on Clay. Allison, who displayed 21 notches on his gun at the time, boasted that he had killed six lawmen and planned to add Marshal Earp of Dodge City, Kansas to his "dead list."

Warned of Allison's boast, Wyatt said merely, "Let him come and make his play. I'll be waiting."

Up from Las Animas, New Mexico rode Clay on his cream-white "war horse," dressed all in black and white with his jet mustache acurl. Six feet two in height, slim-hipped, wide-shouldred with flashing blue eyes, Allison could have made any of today's cowboy television and movie stars take a back seat when it came to good looks and dramatic appearance. In addition to being a screwball, Clay was a terrific ham and as inordinately vain as any chorus girl.

Marshal Earp and gunfighter Allison met in front of the Long Branch Saloon in Dodge City on a warm summer morning in 1877. Both men were dressed similarly as to color scheme, but where Clay sported a showy white buckskin vest trimmed with silver *conchos,* Wyatt wore a plain white shirt adorned only with a black string tie and his silver star of office.

Earp stopped short at the sight of Allison and leaned against the front of the saloon, thus forcing Allison to approach him from the front. Around the two crack gunslingers, space was suddenly cleared as if an invisible, giant hand had whisked away the apprehensive bystanders. The wary citizens of Dodge had learned from many a gunfight to step out of the line of fire in such a man-to-man confrontation.

Allison advanced mincingly in his fancy high-heeled boots.

"You Earp?" he demanded.

"I'm *Marshal* Earp," corrected Wyatt significantly.

Clay strutted closer. "I've been *lookin'* for you."

"You've found me, then."

Allison lurched suddenly against Earp as if he had stumbled; the marshal felt Clay's stomach muscles tighten as he went for his gun. Allison' trickery maneuver did him no good; he hadn't cleared leather when the muzzle of Earp's .45 prodded Clay in the belly.

"Drop it, Clay!" snapped Wyatt.

Allison dropped the half-drawn weapon back into its holster as though it were red-hot. "Hell, Wyatt, I was only jokin' " he grinned."

Earp failed to smile. "Get out of Dodge and take your jokes with you," he suggested grimly.

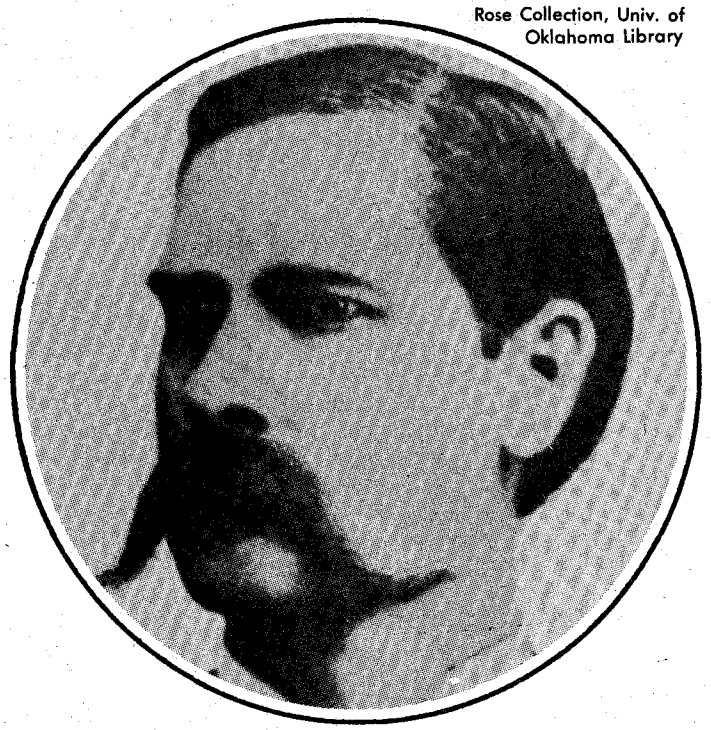
Clay wheeled, mounted his horse and left town on the gallop. His humiliation was complete; he never made trouble in Dodge again.

(Author's note: It is only fair to observe that Allison *aficionados* hotly deny that this encounter between their hero and Wyatt Earp ever occurred. *Quien sabe?)*

Basically, Allison was always unsure of himself, so his ruthless, neurotic mind was constantly scheming to get a decisive edge on a dangerous opponent. He once sat facing rival gunfighter Chunk Colbert across a restaurant table in Clifton, New Mexico for two solid hours in a marathon test of nerves. Both men acted in the same maniacal manner: laughing, talking, stirring numerous cups of coffee with the barrels of their six-shooters. Colbert's shrieking nerves snapped first, and he made his belated break. Clay—who had his counter move planned precisely in advance—upset the light table with his knees, dumping it in Colbert's lap, coffee and all. Chunk got off one shot that flew wild; Clay fired one slug that drilled Colbert through the forehead. Another case of "shooting in self-defense" for killer Allison.

(continued on page 70)

Rose Collection, Univ. of Oklahoma Library



Wyatt Earp was reputed to have been challenged by Allison in a gun duel. Earp got the drop on him causing the fast thinking Allison to plead the whole incident was a great joke.

Laughing Killer

By Norman B. Wiltsey

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. Did the early Western pioneers, being largely religious, place a priority on building churches? Rev. T. Zamil, Wausau, Wis.
A. Perhaps they would have liked to, but practical considerations made them construct homes and stores first. As a matter of fact, saloons were built before churches and were often used one day a week for worship. Usually there were insufficient of one sect to support a building for their particular belief.

Q. When was the last stagecoach holdup in the West? V. Porte, Ensenada, Mexico.
A. Lacking any other similar recorded event, we would say it took place on July 20, 1914 in Yellowstone National Park. One Ed Trafton, who had done time in 1880 for cattle rustling, was fascinated by the fact that stagecoaches, loaded with sightseers, moved around Yellowstone spaced about ten minutes apart, automobiles being banned at that time. Another comforting fact was that guns were also banned. Old Ed, with a Winchester rifle, black mask and one accomplice, robbed 35 coaches; after each holdup his accomplice would drive the empty coach out of sight. The action took place between ten in the morning and early afternoon. After collecting $3,000, Ed and his pal cut the telephone and telegraph lines and rode off into the sunset. They were caught four days later. Incidentally, in addition to being the last stagecoach holdup, it was probably the biggest. After release from jail, Ed lived until 1924. He died uncharacteristically, eating an ice cream cone in a Los Angeles drugstore.

Q. What was the end of the famous Indian outlaw, the Apache Kid? J. St. John, Hutchinson, Kansas.
A. No one knows. After a career of cattle rustling, wagon train robberies and murder, the Kid escaped from his last capture by killing the sheriff. He was never seen again, at least by white men.

Q. Please settle an argument. I say that the early California bandit, Murietta, was captured and killed by a Captain Love. V. Low, Ogden, U.
A. It's hard to say. The number of crimes and depredations ascribed during the period to Murieta would be impossible for one man to commit, especially numerous crimes perpetrated at the same time hundreds of miles apart. Most scholars agree that there were at least several bandits operating in the way Murieta did, and Murieta got the credit, or blame, for most of them. Captain Love was authorized by the governor to raise a group of rangers to capute Murieta. Shortly thereafter Love returned with a bearded, severed head which he said was that of Murieta, plus a severed three-fingered hand, which he said was that of Murieta's sidekick, Three Fingered Jack. The head and hand were exhibited for years, but some unkind cynics aver that Love and his boys killed the first Mexican they saw, said it was Murieta, and collected the reward. *Quien sabe?*

Q. In an earlier issue, you published a poem by Black Bart, the bandit, but I maintain you didn't publish the full verse. A. Perrault, Lubbock, Tex.
A. I checked, and you are right. I guess I was pressed for space. However, here it is:

Here I lay me down to sleep
To wait the coming morrow
Perhaps success perhaps defeat
And everlasting sorrow.
I've labored long and hard for bread
For honor and for riches
But on my corns too long you've tred
You fine haired sons of bitches.
Let come what will I'll try it on
My condition can't be worse
And if there's money in that box
Tis munny in my purse

Black Bart
The Po 8

Q. What can you tell us about Bloody Judge Terry of San Francisco? N. Houlihan, San Jose, Calif.
A. I'm not sure he was generally known as "Bloody", although there was sufficient justification for it. He was a judge on the California Supreme Court, noted for his explosive temper, pigheadedness and the eagerness with which he sought and fought duels. He was also a secessionist agitator. He stabbed a vigilante during a street riot and laid in durance vile until the vigilante, fortunately, recovered. He killed David C. Broderick, a political opponent, in a duel. The resulting scandal drove him out of office. Thirty years later, he vowed vengeance on U.S. Supreme Court Justice Stephen Field, who had him jailed for contempt. Field secured a bodyguard and one day, upon meeting Field in a lunchroom, Terry made a motion as if to go for a gun; the bodyguard promptly shot him dead. There were few mourners.

Q. Did the Mexican bandit, Pancho Villa, actually invade this country? L. Jehnquist, Pueblo, Col.
A. He certainly did, on March 9, 1916. With several hundred men he crossed the border into Columbus, New Mexico. They set the town on fire and killed seven American soldiers and eight civilians.

Q. Did you ever hear of a drink called "switchel"? What was in it? B. Daglis, Waterloo, Iowa.
A. Switchel is made with two quarts of water, one-half cup molasses, three-quarters cup of vinegar, one-half teaspoon ginger; sweeten with brown sugar and chill. It was a staple drink of field workers in the East, especially New England.

Q. What were the four buffalo herds, and how did General Sheridan help to exterminate them? M. Eastwood, Greeley, Col.
A. The four great herds were known as the Northern, the Republican, the Arkansas, and the Texas. General Phil Sheridan, then in charge of Indian fighting, made his protest when Texas proposed legislation to protect the Texas herd from indiscriminate killing. He hurried to Austin and said: "The buffalo hunters have done more in two years to settle the vexed Indian question than the entire U.S. Army has done in ten years. They are destroying the Indians' commissary. Send them powder and lead if you will, but for the sake of lasting peace let them kill, skin and sell until the buffalo are exterminated."

Q. Didn't Captain John Charles Fremont capture California for the U.S.? K. Wygant, Scottsdale, Ariz.
A. Not really. Fremont, with some thirty-odd men, easily overwhelmed a Mexican force of eight privates and three officers and occupied Sonoma, which consisted of four houses. He ran up the California Bear flag and notified the country, through his father-in-law, Senator Thomas Hart Benton, of the great victory, achieved through tremendous suffering. ●RW

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By Nono Minor

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

KNOW MORE ABOUT THE INDIANS

Many things are well known about the Indian. Still there are many other facts not usually written in the history books.

For example, the Iroquois seemed to have known about women's lib, as it was the Iroquois woman who owned the land and the houses. It was also the women who appointed or elected the chiefs and had the right to depose of them, even ordering them to death. The women of the Plains tribes owned the tepees and all the household utensils, and it was considered ill-bred for the men, or any visitors, to scatter anything about in disorder. When a Seneca maiden saw a man of her choice, it was she, not the man, who did the proposing.

Another lesser known fact about the Indian-the Penobscots fought on the side of the colonists in the Revolutionary War. On Panawamske Island there is a monument to the members of this tribe who died fighting for their country.

The Mahican, or "Wolves," were originally a small tribe, but by the time the French arrived in this country they had conquered so many of their neighboring tribes that they controlled a vast area of the land and were a powerful nation. They were not warlike but tried to live in peace with the white man.

Among many of the New England tribes, as well as others, it was taboo to mention the name of a person who has died, but among the Iroquois, in particular, to do was a crime, and the relatives of the deceased person would be allowed to track down the person who had mentioned the name and kill him.

Many tribes would give a baby two names. The real name was never spoken or referred to for fear the evil spirits would gain possession of the person's soul, therefore a nickname was also given, and this was the name used.

The Delaware Indians, as did most Indians, had very good table manners. They had rules which must be obeyed and observed. A person must not eat his soup with lots of noise. Children and old people were often served first. It was considered an insult to leave any food on the plate. Among many tribes each person had their own spoon and eating equipment, and these were kept clean by the owner.

In Western Florida, near the Oklokonee River, remains of ancient paved roads were found. These were believed to antedate the earliest Spanish settlers. The Indians living in this area offer no explanation for these highways, which in some cases could be traced for nearly fifty miles. The Indians seem rather superstitious about them and will avoid them when possible. However, these must have been made by a race highly advanced and cultured.

Among the Pamunkeys and a few of the tribes related to them, it was the custom of the men to shave the hair from the right side of their head. They did this so the hair would not interfere when they drew their bowstrings.

The Spanish tell of beautiful temples found in Western Florida and Southeastern Alabama. The explorer De Soto described these in his writings. They were over three hundred feet in length and one hundred and fifty feet in width. The temples had high-peaked thatched roofs which were studded with countless pearls and pearl - shells, and draped inside were strings of pearls hanging from the roof. The floors of the temples were made of mica-sand and sparkled like diamond - dust. Inside the temples on either side of the walls stood twelve immensely carved, wooden images, each twelve feet or more in height.

These stood in pairs like giant people guarding the temples. Each pair of figures was holding different weapons. The pair nearest the door held giant war clubs bound and ornamented with copper. The next pair held huge wooden sword-like clubs. The third held paddle - shaped clubs. The fourth couple held great tomahawks with copper blades; while the fifth pair held big bows and arrows; the last two of the images held oversized spears with gleaming copper points. The walls of the temples were hung with mantles and robes of painted skins, feather capes, and headdresses, along with quivers of arrows and objects made of pearls, shells, fur and feathers.

Pearls were everywhere in Florida, and, according to Spanish accounts, an Indian queen wore a necklace of huge pearls so long that it encircled her neck twice and still hung far below her waist. Accounts also state that this necklace was taken from the queen and sold in Spain for a very large sum of money.

The Indians regularly took morning dips in any nearby river or lake. They also washed their hands before eating. The soap used was from the yucca plant, or soap weed. Many Indians would rinse their mouths before each meal.

The Cherokee, Choctaws, Chickasaws and the Creeks are often linked together, yet they are not all of the same racial stock. The Creeks belong to the Muskohegan group, while the Choctaws and Chickasaws belong to still another group. The Cherokee belong to the same linguistic family as the Iroquois.

The Diegueno tribe of California had a death doll. This doll was very realistic with a ghastly corpse-like face. The doll was almost life size and attired in full Indian dress which was elaborately ornamented with feathers. The doll wore a headdress and carried a bow and arrow along with various other weapons and implements. The Diegueno cremated their dead, and during the rites the death dolls were used as a proxy to fool the evil spirits into mistaking the effigy for the dead person. It was believed then that the spirit of the dead person would be free, and the devil would not gain possession of his soul.

In the southern part of California there were a great number of unrelated tribes speaking over one hundred different dialects. It is believed that no place in the world of equal area existed wherein so many tribes spoke so many dialects. Many of the Indian tribes living there when the white man arrived completely disappeared, either succumbing to the diseases and debaucheries of the

(continued on page 72)

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U. S. Signal Corps Photo in the National Archives

The 7th Infantry encamped at Camp Crook, Nebraska during the Indian campaigns.

DIME NOVELS GLORIFYING THE WEST. 1st issue of the Young Rough Riders Weekly. This series was the first to feature the adventures of a working cowboy. There had been many western series and many dime novels about cowboys, but the stories about Ted Strong were the first to be devoted to ranching. The series lasted 175 numbers from April 23, 1904 to August 24, 1907.

From the Edward T. LeBlanc dime novel collection

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PICTORIAL

From the Collections of the Library of Congress

REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY. OLD ELK AND HIS SQUAW of the Utah Indians. From an old sketch.

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REAL WEST MOVIE HALL OF FAME

By Mario A. DeMarco

MAX TERHUNE

Last Christmas I received a card from Nick Williams, president of the Max Terhune Appreciation Society (a group of faithful fans that number over 150). On it was a photo of Max and his famous dummy Elmer. It brought back fond memories of this lovable, comic westerner who rode, fought, and provided laughter in many western films. I met Max several times on personal appearance tours, promoting his Three Mesquiteers while he was a star at Republic Studios. I found him to be honest, kind and warm-hearted. His life story is unusual and interesting.

He was born in Franklin, Indiana on February 12, 1891, also the birthday of Abraham Lincoln (something of which Max is quite proud).

His imitations and showmanship began early in his life. (At four years of age he was astounding his family and neighbors with his realistic imitations of various animals and fowl found in the barnyard. He got a push in the right direction when he entered a whistling contest at one of the local theaters. He walked off with the first prize and a series of vaudeville tours. He later became associated with a group of zany musicians known as the Hoosier Hotshots, which later made their mark on radio and in the movies.

Between tours Max loved to play baseball, and he pitched with a team in Minnesota. He was so good that he was set to get a tryout in the big leagues, but a wrist injury put an end to that dream. He was also a good toolmaker, but again Max was turned down by fate. It was during the time of the great Depression, and, like millions of other working men, he was laid off from his job. He returned to vaudeville and landed on the famed Orpheum circuit. Here again he worked with another team known as the Weaver Brothers, who also made their mark in radio and movies.

In 1932 he was working in radio as master of ceremonies on the WLS Barn Dance in Chicago with a young cowboy singer from Oklahoma by the name of Gene Autry. Gene and Max became good friends, and when Autry was signed up by Mascot Studios, he invited Max to accompany him to Hollywood. Max declined however, and Autry went on to become a star. In 1936 he wrote Max and again asked him to come to Hollywood. This time Max packed up and headed for the film capital. He landed a role in his first Republic Picture entitled *Ride, Ranger, Ride*. His appearance in this picture led him to a contract and another role in Gene's film, *The Big Show*. This was quite a memorable film for him because in it was another young vocalist by the name of Roy Rogers (who hadn't even received a billing) and a group of western singers, known as The Sons of the Pioneers.

At this time the studio was doing a popular series of westerns entitled "The Three Mesquiteers" and in it for the comic relief was Syd Saylor, who proved to be unsuited for the part after the first picture. Max took his place, and it wasn't very long before this trio became the most popular at Republic. Some of the great stars to play in these series along with Max were John Wayne, Robert Livingston, Bob Steele, Ralph Byrd (later to become "Dick Tracy"), Tom Tyler and Roy "Crash" Corrigan.

Max managed to make a few non-westerns, and his performance in *The Hit Parade* (1937) was so good that the studio gave him a sizable pay increase. Another unusual job that he performed with great relish was working in the Walt Disney cartoons; his imitations served as the voices for many of the animal characters in these wonderful cartoons.

After he left Republic, he went over to Monogram and was signed up as one of the trio for the "Range Busters". He managed to perform in over 20 of these well-made series. In addition to his busy film schedule, he still managed to meet many of his fans in person while traveling about the country on personal appearance tours. He also kept busy doing imitations and whistles (on records) for such great recording companies as Decca, Capitol and London.

When the B-Westerns ceased to be in the 1950's, Max turned to T.V. and played in many shows. He also appeared as a regular in a movie town named "Corriganville" (a location site where many westerns were filmed.)

Today he resides in Arizona. His son Robert is a movie stunt man. At 80 he's still performing with his dummy Elmer, doing benefits, stage shows, and numerous conventions. Max Terhune, the entertainer's entertainer. ●RW

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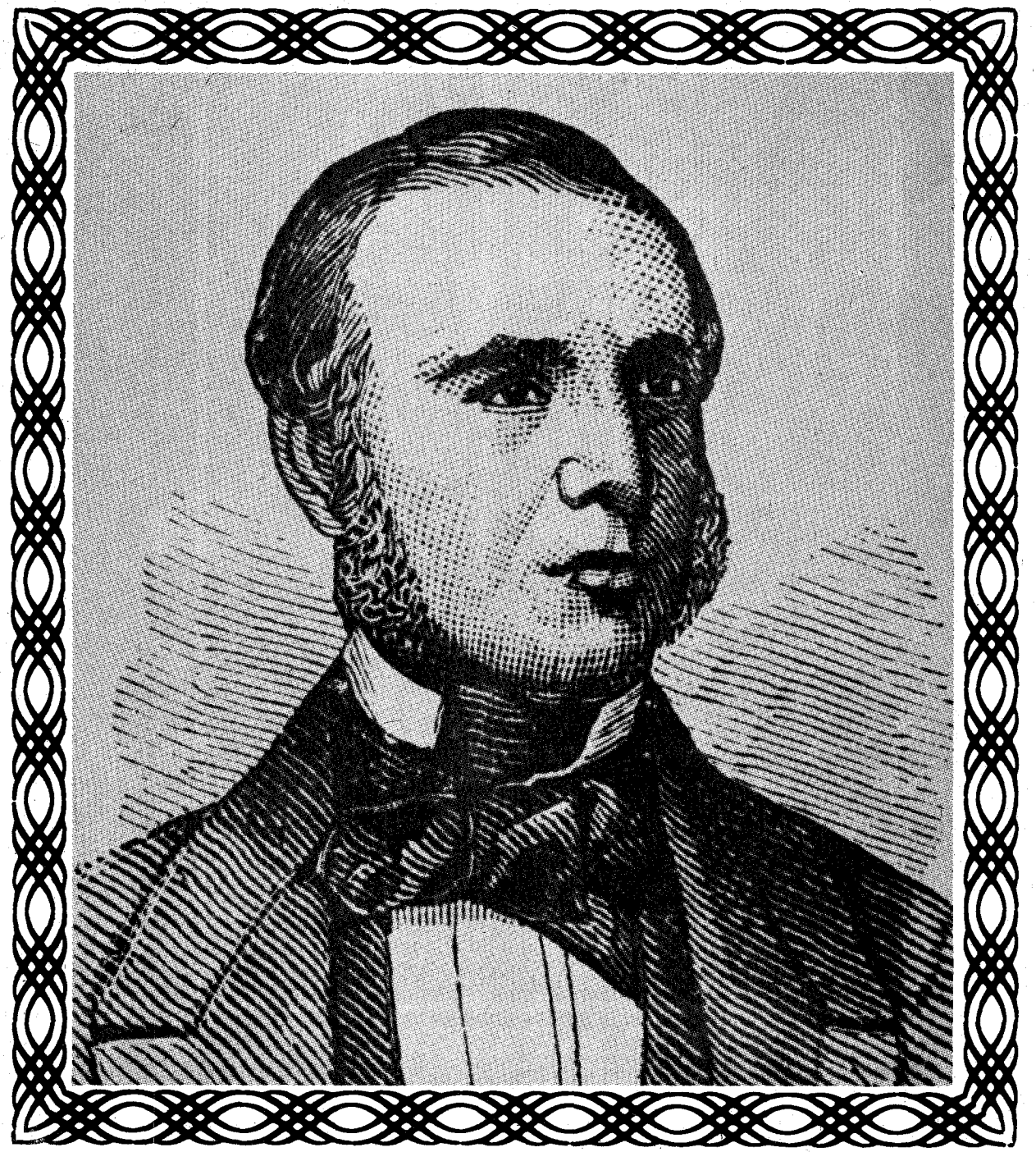
The RAREY Art of HORSE TAMING

By Glenn Shirley

Back in the days when most people had a horse and had to try to make them behave, John Solomon Rarey was a marvel who could gentle the most vicious animals and who could teach the average citizen how to make the old plowhorse behave.



From the author's photo collection

John S. Rarey, horse trainer extraordinary.

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From the author's photo collection

John S. Rarey taming a fine black horse owned by Anderson of Picadilly, while Queen Victoria and her royal party at Windsor Castle look on. Rarey performed his horse taming techniques in most capitals of Europe. He came back to the states famous.

"I can break any horse, whatever its age or habits, in the world—make it sensible to my power, gentle and even affectionate," John Solomon Rarey announced to a cheering throng at Niblo's Garden, New York City, in 1861. He had just finished taming a New York car-horse — a thin, dirty, stubborn, evil-eyed, treacherous animal that kicked most savagely and had not been shod except with all its feet tied — one of his toughest cases.

It was a claim no man had ever made, and no horse-tamer in the world ever made that boast except Rarey. Wondering and delighted crowds had attended his exhibitions in the principal cities of the United States; abroad, crowned heads and titled dignitaries had been among the gifted champion's most enthusiastic auditors. His performances were described as "extraordinary to a degree bordering on the marvelous," and one admiring reporter observed: "Only the marvels recorded in that wonderful French book, 'The Great Wizard' ... can be said to equal the feats of this very practical wizard of Ohio ... which casts all that is merely ideal or legerdemain far and forever in the shade."

American felt a just pride in the laurels achieved by their countryman. He resembled a clergyman rather than a horse-tamer. He was of medium height and build, wiry and active rather than muscular, with an almost effeminate complexion and frank, unaffected manners. Although he had little schooling, his knowledge and devotion to his profession gave him the presence of an educated and cultivated man.

He had been born in Groveport, Ohio, December 6, 1827 (ten miles southeast of Columbus), the son of Adam and Mary Catherine (Pontius) Rarey. His father, at one time a country hotel-keeper, raised horses, and from childhood John had shown a marked fondness for them and skill in their management. When he was twelve, he had seen a team beaten half to death. It sickened him, and he vowed then to find some method of training which would not cause the animal to suffer.

First, he familiarized himself with the Arabian and British systems, including the then-current Denton Offutt system, which he studied in Georgetown, Kentucky. Always he approached the animal "in a humane spirit and with undeviating firmness that man is his natural master," and in the course of his early experience had both legs and his left arm broken. But this dampened neither his faith nor determination. Through continued study and close association he developed his own novel method.

By this time, Rarey was operating his father's stock farm at Groveport, giving lessons for a fee and training both riding and driving horses for the public.

Most of the animals brought him were wild from the western prairies, and to further his knowledge, in 1856, he went to Texas. During his visit there, he published a 62-page instruction manual entitled *The Modern Art of Taming Wild Horses.* It proved so popular that, by the end of the year, the *State Times* office at Austin had printed a revised and corrected third edition.

Upon returning to Ohio, Rarey continued to sell his book and began giving public demonstrations that soon took him to Canada. In Canada, he was invited to England for the purpose of introducing his system to that country. Late in 1857, with R. A. Goodenough of Toronto as his manager, he arrived in London.

His exhibitions were such as "to elicit the most unbounded admiration, mingled with at least an equal degree of astonishment ... of crowded and brilliant audiences," which included veteran horse-trainers from far and near. Among the latter, however, he encountered immediate skepticism and hostility.

As Englishmen, they appreciated Rarey's love and care for the horse, but as trainers who prided themselves as the finest in the world, they refused to believe in the American performer—asserted he was "either drugging or mesmerizing his subjects." As proof of their contention, they cited his latest feats—the "Stafford" horse (the worst animal they had handled) and a zebra, generally conceded to be untamable.

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From the author's photo collection

"Cruiser", an English horse who was being trained for the Derby became vicious and could not be handled. He was penned for three years. Rarey in less than a day tamed him into a gentle useful horse.

With interest at fever pitch, Rarey announced that for ten guineas each he would reveal his secret and instruct 500 people in his art. But a group of British sportsmen nixed the idea as a swindle.

Finally, the well-known racing writer Argus suggested that, if Rarey was to "set criticism at defiance," he should "go down some morning to Murrell's Green, with a few of his aristocratic friends, and try Cruiser," and "if he can ride him as a hack I guarantee him immortality and an amount of ready money that would make a British bank director's mouth water."

Cruiser was the property of Lord Dorchester. A stallion of Venison blood and England's fastest horse, he had been a Derby favorite in Wild Daynell's year until, about a month before the race, his high spirits suddenly broke down to sheer savage insanity. At Rawcliffe, a special stone stable had been constructed, and the horse had not been out of it for three years.

His habit was to scream and yell when anyone approached, to smash his stall "into Lucifer matches," and attempt to bite and destroy every living thing within reach. Noblemen would throw articles into his "brick box" in order to see him fight. When fed or watered, the first proceeding with his groom was to thrust a long pole in at the stable door to ascertain the enemy's position, then deposit the food, close the door and vanish as quickly as possible.

No one was bold enough to venture into his inclosure, it being the cordial wish of every visitor "that some friendly bullet would lay him low." Since the stallion was the last of his line, his owner had put off his destruction.

"This animal then," continued Argus, "would be the right horse to try Mr. Rarey's skill, and the sooner the experiment is made the better."

The challenge was promptly accepted, and the bout looked forward to with great interest. Rarey wrote Lord Dorchester, who replied that the horse could not be brought to him, but that he must come to Cruiser.

He found an excellent specimen of the equine race—an animal over sixteen hands high, of immense bone and muscle. He wore a simple watering bridle attached with two twelve-inch chains. The horse had injured himself so badly kicking and biting that he could not be taken from his stall. Rarey decided to give the wounds time to heal.

The newspapers said: "He dared not go near Cruiser!"

Rarey went back to see the horse three weeks later, accompanied only by Goodenough and Lord Dorchester.

"Horses have a reason for everything they do," Rarey told the owner. "If I approach Cruiser with a pole or stick, he will fight me as he has fought others."

The stable had a double door. Carrying a bridle and a leather strap with a hook on one end, Rarey approached noiselessly and opened the lower half. Cruiser saw him and lunged toward him, screaming.

But Rarey did not run away as others who had come to torture him. Instead, he carefully leaned forward and shoved in a bucket of water. He made no further movement toward the animal. After a while, Cruiser came up slowly to smell.

Despite Lord Dorchester's entreaties, Rarey waited. Presently, when the horse began nuzzling the water, Rarey began fondling him. Then quickly he fastened the hooked end of the strap around Cruiser's neck under the halter and thrust the other end through an iron staple that had been driven in the base of the door post of the stall, jerking it tight.

The stallion reared back in rage, realized he was tied, shoved his shoulders hard into the upper half of the door and began kicking. Still ignoring Lord Dorchester's protests, Rarey removed the watering bridle with its annoying, dangling chains. With lightning-like speed and amazing skill he put on his own bridle, got the bit in place, and released the animal.

Then he began all over. He closed the lower door and opened the upper half. He now carried two straps twenty feet long. When the horse came up again and allowed him to fondle him, Rarey snapped the straps into the bit rings. These enabled him and Goodenough to lead Cruiser out between them to a wagon load of hay in the feed yard.

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Soon the animal was standing and eating freely and naturally, something he had long been unable to do in the cramped quarters of his box.

Quietly, Rarey took down three more straps which he had hung on the wagon. He allowed the horse to see and smell them. Suddenly he fastened Cruiser's left foreleg with one strap by passing it around the pastern and buckling it close to the forearm, so the horse was unable to kick on three legs. A moment later, he buckled the second, wider strap around the animal's body. The third, another thin strap with a running noose in one end, was Rarey's "secret."

This he looped about the pastern of the other foreleg, thrust the free end under the belly band and held it in one hand. The horse was then gently urged forward, and as he raised his free forefoot to step, it was pulled from under him. This brought Cruiser to his knees. A struggle ensued, in which Rarey was sure to be the victor. By sufficient pressure, the horse was thrown upon his side and lay helpless.

Then Rarey began to soothe him with his hand and voice, liberating him by degrees, and finally allowing him to rise. As in most previous cases, Rarey found this single application sufficient.

Next, he got a racing saddle, let Cruiser see and examine it. He set it in place, as Cruiser had worn it times before ...

Within half an hour, he was letting Rarey take every liberty and even allowed Lord Dorchester to mount him. When the men finally left the yard, Cruiser "followed at their heels like a well-mannered dog ... the terrible array of whips, bludgeons and spurs first used to bring him to reason totally forgotten."

As the news spread, over 1,000 Londoners rushed to pay Rarey their guineas. It was more business than he could handle.

During this course of events, a horse of Messenger breeding, excitable and ferocious, was brought to him. Rarey succeeded in gently fondling his head and caressing him until he stood naturally. Then he fastened a strap around the animal's forefoot so that he limped on three legs. When the "secret" strap was applied, a struggle ensued which ended in the animal being thrown, followed by more soothing with hand and voice. Then he sat upon the horse, put its hoofs playfully together, and rested his head composedly between its heels.

From the author's photo collection

General Phil Sheridan put Rarey's system to use in breaking horses for his Indian fighting armies on the western frontier.

"See," Rarey said, "there is no danger. He would no more tread heavily upon me than a mare upon her foal."

Next, Rarey mounted a wild horse from South America that threw him immediately, plunging, rearing and biting with rage. Finally, Rarey attached the fatal strap, and after a prolonged struggle the animal lay helpless, his conqueror upon him. After rising up and sitting down on the horse's back several times to accustom him to the sensation, Rarey let him up and mounted again.

Addressing his audience from the animal's back, he explained: "It is entirely wrong to leap upon a horse and hold fast, no matter how frightened he may be. There is now a perfect understanding between us. All horses like me after this process. They know I have not treated them badly; they know I am their friend."

Rarey now was invited to perform before Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, which occasioned one of the most magnificent receptions ever accorded a private, untitled American. Besides the Queen, there were present Prince Albert, the princess royal, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and other members of the royal family, with the ladies of the court and most of the foreign princes and distinguished visitors then in London, including Prince Frederick William of Prussia (the prince of Prussia) the Princes Frederick Charles, Albert, Frederick Albert, and Adelbert, of Prussia; Prince Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, Prince William of Baden, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimer, Prince Julius of Holstein Glucksburg, the Duke of Wellington, Major-General Sir Richard Airey, Lord Pagent and other dignitaries.

The first subject introduced to Rarey was a fine black of high ner-

(continued on page 58)

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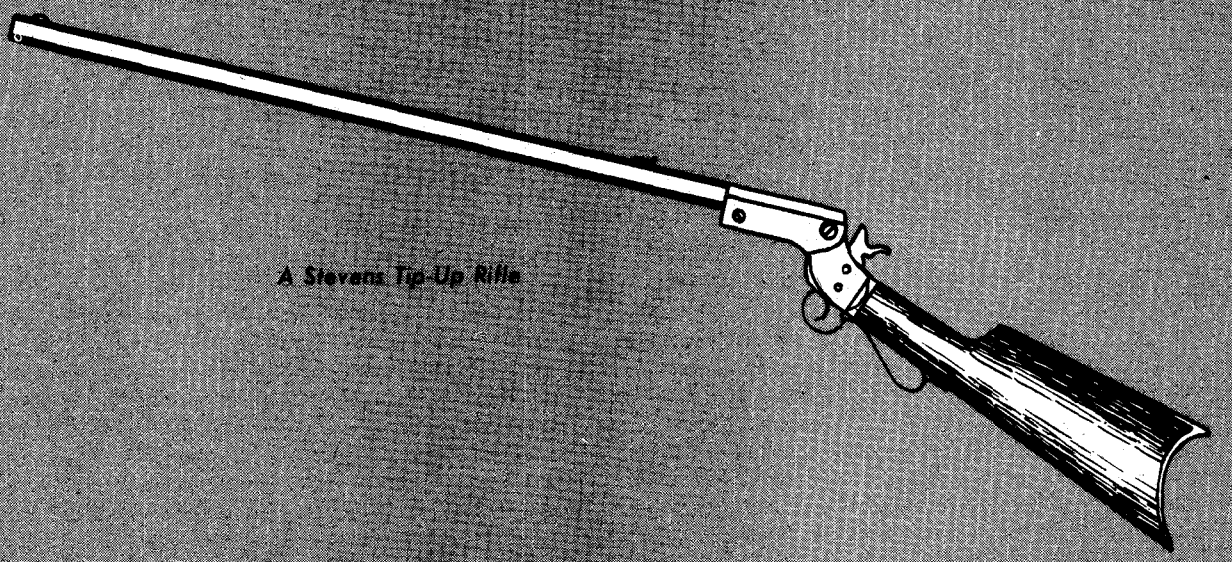
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



A Stevens Tip-Up Rifle

All of the rifles which became popular in the early West were not designed for the killing of big game, or of human targets.

In 1864 while the Civil War still raged, a company was formed which is still in operation as part of a huge combined corporation. The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company (as it was then called) became best known for its wide variety of light, single-shot rifles that were dear to the heart of every boy. An inexpensive Stevens rimfire was part of growing up, at one time; and few indeed were the ranches or homesteads which did not have at least one around.

Well-made and accurate for their price range, early models utilized the entire line of rimfire cartridges. Not only .22, but .25, .30, .32, .38 and other rimfire cartridges were popular in the latter part of the nineteenth century. These were all black powder loads then, which is why so few early Stevens rifles are found with bores in good condition. Black powder residue promotes rust, and young boys were liable to neglect cleaning.

The Stevens line later expanded to include some heavier rifles for center fire cartridges, and also some top quality target rifles which were among the best of their day ... such as their famous Walnut Hill model.

However, we are more concerned with their earlier models. Among these were the "tip-up" rifles, single-shots which broke open to load. The action was sure and extremely simple. When a button was pressed on the left side of the frame, the barrel was released. The weight of the barrel caused it to pivot downward, thrusting the breech end up and exposing the chamber. Most of them had extractors for the fired cases. A fresh cartridge was inserted, the action closed, and the hammer brought to full cock to fire.

The design was not strong enough for the later and more powerful cartridges, but Stevens did make this in a wide choice of sizes, calibers and finishes.

I have said that these early Stevens rifles were most popular with youngsters. But then an odd thing happened. A poor farm girl named Phoebe Anne Oakley Mozee, in Darke County, Ohio, was destined to put the finishing touch on the growing reputation of the Stevens single shot.

To supplement the family income, Phoebe Anne shot Quail and other game birds and sold them to local restaurants. Her birds were favored over

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Typical rimfire cartridges of the nineteenth century: .22 and .30 short, .32 and .44 extra long.

Sketched by author

others because they were neatly decapitated and otherwise unharmed. When asked how this was possible, it developed that she could not afford a shotgun, so she had learned to make head shots with a rifle ... on the wing!

Her fame spread, and in time she became the star of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Before the crowned heads of Europe, "Annie Oakley" performed fantastic feats of marksmanship with rifle, shotgun and pistol.

Although she was to be photographed holding Winchesters and many other makes of firearms, one of her first publicity pictures showed her holding a top-grade Stevens tip-up rifle. That manufacturer's name was made, and Stevens went on to introduce dozens of improved models, including shotguns and target pistols!

Annie Oakley's fame with Buffalo Bill's show also grew. For decades, America called a free show pass an "Annie Oakley" because the holes punched in it reminded everyone of her skill with a rifle.

On one occasion, Annie shot a cigarette from the lips of Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany. In later years, she remarked that she might have averted World War I if she had known that he was going to become the infamous Kaiser of that conflict.

Annie Oakley's health was damaged by injuries in a train wreck, but late in life she came back and proved that the phenomenal shooting skill was still there!

The Stevens company went on to produce such famous arms as their Lord, Gould, Conlin and Diamond models of single-shot target pistols, with which many records were made.

These varied chiefly in their weights, but all were built on the venerable tip-up action. All of these were superseded by their No. 35 or "Off-hand model" which for many years was perhaps the top seller among American single-shot pistols. It is today being copied by European manufacturers of replicas.

In recent years, Stevens has been most active in the field of shotguns. But many of us will remember our first rifle as a Stevens .22.

And a few still remember a gentle, quiet little girl who casually popped glass balls with a rifle from a galloping horse, as Buffalo Bill Cody threw them up ahead of her! ●**RW**

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FRONTIER LAWYER'S REVENGE

By Maurice Kildare

Photos furnished by the author

Aunt Carrie Winkleman didn't trust banks and everyone in Fayetteville, Arkansas, knew she carried at least $10,000 in a canvas pouch hidden on her person. The man charged with her murder was generally thought to be guilty but a clever lawyer had reasons of his own for wanting him to go free.

Moman Pruiett.

When his door knocking went unanswered Tom White long hesitated about entering the house on Spring Street, three blocks from Fayetteville's town square. But Mrs. John Winkleman's daughter at the restaurant had asked him to check on her.

The aged woman, lovingly known to the community as Aunt Carrie, had been feeling poorly when she left the eatery that she and her daughter operated downtown. The neighbor, White, had not seen her return home some hours before. It was now dusk, and no light showed anywhere in the small home.

Opening the door finally, which wasn't fastened, he entered. He called out his identity, and receiving no reply, went through the four rooms. In the rear one he paused abruptly, staring at a rivulet of red blood seeping over the floor boards from under a closet door.

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Pausing in brief dismay he opened it grimly. There lay Mrs. Winkleman's slumped, badly beaten body. He turned away, running outside to summon police officers.

They arrived first before a doctor and a coroner's jury. The poor victim's head had been beaten in, the skull crushed in many places with an iron bolt, nut attached on the end. Her sparse gray hair was matted with blood under the terrible, sadistic wounds. Her upper clothing was also saturated with drying blood. The killer, or killers, had continued striking fiendishly long after the first blow from behind must have ended her life.

The coroner's physician estimated that Mrs. Winkleman had been slain between 3:30 and 5:30 that afternoon.

A canvas pouch she carried inside her clothing on a belt was gone. The daughter reported that she left the restaurant with at least $10,000 in it. There was also between $20,000 and $30,000 more hidden somewhere in the house. None of this money was found either.

Some years before, Mrs. Winkleman had lost a small fortune in a Nebraska bank failure. Thereafter she never trusted one. Her money was kept on her person and cached somewhere inside the house. This fact was well known in Fayetteville. Friends had cautioned her many times that her increasing wealth would attract robbers, endangering her life.

The Fayetteville *Daily News* declared the crime the "Most Shocking Murder of the Century." Public indignation raged.

The state of Arkansas, local citizens and private agencies immediately posted total rewards of $3,500 for apprehension of the cold-blooded murderers. Demands were that they be brought to trial and made to pay the penalty. There was also voiced a determination of summary justice if they were caught. This outburst soon faded.

Two suspects came under scrutiny almost at once: N.L. Fox, best known as "Red Fox" because of his tricky character, and Augustus Sartain. They had rented a cabin behind the Winkleman home that same September, 1905.

Both were seen quite frequently around the cabin on the day before the murder. Only one witness placed them there the morning of the afternoon Mrs. Winkleman was slain for her modest fortune.

Now Fox and Sartain were both gone in a hurry, as absence of their clothing and suitcases in their cabin revealed. The alarm for them was spread all through the west, down to the Mexican border and on the Pacific coast in particular.

The following December Sartain was identified, arrested and jailed in Sacramento, California. Two thousand dollars was found on him. He gave conflicting stories as to how it was acquired.

Officers who questioned him at length confidently assured Sartain that he would surely be extradited to Arkansas. Convicted, he would be hanged for the foul crime setting that state afire.

That night he hanged himself in his jail cell with his trouser belt.

It was now decided that Red Fox did not flee far since he owned several farms in Oklahoma. However, distant officers maintained a watch for him lest he escape the country into Mexico or go by ship to some foreign land.

Just when officers had about abandoned hope of apprehending the second suspect, Red Fox was arrested the spring of 1906 in Sulphur, Oklahoma. The newspapers hit headlines again with a recount of the terrible murder of the helpless Mrs. Winkleman. The lurid notoriety began to die somewhat after he was returned to Arkansas, indicted and awaiting trial.

Moman Pruiett, the famous frontier criminal lawyer, sat in his lavishly furnished office in the Baum Building, Oklahoma City. A steady tobacco chewer, he was missing the several cuspidors scattered around on the thick carpeting.

Betty Pruiett, doting mother of Moman. She got him released from the penitentiary twice.

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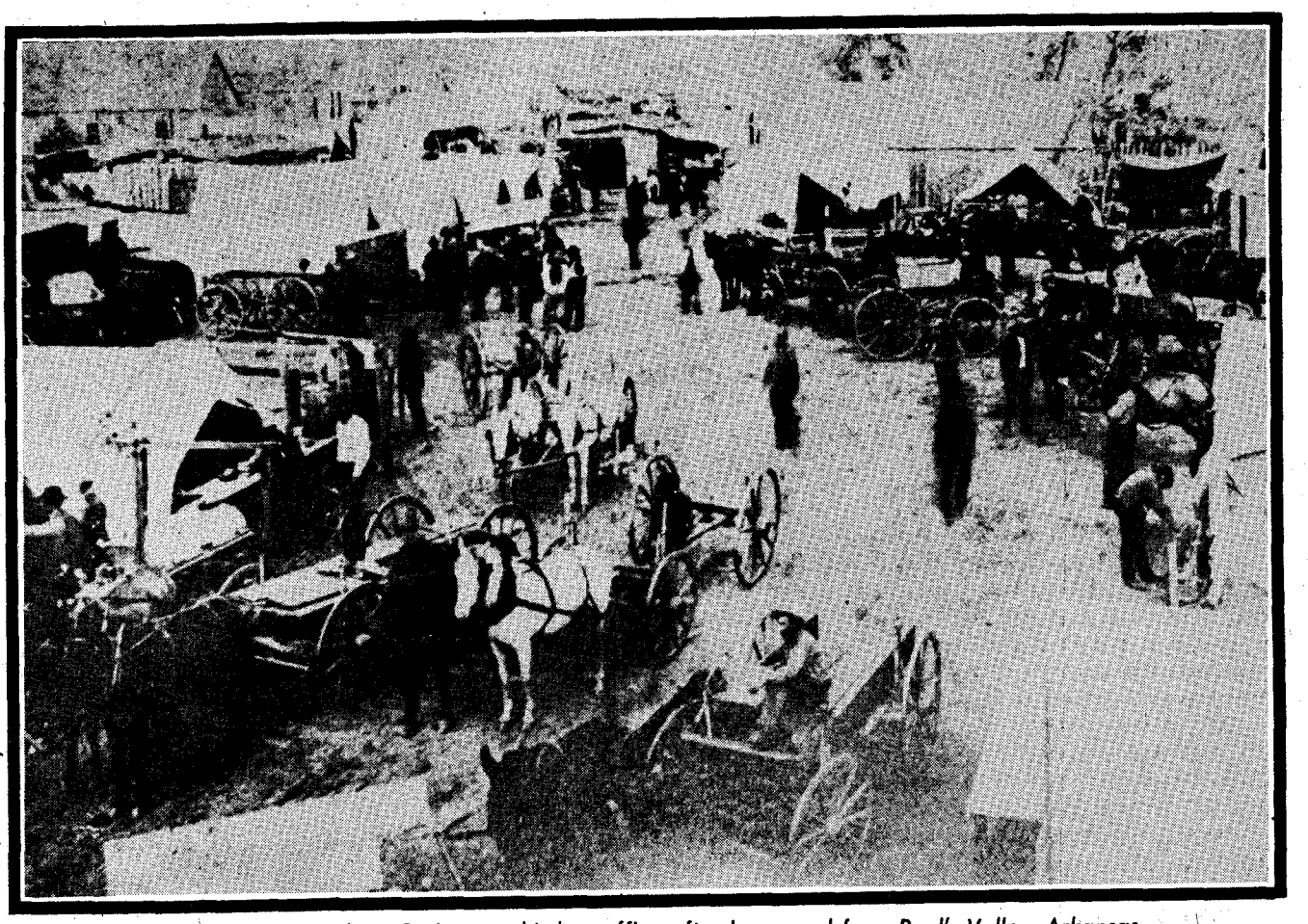

Photos furnished by the author

Oklahoma City where Pruiett ran his law office after he moved from Paul's Valley, Arkansas.

In a bad mood over tricky political affairs of his opposition party, Pruiett seethed. Trying to hit the more distant cuspidors, he missed and swore that he would tear out the carpet and install a new one.

His scowling increased when he missed, spraying his cowboy boots which were hanging over a corner of the ornate desk. His bob-tailed coat hung awry and his shoe - string tie — really a shoe string — curled down the front of a boiled white shirt.

Also a hard drinker, Pruiett had been out on the town the preceding night. Making another long expectoration, he finally hit a cuspidor. He had started chewing vigorously again when the desk telephone shrilled. For a moment he frowned at the instrument. Maybe he wouldn't answer it and then did.

With sweeping hand he jerked off the receiver and barked, "Pruiett, by gawd!"

"Mr. Pruiett, this is Red Fox," a voice came over the wire. "Remember me? I am in jail in Fayetteville —"

"I do, and you're charged with murder," Pruiett interrupted him harshly. "So why call me?"

"Because you're the only man can get me off. Otherwise I'm going to be convicted, and this is a bum rap."

Pruiett laughed sarcastically. In his book the crooked gambler should be executed and thereby removed from preying on the public. For most of his forty-two years he had been a thief, killer and general, all-around, no-good hardcase.

He was silent in retrospect so long Red Fox asked anxiously, "You do remember me, don't you, Mr. Pruiett?"

"How'n hell could I live long enough to forget you?" Pruiett fumed angrily. "They're going to hang you for killing that old lady and I say you got it coming."

"But, Mr. Pruiett, I'm actually innocent of this charge. I didn't do it and is why I'm calling you. That other thing, I'm sorry. Can't we let bygones be bygones and you defend me?"

Forget a trimming of $2,400 at crooked cards by a tinhorn back in 1900? Pruiett laughed softly.

He had won a case in his usual flamboyant style, getting Jim Adkins acquitted on a charge of first degree murder while he had been living in Paul's Valley. Part of the payment was a note for $1,750 payable at the nearby Madill bank on the contingency that the jury found him not guilty.

Immediately following the jury's verdict Pruiett went to Madill and collected on the note. Although the Indian Territory was dry alcoholically, there was means of obtaining whiskey anyway. He did so, getting well inebriated during the afternoon. That night he was conned into a poker game with Red Fox and several other men.

The crooked gambler could make the pasteboards talk his way, and he soon cleaned out the other players. Pruiett unwisely remained in the game with Red Fox after the $1,750 was gone. He bucked Red Fox's game by adding another $650 in personal checks.

Finally, he caught on through whiskey - drugged brain that Red Fox cheated him outrageously. Rising on unsteady feet, he grabbed a handful of hard chips, hurling them straight into the tinhorn gambler's face.

"You rotten card cheat!" he roared.

Red Fox came up from the table with facial lacerations, his nose spurtin blood. Screaming in pain, he dashed for a closet in the room

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corner. The door stood open, and, except for the blood in his eyes blinding him, he might have got the long barreled revolver on the shelf in time to kill.

Unarmed, Pruiett wisely took it on the run out of there.

Not long after the incident Pruiett moved his law offices to Oklahoma City. Red Fox declared that Pruiett fled Paul's Valley to keep him (Red Fox) from killing him. Pure bunk, for the frontier lawyer had defended himself many times and had also been tried for shooting a couple of men to death.

Now here was Red Fox begging Pruiett for help. But if he was hanged, good riddance. No client of Pruiett's, nearly 350, had ever been executed. Most beat the charges completely. That was why Red Fox wanted him. But to hell with the murdering gambler. Pruiett started the receiver back to the cradle.

"Mr. Pruiett," Red Fox begged over the telephone, "you must defend me. I've got a little money, and —"

Hearing only that much, the magic word "money" caused Pruiett to return the receiver to his ear.

"What was that you said, Fox?" he asked.

"I said this is no charity job. I've got money to pay you."

Well, he should have, most of the maybe $40,000 taken from poor Mrs. Winkleman.

"Maybe I was a little hasty," Pruiett purred, wide awake. "Would you like to talk to me?"

"You're damned right I would!"

"All right. I've got some business over at Fort Smith, so I'll run on up from there to see you in a few days."

Pruiett was one of the last frontier lawyers of the Temple Houston type. Tobacco chewing, hard drinker and gambler, he was also a terrific fighter in a courtroom, and anywhere else with fists or guns. While a mere youth he had served time in the Arkansas and Texas penitentiaries. On each occasion he was eventually pardoned because of his mother's pleas.

Of all his hates, Pruiett in particular had it in for Fayetteville. There, as a boy delivering express company packages, he had been railroaded into prison. The charge was that he kited the customers COD deliveries and pocketed the difference. He owed Fayetteville something, and what better revenge could he bring about than to get Red Fox turned loose on that community again?

So Pruiett went forth to taste a measure of revenge. But when he got through, he actually revenged himself on several men he detested thoroughly.

When released from the Texas penitentiary he had sworn, "I am going to make myself a lawyer, and then I am going to empty the jails of all people charged with a capital crime!" That is exactly what he had been doing.

On reaching the Fayetteville jail he was conducted to the second floor. Red Fox clung to the iron bars with both hands while talking to him.

"I'm sure glad to see you, Judge," Red Fox fawned on him. Pruiett had never been a judge in any court.

"Well, all right," Pruiett retorted sourly. "Where do I come in?"

"Let's forget the past, and I'll say maybe it was all my fault and that I'm sorry. What do you say?"

"Hell, save your slobbering. You cold-decked me for twenty-four hundred bat hides. Then you told around that I left the Washita Valley because I was afraid of you. Hell, you got ashes for brains!"

"Go to bat for me," Red Fox pleaded. "I'll pay you five hundred dollars to take my case."

"You told me you had some money. I ain't got no time for picayunish cases. Too busy, and there's people who pay me real dough."

"But I'm broke," Red Fox lied. "I've had mighty tough luck the last few years. Lost a lot of money."

"The old lady had somewhere up to forty grand on her and in the house. Everybody in this town knew it. You got three good farms and plenty dineroo stuck away some place. This ain't a very good day for jokes. Besides, I got a cracked lip and can't laugh."

"I'm telling you the truth how it is."

"Cut it out!"

"I didn't do this job," Red Fox declared in a self - righteous voice. "This is a bum rap and I can prove it."

"If it's so easy, handle it yourself."

"How much will it take to get you to defend me?"

"Five thousand," Pruiett returned without a quiver. "And three thousand more to square that twenty-four hundred you robbed me of. All in cash before I turn a tap, and I hope you can't raise it!"

"You're on the level? You wouldn't double - cross me on this for revenge?"

"It's only crooks like you who pull a double - cross."

"Come closer."

As Pruiett did so, he whispered, "I can get it."

"Okay but I have to have the do - rae - me before I do any work."

Whispering a few more words, Red Fox scribbled a note to a trusted friend.

When he left the building Pruiett went and got the money. Returning to Oklahoma City, he did not show up in Fayetteville until the day Red Fox's trial opened.

The only defense was an alibi, and friends of Red Fox were on hand to swear that he was in Oklahoma on the day of the murder. It was up to Pruiett to make the jury believe it.

In addition to the regular county prosecutor, D.B. Horseley, the renowned lawyer, brothers Voll and Wythe Walker, had been hired by the Winkleman family to help prosecute. Also, Congressmen Hugh Densmore and Sam Peel were there along with Enoch Fagan from Paria, Texas to lend a hand in the already overstaffed prosecution.

Against this array of legal talent it looked like Red Fox's goose was already cooked.

In a desultory manner Pruiett examined only a few of the jury. But he got two whom he secretly wanted: F.L. Van Zant and the aging Noah Stockburger. He had a score to settle with both, deriving out of the days when he was always a hungry waif kicked around in the town.

The first state witnesses promptly tied Red Fox and Sartain to the

(continued on page 62)

Photos furnished by the author

Moman Pruiett was the same type of fighting frontier lawyer as Temple Houston, but was far more efficient in turning criminals out of jail.

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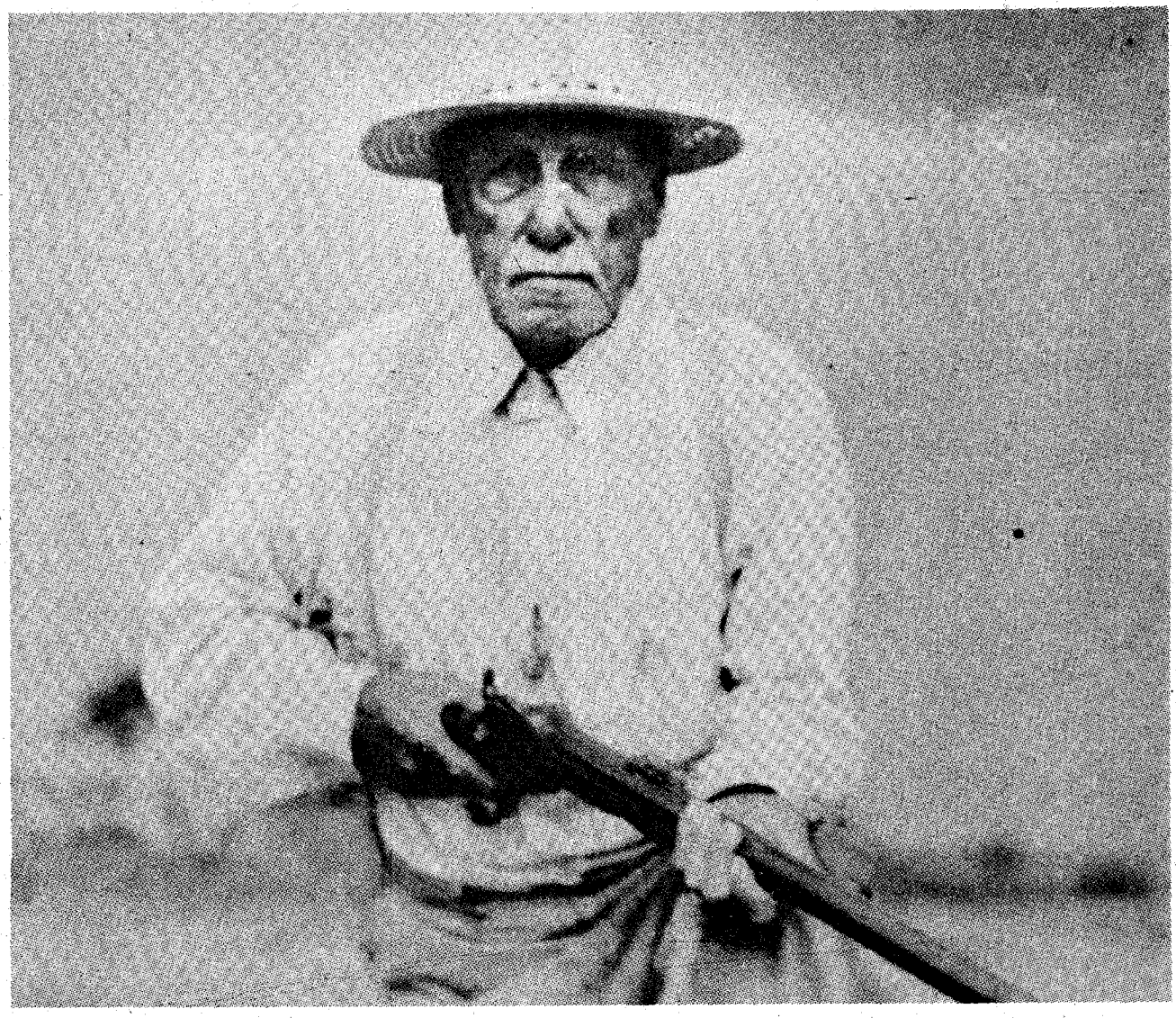

Photo courtesy of the author

Josiah Wright Mooar took part of the annihilation of the great herds of buffalo. He started hunting buffalo for profit in 1872. By 1879 the buffalo killers had cleared the plains of the mighty bison.

J. WRIGHT MOOAR and the Decade Of Destruction

By Fred Frank Blalock

In 1932, the old buffalo hunter told an interviewer of witnessing a buffalo herd seven miles wide stretching to the horizon. By his own estimate, Josiah Mooar killed at least twenty thousand buffalo and when the killing was done the prairie was white with their bones.

It was exactly a century ago on August 10, 1872, that Josiah Wright Mooar, on the morning of his twenty-first birthday, witnessed what he later called "the strangest event in the history of the West."

"On that morning," Mooar told an interviewer in 1932, "I, in company with other wondering beholders standing on the north side of the Arkansas River (in the vicinity of present-day Dodge City, Kansas) saw a sight perhaps never seen before, and surely never since.

"For seven miles from the south bank of the Arkansas, clear back to the hills marking the southern boundaries of

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the valley, and as far as the eye could reach up and down the river, was a living mass of buffalo, pressing in countless thousands upon each other ...

"During the night of the ninth," the old buffalo hunter continued, "this herd had pressed into the valley, after crossing the sixty-five mile divide between the Cimarron and the Arkansas. Somewhere in the hills after the dry passage over the divide, the scent of water had come to the wild wanderers, and a stampede to the banks of the river had taken place.

"The thunder of its advance had aroused and stampeded the horses in the trading camps north of the river, and in some instances the traders fled through the night in terror.

"This vast herd of millions consisted entirely of prime animals — no old or very young in the herd. Later they began crossing the river in small but ever-growing relays, and finally the countless thousands poured across...

"The herd was six or seven weeks crossing the Arkansas, and as the relays came over, the buffalo hunters swarmed upon their flanks."

And J. Wright Mooar, even then no stranger to the buffalo range, became one of the most successful among those legions of hunters who turned their long-range Remington and Sharps rifles on the buffalo herds and kept firing until the prairies were white with buffalo bones, and only a scattering of the shaggy beasts was left alive on the Great Plains.

For the better part of a decade, beginning in 1872, Mooar and his brother and partner, John Wesley Mooar, back-trailed the teeming southern herd, killing throughout Southern Kansas, across the Neutral Strip and into Texas.

By the time he had settled down to cattle ranching on his holdings along Deep Creek in Scurry County, Texas in late 1880, Wright Mooar estimated that his rifles had felled twenty thousand buffalo.

The buffalo slaughter in general was carried out during turbulent times. The Civil War was only five years or so in the past. Railroads were pressing out westward. It was a period of epic expansion. The spirit was that of a boom. There was constant danger to hunters from bushwackers and renegade Indians as well as prairie blizzards and buffalo stampedes.

And J. Wright Mooar, practical-minded businessman that he was, had his share of adventures during those freewheeling years. He had numerous brushes with death. He was a friend of the fabled Bat Masterson; he was entrusted with a secret concerning the famous Battle of Adobe Walls; he held the distinction of killing the only white buffalo ever seen in Texas; and, finally, Mooar had a face-to-face confrontation with Billy the Kid.

That decade of adventure began early in the fall of 1870 when Mooar, from Pownal, Bennington County, Vermont, stepped off a westbound train at the wild frontier village of Hays City, Kansas.

Indications are that the youthful Mooar gave attention right away to possibilities of hunting buffalo for meat. It was already being done in the area by such notables of the bison range as Charlie, George and Matthew Clarkson and William F. Cody.

The demand for buffalo meat was increasing. Locally, soldiers and railroad hands needed food. Easterners were acquiring a taste for tongues and hams that could be transported fresh in winter or cured and shipped anytime.

To earn cash to finance a hunting venture, Mooar went to work chopping firewood at two dollars a cord for a contractor who supplied wood to Fort Hays. He worked along Walnut Creek thirty miles south of the fort. Most days he cut and stacked two cords.

New York Public Library

Killing buffalo in the early days was mainly for food.

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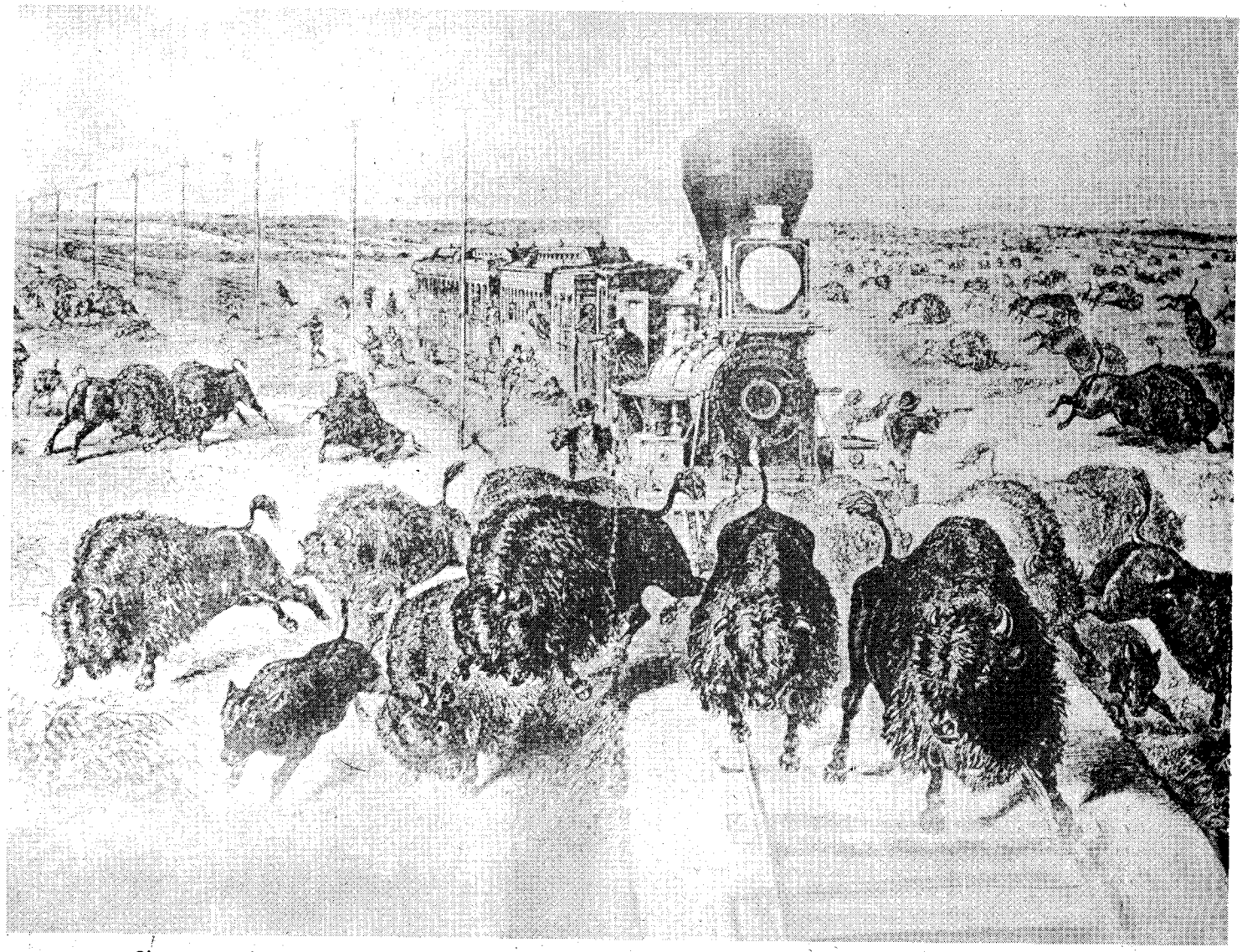
Union Pacific Railroad Photo



Shooting and killing buffalo became a great "sport" during the 1870's. Passengers on trains took time out from their travel to kill buffalo indiscriminately.

There was constant danger of Indian attack, so the woodcutters kept their rifles handy. On Sundays the chopper rested and often took time to kill a buffalo or two to refill the camp larder. After five months of swinging an ax, Mooar quit his job and went into business. He hired four men to help with skinning, hauling and other chores; he purchased three wagons, two teams of horses, and a team of oxen.

The party rolled south in the waning days of 1870 and drifted with the buffalo as far down as Fort Dodge during the early months of 1871. They killed for meat. Some of it they sold at Fort Hays and other railroad towns. Larger quantities they shipped to Quincy, Illinois, and Kansas City, Missouri. At that time, Mooar believed buffalo hides to be of little or no commercial value.

But later that same year, circumstances began unfolding that radically changed the economics of buffalo hunting. In Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, W. C. Lobenstein was engaged in a profitable fur trading business. His agents were Charlie Rath and Charlie Myers: buffalo hunters, adventurers, and acquaintances of Wright Mooar.

"In the winter of 1871 and the spring of 1872," Mooar said, "Lobenstein appraised Charlie Rath of the fact that an English firm had asked for five hundred buffalo hides to be used as an experiment in making leather. And if successful, they would take an unlimited number of the hides..."

Lobenstein asked Rath to secure the hides at $2.25 each. The number needed was too large for Rath to handle alone, so he parceled out the order among his hunter friends. Mooar was one of them.

Using a .50 caliber Springfield Army rifle, the sharpshooting Mooar readily furnished his quota, and he had fifty-seven hides left over. The English market Lobenstein was seeking did prove lucrative, but the domestic trade that sprang from Wright Mooar's fifty-seven surplus skins was phenomenal.

These hides he bundled up and shipped in May of 1872 to his older brother, John W. Mooar, who was working for a jewelry manufacturing firm in New York City. Wright told him to try to find a market for the dry, or flint, hides as they were called. John visited J. J. Bates & Co., one of the oldest hide houses in the city, and found that the senior partner had never seen a flint buffalo hide.

When the shipment arrived in New York and was being hauled down Broadway to storage at 91 Pine Street, a Pennsylvania tanner saw the unusual load and followed it to the warehouse. As a result of

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his curiosity, the tanner bought the hides to experiment with, paying $3.50 each for the lot.

In a few weeks, John Mooar heard from the tanner. The experiment was a success. Heavier hides would make sturdy leather for shoe soles, and lighter ones could be turned into good harness leather. The tanner ordered two thousand more hides. John Mooar apparently foresaw in this purchase the opening of a new and unlimited trade in hides because he resigned his post with the jewelry firm in the early fall of 1872 and headed west to meet his brother in Dodge City.

John arrived in Dodge in November and joined Wright and their cousin, Charles Wright, in a hunting venture. Mike McCabe, a hard-drinking but hard-working Irishman who could skin fifty buffalo a day, completed their party.

"We headed an expedition southeast," Wright Mooar said, "crossing the Arkansas River at Fort Dodge and pushing on for forty miles to Kiowa Creek west of Medicine Lodge. Here we were in camp a month and took three hundred and five buffalo hides and twenty-thousand pounds of short-cut hams..."

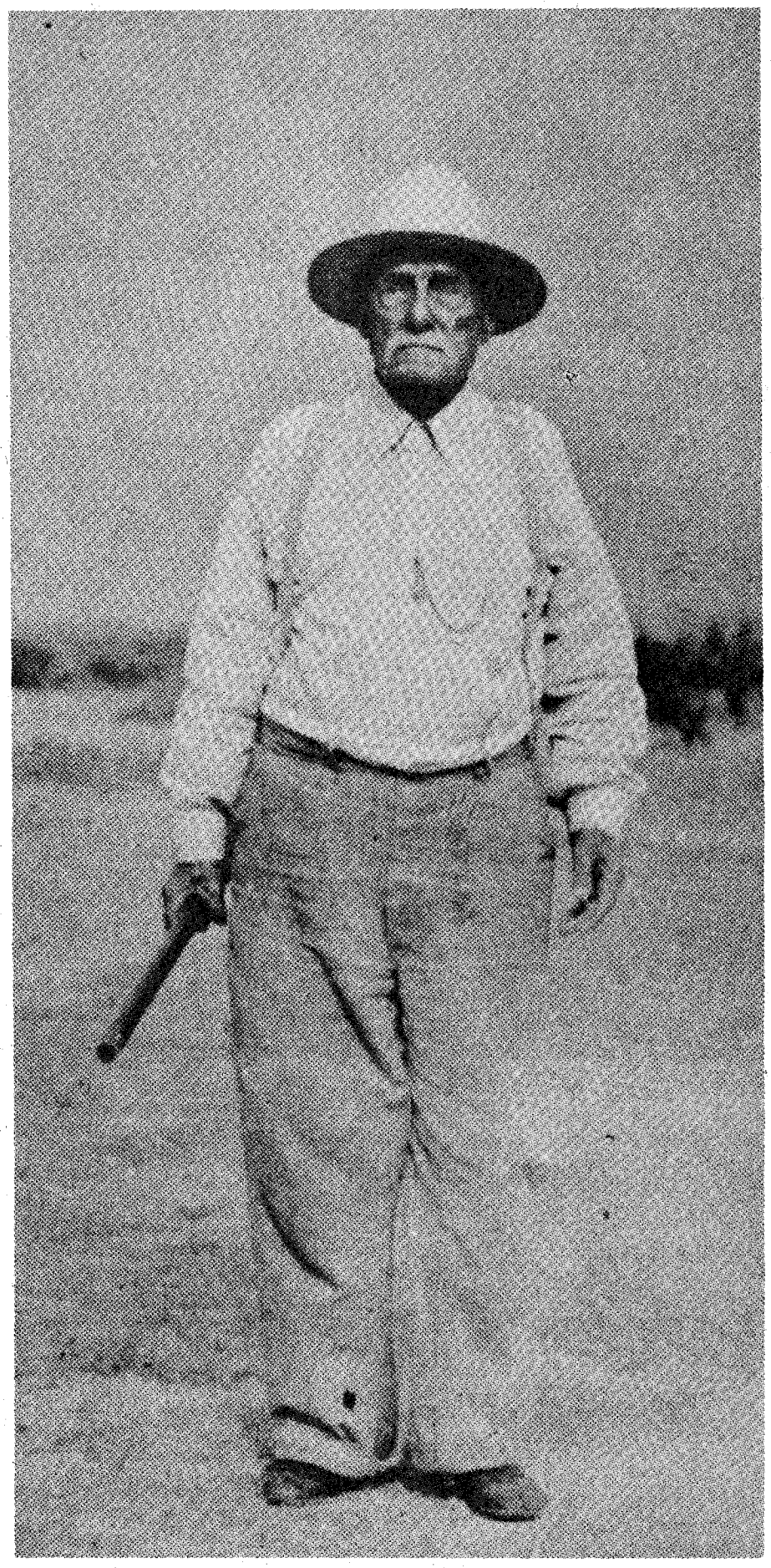
On one of their delivery trips to Dodge City from this hunting camp, winter closed in, and the brothers joined with the Nixon freight outfit. One of the Nixon drivers was Bat Masterson.

Wright Mooar told of the eventful trip. "On the way a blinding blizzard of wind and snow swooped down from the north, and men and animals were soon white with frost and struggling in an icy gale that became a real threat to life itself."

The drivers called a council and decided to press on to John Hunt's ranch at a point on the trail.

Mooar continued the story. "Ice formed on our beards, eyebrows, and eyelashes until we could scarcely see our way. At last the lead team, driven by Levi Richardson, stopped, bringing the whole caravan to a halt. Staggering back through the howling gale to the other drivers, he announced that one of his lead mules was frozen to death."

Pat Baker, who was driving the second team, volunteered to go forward and drive the lead team. Minutes later he began shouting that he couldn't make the animals move. As he struggled with the mules, he found that they were stan-



J. Wright Mooar with his eleven-pound Sharps rifle with which he killed an estimated 14,000 buffalo.

Photo courtesy of the author

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ding before the wall of a building. The plainsmen had reached the Hunt ranch and not realized it because of the blinding storm.

Wright Mooar told of recalling the incident years later when he met with Bat Masterson in New York City where Masterson was working as a newspaperman.

Mooar said, "I called at the Astoria Building, inquiring for Bat Masterson. A polite clerk answered that Mr. Masterson was in and went to inform him that he had a visitor.

"In a moment Masterson appeared and said, 'Do you want to see me?'

'If you are Bat Masterson, I do.'

'Well, I'm what's left of him.'

'Do you remember being with the Nixon's wagon train on January, 27, 1873?' Mooar asked.

'I was right there.'

'Who drove the front wagon?'

'Pat Baker,' said Masterson.

'No, it was driven by Levi Richardson. Pat Baker was next.'

'You are right.'

'Well, who drove the next wagon?'

'I did,' said Masterson.

'And who drove the next?'

'Columbus.'

'Yes, sir; and who came next?'

'Jimmie,' Masterson answered.

'And who was next?'

'The Mooar brothers.'

'Right again. I am Wright Mooar, driver of the last wagon.'

"For the moment," Mooar recalled, "we two comrades of the old frontier sat down to live again the experiences of those stirring days."

After hunting along the Cimarron through the spring and summer of 1873, the Mooars, seeing the hunters growing larger in number and the buffalo diminishing, returned to Dodge City and readied themselves for a full-scale push into the Texas Panhandle in the face of mounting Indian problems. Wright Mooar and another hunter, John Webb, had scouted the area south of Indian Territory during that summer and had "...for five days ridden through and camped in a mobile sea of living buffalo."

The party that moved into what is now Hansford County in the northwest part of Texas in September of 1873 consisted of the Mooars and eight other men. They were equipped for a winter-long hunt with four teams and wagons loaded with Dutch ovens, frying pans, coffeepots, eating utensils, shovels, spades, axes, extra rifles, hundreds of pounds of lead in bars done up in twenty-five - pound sacks, several thousand primers, and a number of twenty-five - pound cans of black powder.

The hunters found buffalo in abundance along Palo Duro Creek and began a season of hard, bloody labor. "Buffalo hunting was a business and not a sport," Wright Mooar said, "it required capital, management and work, lots of hard work, more work than anything else."

The brothers worked out a hunting routine in which Wright Mooar, who did almost all of the killing, took his Sharps Big Fifty and left camp on horseback at nine in the morning. He pressed as near to the herd as possible, usually two hundred yards, positioned himself for hours of shooting, and fired the first round about ten o'clock.

"One was the leader," said Mooar, "and unless the herd was to be immediately stampeded and an opportunity for a big kill lost, the leader must fall first. Which of all that number grazing bison was the leader? Only an expert hunter could tell. He knew by the fact that the leader, being the most alert, usually discovered the presence of danger first.

"The shot must be instantly effective. A big buffalo, shot through the heart, would run one to two hundred yards, and by that time the whole herd was stampeded beyond stopping.

"He must be shot directly through the lungs. A buffalo shot through the lungs immediately sank to his haunches, rolled sidewise, as his air passages filled with blood, and finally he rolled over and expired."

If the "stand," as the hunters called it, went well, the shaggies fell one by one while the others milled around — smelling the blood and pawing the ground. When the day's shooting ended, fifty or more animals would be dead. Working on schedule, Mooar completed his killing at noon to leave time for the skinners to rip off the hides, cut up the meat, and haul it all back to camp before nightfall.

The Mooars took hundreds of hides and personally encountered no Indians during that winter. They were joined in the area in November by another ten-man hunting party headed by two men known only as Lane and Wheeler. Wheeler was shot by Indians in February of 1874, and the other members of his party returned to Dodge City.

From these men, Charlie Myers heard of the success of the Mooar brothers in Texas and moved down to establish a trading post on the Canadian River in present Hutchinson County. Charlie Rath, now a competitor of Myers', soon followed. James Hanrahan moved in with a saloon and Thomas O'Keefe with a blacksmith shop. The new town was called Adobe Walls, for the nearby ruins of an earlier trading post of the same name.

The town was doing business by May 1, 1874, and the Mooars shifted their base of operations there. John Mooar took the freight teams and began hauling supplies from Dodge City for the new stores.

In early May, Wright Mooar and six other men trekked south with three teams and three saddle horses to hunt below the Canadian River in what is now Wheeler County, Texas. They were unaware that Indians were breaking away from the reservations to make war on the hunters who were destroying the buffalo: the Indians' food source and only hope for returning to the wild, free life of the prairies.

The party was a few days out of Adobe Walls when Indians attacked.

Mooar recounted the skirmish. "Next morning, at the first sign of day, the Indians charged the camp from the south, lying on the right side of their horses and shooting under the horses' necks at the beds of the hunters as they galloped through.

"John Hughes and I slept on the east side of the east wagon in the camp. Hughes was next to the wagon; his gun was standing against a wagon, and my gun was under the top blanket to protect it from dew. At the first sound of the charge, Hughes sat up, seized his gun, and shot the lead horse as he came opposite. The big ball tore through the horse and rider, who was hung on the opposite side.

"The rest of the Indians rode furiously by and circled to the west, taking cover in a thicket and shooting at the camp, but they were too far away to do any damage. It was still pretty dark, but we could see the flash of their guns and replied with the deadly precision of trained marksmen with the best rifle in the world.

"This soon smoked the Indians out of the thicket. But even in the face of such rifle fire, two Indians

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Photo courtesy of the author

Home of J. Wright Mooar on Deep Creek, five miles northwest of Snyder, Texas.

made a run past the camp, reached down as their ponies sped, picked up their dead companion's body and bore it off, joining their comrades. Then all rode away and were seen no more.

"Next day we crossed the North Fork of Red River and camped on Salt Fork. Buffalo were coming from the south in great numbers, and ten days of uninterrupted hunting followed in which six-hundred and sixty-six hides were taken..."

The number of hides was so great that Mooar sent one of his skinners, Philip Sisk, back to Adobe Walls to meet John Mooar and guide him with the other wagons to the Salt Fork camp.

Peaceful hunting ended a few days later when John Mooar and Sisk rode into camp. Mooar had learned secretly that Indians were massing for an assault on Adobe Walls about June 27 to massacre all traders and hunters found there. The secret had been kept, even from Sisk, on the ride to Salt Fork camp.

John Mooar had brought three teams and two extra men. All hands fell to work loading hides, and shortly the caravan pulled out for Adobe Walls, moving slowly under the great weight.

The second day, rain began falling, and the plainsmen made noon camp on a flat near the headwaters of Red Deer Creek. Before they were ready to roll again, while their mules and horses were grazing in two separate herds several hundred feet apart, a band of Indians appeared about a mile back on the hunters' trail.

"A rush was made to get the horses and mules to the wagons," Wright Mooar said. "The Indians came on like soldiers, one in the right column began blowing a bugle."

To cover Sisk and another hunter as they ran to gather the livestock, Mooar began firing his buffalo gun.

"I dropped on one knee and, taking aim, sent a .50 ball screaming across the front of the charging column," he said. "Instantly the horses were jerked to their haunches, and the Indians stopped in a confused huddle. They didn't like my music."

Mooar kept up his bombardment while the skinners hitched the teams. Then they drove furiously to Red Deer Creek a mile away and crossed. Rising water from the morning's rain coupled with the threat of Wright Mooar's rifle apparently discouraged the Indians. They did not pursue.

Possibly it was during the remaining hours of the hunters' relentless push to Adobe Walls crossing on the Canadian that the Mooar brothers made plans for getting their hide cargo out of Texas before Indians converged on Adobe Walls.

By accident, John Mooar had learned the secret of the impending attack when he befriended Amos Chatman, a half-breed Cheyenne who was employed by the government as a scout. The post sutlers at Camp Supply in Indian Territory had dispatched Chatman to Adobe Walls to warn the traders.

"Rath, Myers and Hanrahan knew the day and the hour of the Indian attack, thanks to the information of Amos the scout," said Wright Mooar, "but they kept the information to themselves, knowing that if the hunters should learn the truth, they would retire to Dodge and leave the Adobe Walls

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post to be destroyed..."

The Mooars pushed their creaking wagons into Adobe Walls in time to hear fresh reports that two separate hunters' camps in the vicinity had been attacked by Indians, and two men were killed in each incident.

A day later, after reloading their wagons, the Mooars pulled out for Dodge City.

On June 27, 1874, the day Amos Chatman had said the attack would occur, several hundred plains Indians — Cheyennes, Comanches, and Kiowas — under leadership of Quanah Parker, a half-breed Comanche chief, and Lone Wolf, a Kiowa Leader, stormed Adobe Walls at daybreak.

The defenders, twenty-eight men and one woman, repelled the attack with long-range buffalo rifles backed by skilled marksmanship. The Indians rode away on the fifth day, leaving only four of the defenders dead. One of them, William Olds, was shot accidentally when his rifle discharged as he was climbing from a rooftop.

The small number of dead was due in part to the fact that the hunters had some advance warning. History says the ridgepole in Hanrahan's saloon broke about two o'clock in the morning, and the hunters were awake, first trying to repair the damage and then having a round of drinks, when the Indians attacked.

But it apparently was Jim Hanrahan, fearing that Amos Chatman's information was correct and knowing that all occupants of Adobe Walls would be slaughtered if it were, who knocked down the ridgepole and then fired a pistol to awaken the hunters.

Wright Mooar said of the incident in 1932: "...much has been made of the providential cracking of the ridgepole in Hanrahan's saloon. The real cause for the night alarm was kept a secret by a group of men, including myself, who knew the truth. Under a solemn oath, we agreed to keep this secret until there should be but one survivor. He was then to be released from his oath. I am that last survivor..."

The assault on Adobe Walls, though not the mass slaughter the Indians had hoped for, did alarm buffalo hunters sufficiently to keep them out of the Texas Panhandle for the better part of a year.

In the spring of 1875, the Mooars decided to skirt the Indian menace and approach the bountiful Texas herd from the south. They left Dodge in two wagons and set Fort Griffin, in present-day Shackelford County, Texas, as their destination. They crossed the Red River by Colbert's Ferry and camped at Denison, Texas, on the last day of April.

There they purchased ten more wagons and hired drivers with the idea of hauling freight until they could become firmly established in a hunting enterprise. One of the new drivers, Ben Griffin, knew the trail west.

"After passing Decatur," Wright Mooar said, "we saw stone chimneys by the roadside; this driver knew their history. All were silent monuments of tragedies where attempts had been made to settle and occupy a home. But in those days the ever-present Indian had destroyed all that hope and ambition of the settlers by killing, scalping or worse, by making them prisoners and burning the humble log home — leaving only the stone chimney to tell the story of disaster."

At Fort Griffin the brothers delivered freight from Denison and then met with the post commander, General George P. Buell, who attempted to prevent the hunters from going west of the fort.

"With General Buell I had quite a tilt of words," said Wright Mooar, "after which he forbade our going more than twenty miles west of Fort Griffin, saying the government could not be responsible for what the Indians did if we went farther, and, in addition, it would be his duty to come out and arrest me and bring me in. We did not take the general very seriously and went one hundred miles beyond the fort."

It was in that Brazos River country, working out of a camp on Mule Creek northwest of Griffin, that the Mooars began the most productive years of their careers as buffalo hunters. They were joined in the Mule Creek venture by Jim Wright, Windy Bill Russell, John Goff, and Mike O'Brien, all seasoned hunters.

In November of that same year, they loaded four thousand hides and headed their freight teams back toward Denison. The caravan created a sensation along the way. Some Texans living east of the frontier never had seen buffalo hides.

Wright Mooar told of the haul. "It took eighteen teams of six yokes of oxen, and three wagons to each team, to haul this enormous shipment. As the wagons, piled high with hides, passed through Sherman, they created a sensation; people crowded the streets along the routes of travel.

"Arriving in Denison, John found no market there, and the banks would not advance a dollar. He thereupon telegraphed Lobenstein at Leavenworth who brought the entire shipment, wiring the necessary remittance."

It was in early October of the following year, 1876, that J. Wright Mooar first saw the section of West Texas where he was to spend almost all of the remaining sixty-four years of his life. The hunting outfit had left westbound from Fort Griffin, passed Fort Phantom Hill and continued many miles along a tributary of the Brazos to Deep Creek in present Scurry County.

"The flat, open country, covered with bush and grass and dotted with prairie lakes brimming with water rolling in whitecaps under the prairie wind, delighted our eyes," Mooar said.

And the arrival on Deep Creek was marked by another memorable incident.

"Camp was pitched about ten in the morning," said Wright Mooar, "and I spent the rest of the day riding my horse in a wide circuit west and southwest, surveying the country. As I was returning near sunset, from the top of a ridge a mile and a half west of the camp I saw a herd of buffalo not far from the wagons, and the sun flashed on a white object in the midst of the herd which I quickly saw was a white buffalo.

"Only seven white buffalo ever were seen or killed by white hunters, so far as the records show. I had killed one of these in Kansas."

Mooar returned to camp and said to Dan Dowd, one of the skinners, "Get your knives. We'll get some meat."

"We slipped down the creek on foot," Mooar said, "keeping under the high bank for six or seven hundred yards, and then crept out on the prairie through the grass near the white buffalo. It was a four-year-old cow, her white coat a freak of nature.

"Whispering to Dan, I said, 'Take a look. There is the gamiest animal on earth — a white buffalo.'

"I then took aim and pulled the trigger. At the crack of the big rifle, the cow fell; and as the herd rushed together, we narrowly escaped being trampled; in fact, I shot three bulls down to prevent being run over."

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The last two years of the great buffalo slaughter on the Texas range proved to be the most frantic and bloody. It has been estimated that five hundred thousand of the shaggy beasts were killed each year. Hunting parties, large and small, roamed the great expanse from Fort Griffin southwest to the Pecos River and northwest to the tip of the Panhandle. Day after day the rifles boomed and buffalo hides and hams poured into Mobeetie, Fort Griffin, and Fort Worth.

The Mooars continued to hunt well into the new year of 1879, while other hunters were leaving for the mining states or seeking other lines of work.

"The last of the buffalo, save a few scattered bands of young animals too young for the hunters to bother with, fell to my big guns in March, 1879," said Wright Mooar. The last of the hides was sold to Charlie Rath. Wright then loaded up seven thousand pounds of cured meat and headed west to Prescott and Phoenix, Arizona, in quest of a new frontier.

John Mooar moved down to Cottonwood Creek in Fisher County, Texas, to look after a herd of cattle the brothers had purchased in the summer of 1877.

Wright Mooar in 1932 recounted his adventures in Arizona and New Mexico. "A year passed while I hauled freight from Maricopa Wells to Prescott through Phoenix, Casa Grande, Tucson, and Fort McDowell. Then, in October, 1880, I started alone for Texas, having sold four mules and the wagon and purchased a light spring wagon.

"Passing safely over the last one hundred and sixty miles of desert to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, I drove into the little adobe village. It seemed strangely silent and appeared to be deserted, but presently a Mexican came out of a little store and locked the door. I courteously inquired if I could purchase some flour.

'I don't have any,' the Mexican said and hurried away.

"Within a short time, however, he came back followed by a tough-looking band of men, all heavily armed and accompanied by the noted outlaw Billy the Kid. The Mexican unlocked the door and went inside the store, the entire band trouping after. I joined the group and saw several thousand pounds of flour in sacks, stacked in the middle of the floor.

"Addressing the Mexican, I said, 'I thought you said you didn't have any flour.'

"Turning angrily upon me, the Mexican pointed to Billy the Kid and snarled, 'This flour belongs to this gentleman,' heavily emphasizing the word *gentleman*.

"Turning to Billy the Kid, I said, 'Will you sell me ten pounds of flour? I'll give you any price you want.'

'Sure,' said the Kid, affably. 'I'll let you have a sack if it's any accommodation.'

"I instantly picked up a sack and stepping to the door, tossed it into my wagon, and turning again to the Kid, asked, 'How much money do you want?'

"The Kid figured a moment and named a modest price which was exactly what the flour had cost him. In a few moments, the gang left, and only Billy the Kid and I were left engaged in conversation."

Their talk concerned the roads to Texas, the water holes and game Mooar could expect to find along the way.

"By this time," Mooar said, "I was growing apprehensive over the sudden departure of the gang and feared they had gone to get some ponies to force upon me in exchange for my mules. I thereupon abruptly left the store, jumped into my wagon, and drove rapidly away."

The remainder of the trip to the old buffalo camp on Deep Creek was relatively uneventful. "I paused on my way during the following days," said Mooar, "long enough to kill a buffalo or two from the scattered little bands, pitiful remnants of the once mighty herds..."

How did J. Wright Mooar feel about his part in the annihilation of the great herds.

He told a group of historians in 1928: "Many magazine and newspaper articles claim the killing of the buffalo a national calamity and accomplished by vandals. I resent their ignorance ... if it had not been for the accomplishment of the buffalo hunters, the wild bison would still graze where Amarillo, Texas, now is, and the Red Man would still reign supreme over the pampas of the Panhandle.

"And any one of the many families killed and homes destroyed by the Indians would have been worth more to Texas and civilization than all of the millions of buffalo that ever roamed from the Pecos River on the south to the Platte River on the north." ●RW

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HORSE TAMING

(continued from page 43)

vous temperament owned by Anderson of Picadilly, for whom he had been purchased for a large sum of money but returned on grounds that he was completely unmanageable.

Rarey entered the arena, cracking a whip. Startled by this sudden display of violence, the horse struck out with both hind legs, uttering a kind of savage yell. The spectators were then asked to leave the box, and Rarey was left alone with the animal. On being called back a quarter hour later, they were amazed to find the horse prostrate on his side, head slightly raised and eyeing Rarey, lying beside him.

While the crowd watched, Rarey "knocked the animal's fore and hind hoofs together, made a pillow of his thighs, and finally got up and ran a wheelbarrow around him, beat a drum on his back, opened an umbrella in his face, and the still prostrate creature showed no sign of fear."

Next, Rarey was requested to try a young unbroken colt brought from Prince Albert's farm, which had never been handled in any way. The colt was led into the arena in halter, and after being left alone with the horse-tamer only a few minutes, the crowd witnessed, as before, this wild colt prostrate on the ground, the horse-tamer beside him, handling his feet and legs and taking every liberty, while he remained "as gentle and passive as a child."

No sooner had Rarey disposed of the colt than a handsome bay charger, also belonging to Prince Albert, was led in. High-spirited and restless, it had shown a constant tendency to take fright when mounted. Within a few minutes Rarey had him down, as submissive as the others, crawling among his legs, sitting upon his shoulder and hips, knocking his hoofs together. Bidding the horse to rise, he swung onto his back, held an umbrella over his head, beat a tattoo on the drum, and dismounted, "while the hitherto proud and restless animal remained almost as motionless as a statue."

In "the enthusiasm of the moment," the Queen applauded with her own hands and the audience joined in "prolonged demonstrations of astonishment and delight."

From his London triumphs, Rarey went to France. In Paris, his system was put to a vigorous test with a four-year-old horse by "Tipple Cider," brought from Caen, and noted for its violence and kicking furiously whenever an attempt was made to put a crupper on him. In less than an hour, "this animal was made as docile with the harness as could be desired, and allowed a whip to be cracked about his head and a drum to be beaten on his back

Rarey was then brought a stallion belonging to the government which had previously bitten the legs off everyone who mounted him. He was "so vicious, so furious, in fact, that a resolution had been adopted to kill him." Over 300 members of the Jockey and other clubs assembled to see the horse led in with a noose-band on and muzzled.

Rarey fastened himself in a stall with the animal and, in a short time, came out mounted on its back. "Though the very sight of a whip was accustomed to put it in a fury, it received a correction as quietly as the best of horses." The Jockey Club "broke out into loud acclamations of admiration, after which they gathered around Mr. Rarey to compliment him."

Rarey was invited to Russia to give a special exhibition before the emperor and his court. "All etiquette was laid aside as the royal spectators entered into the humors of the evening with a hearty abandonment." To assure that nothing would be wanting, the emperor had shrewdly procured "one of the most fearful specimens of untutored and savage horse life" from the Steppes.

The animal was brought into the arena in ropes by two peasants. Half-barbarous themselves, awed by the presence of the emperor and tense with fear of their infuriated captive, they could hardly restrain him as he reared and plunged, bit at their flesh, and tried to knock out their brains with his heels.

Rarey, "perfectly self-possessed, and to the surprise of all present, boldly laid his hand upon his neck, then passed it gently over the ears." In a few moments he ordered the peasants to slacken their ropes, and proceeded according to system. In half an hour, his "pacification of the creature was complete." The emperor and his imperial family stared in utter disbelief. The peasants were "struck dumb with awe and wonder"—the effect being heightened when the emperor arose suddenly and demanded, half sternly, half playfully, "why *they* could not thus handle the horse!"

Later, Rarey traveled to Norway, Sweden, Germany, Egypt, Turkey and Arabia. Everywhere he received the same marked attention and achieved uninterrupted success. It is believed that the famed P. T. Barnum, then in Europe, shared his earnings and planned his tour along the same lines that a few years before had reaped a fortune for Jenny Lind and himself in America.

After a final appearance, again in London, in 1860, Rarey returned to the United States, very rich and famous. His greatest prize, however, was the beautiful horse Cruiser, a gift from Lord Dorchester. At Niblo's Garden, in New York, he proudly exhibited Cruiser on stage and the straps he had used to tame him.

Three straps were all Rarey ever needed. For the most part, his system was merely an improvement upon those of earlier horse-tamers. But the key to his treatment was his extreme kindness and tenderness, his extraordinary courage and self-control, a patience and temper that nothing could wear down or ruffle, and a seemingly intuitive knowledge of the character of every horse he handled.

He continued his exhibitions in America until his health began to fail in 1826. He never married, but lived with his mother at Groveport after he retired, in a mansion he built for her on the site of the little farm house in which she had been born. When he died on October 4, 1866, he was still without a rival. Not one of his thousands of pupils ever approached Rarey's success.

General Phil Sheridan put his system to use in breaking horses for his Indian fighting armies on the western frontier; it was adopted by the cavalry of five other nations, and for more than half a century it was discussed pro and con in articles and books, such as J. H. Walsh's *The Horse in the Stable and the Field* (1869), and Sara Lowe Brown's *Rarey, the Horse's Master and Friend* (1916) and *The Horse Cruiser and the Rarey Method of Training Horses* (1925).

Apparently Rarey's system didn't work so well for a Texas rancher named Jonathan Smith. He had a colt to break—a little roan, half mustang and half Morgan—and

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told his wife there was no sense in beating in the animal's ribs. He had been reading Rarey's manual on *The Modern Art of Taming Wild Horses,* and asked her to come down to the corral and see how he, with kindness, could master this "specimen of equine dynamite."

According to the Cincinnati (Ohio) *Enquirer,* in October of 1884, the performance went like this:

The colt was easily bridled ... some old harness was gently laid across its back, and though a trifle scared and it put on its Sunday prance, it worked eighteen carats fine. Smith was delighted. He took off the harness and said to his wife: "I'm going to ride 'im." She gave a little scream, and pleaded with him to wait till tomorrow.

"Never put off tomorrow what ought to have been done yesterday," Smith replied, trying to be funny. "Women are all right in their place, but when a man is breaking a mustang Morgan, silence is a reg'lar Comstock mine." At this juncture the colt stepped on his foot.

"Go 'dang your eternally doblasted hide! Ain't ther' room in this hull barnyard for them infernal talons of yourn?" and he gave the colt a slap on the neck and pulled to get his foot free.

"Kindness, Jon, kindness!" reminded his wife.

"Lookahere, Susan J. Smith," he said, in a tone of forced calmness. "I want you to know that I am breakin' this—this measly mustang."

"Did it hurt, dear?"

"Oh, no, it was perfectly delightful; never had anything to feel so good in my life ... I s'pose if this barn'd fall down on me I'd hear ye a cooin' through the fence, 'Did it hurt, dear?' " and with this annihilating remark he turned back to the colt.

He made a leap onto its back. There was a movement of legs, and Smith was sitting on air for a second, then tumbled headlong into the fence-corner.

"Oh! Oh! cried his wife.

"Oh, what?" Smith got up, trying to look unconcerned while he wiped the blood off his ear. "Did ye' think I *didn't git off on purpose*? Maybe you thought that colt throwed me. Do you s'pose I've monkeyed 'round horses long as I have to let a little calf do that?" he roared. "No wonder the colt is scared ... with a woman chatterin' away like a guinea-hen. Poor colty, poor colty, come now," and the colt followed as meekly as a lamb. "Maybe you wouldn't get on the colt, Susie, dear," and he looked very hard at his wife. "Would you, Susie?" he drawled in killing irony.

"Jon, please don't get off so quick this time — if you have to get off very quick, please get off further away from the fence."

Smith leaped on the colt again, determined to stick or die ... The mustang Morgan went every possible direction except a decent one. Smith stuck well, so did the colt. The wife remembered her bread in the oven. Returning a few moments later, she saw her husband still making W's in the air. The barnyard was all plowed up.

"Suse, Suse," he called out between bucks, "make my will!" The bucking became quite furious. "Tell the neighbors I died game," he called again, trying to get his wife excited. "It's me or the colt, and it's nip and tuck—"

Suddenly the colt walked straight ahead in a peaceable manner. Smith came riding up to the fence, his hat off, his face dirty as a fireman's, and his ear still bleeding.

"Kindness, hell — this colt wants to be killed, killed d'ye hear?" He got off and struck it in the flank with his fist. Quick as lightning, the colt wheeled and kicked him through the fence.

"Oh!" screamed his wife, "are you hurt?"

"Oh, no, Susie, I'm not hurt. I'm just half dead, that's all ... If you ain't tired, Mrs. Smith, you might get me a little cold water." When his wife returned, he was standing by the fence, very weak and pale.

"Mrs. Smith, if you will just go bring me my gun, I'll kill something. Blood has to be spilled now. I'll wipe this out with gore — the reddest kind of gore. What are ye' standin' there for, staring at me like a lunatic out of an asylum? Maybe you'd like to be kicked through a fourteen-rail fence, or suthin'?"

"Oh, Jon, dear, there's some horried blood on your ear!" and she threw her apron over her head.

"On my ear? My boots is full of blood. I tell ye I'm killed, killed, k-i-l-l-e-d," he spelled. "Let me give you a pointer, Mrs. Smith," he said, as he hobbled to the house: "if you want to die, die hard, die all over, you just get kicked through a fourteen-rail fence by a mustang Morgan. Talk of breakin' a colt with kindness, woman. If I had Rarey here I'd shoot the eternal daylights out of 'im." ● **RW**

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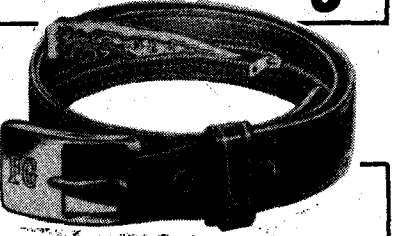

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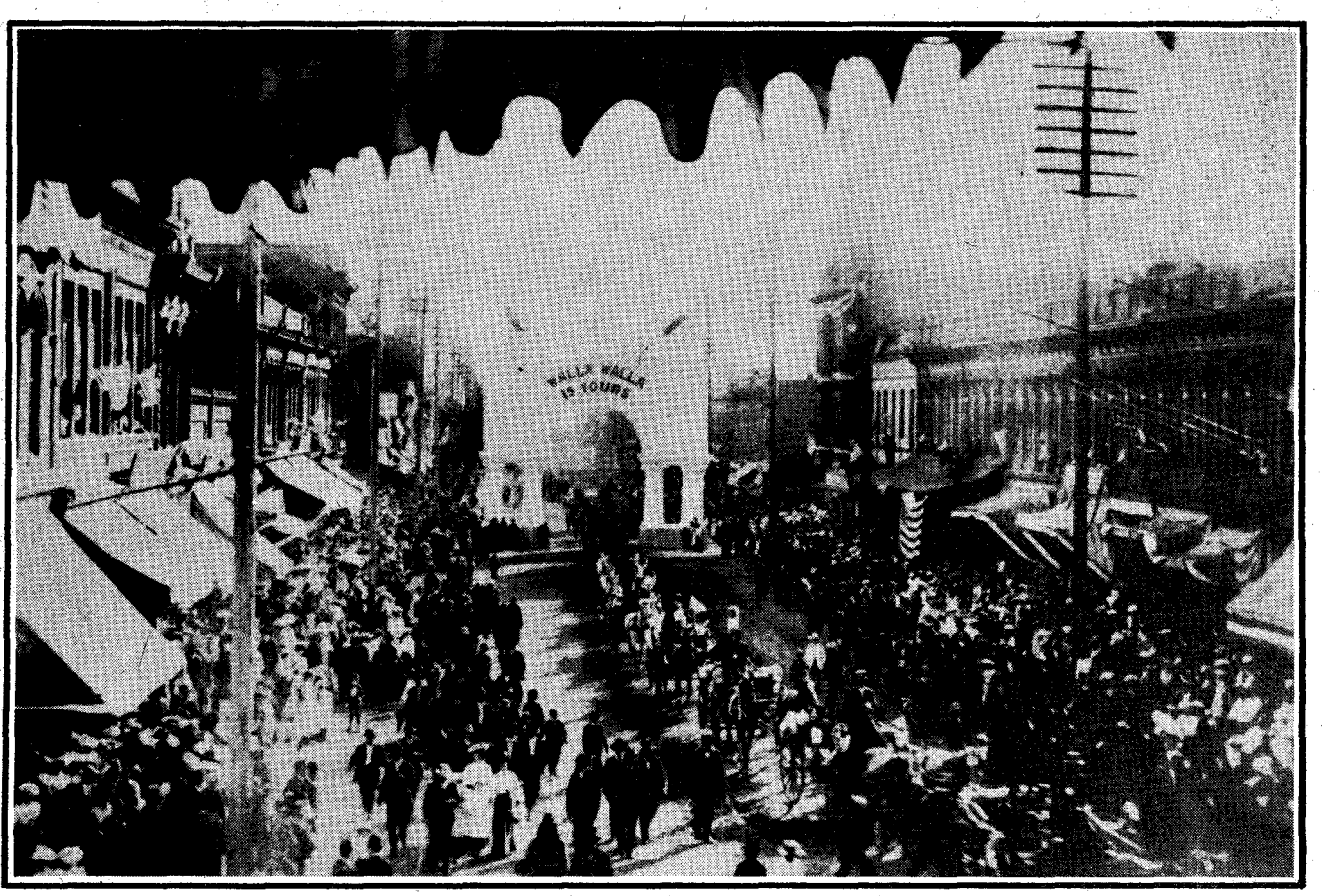
When TEDDY ROOSEVELT Came To Town

By
Annie Talabere



From The Talabere family photo album

Main Street, Walla Walla, Washington, the day Teddy Roosevelt visited, May 21, 1903.

When I found among my father's pictures, the one of Theodore Roosevelt's visit to Walla Walla, a small town in eastern Washington, a flood of memories washed back to me.

The day of this exciting event, May 21, 1903, came in bright and warm. My mother wore a wide brim straw hat and her best white dress over two starched petticoats. I was proud of my new summer dress which mother had rushed to finish. Of course, small as I was, I wore a hat too, for no one went hatless in those days. As we walked toward Main Street and the parade route, mother's long skirts swished the dust of the unpaved streets. The sidewalks were cross planks with wide cracks between the boards.

Mother explained to me that as Vice President, Theodore Roosevelt became our 26th president in 1901 when President Wm. McKinley was killed by an assassin. Soon, he would be running for a second term.

Roosevelt was extremely popular with working people who had moderate to small incomes, for they felt he was their friend and champion. He favored the then-organizing labor unions in their drive to better working conditions and wages. In a farming venture in Dakota Territory, he had attempted to raise cattle and had lost a fortune, so the farmers of our valley felt he was one of them.

As we neared Main Street, we were slowed by the crowds and finally slipped into a shaded place to wait. Of course, there were no automobiles in those days! Across Main Street, a huge white arch had been built with the greeting in big black letters: WALLA WALLA IS YOURS. In addition to the crowds on the street, second-story windows of the business buildings were crowded with cheering spectators, and even the roof tops sprouted people.

Open, horse-drawn carriages led the procession up Main Street from the Railroad Depot, and in the first one rode our beloved President. All the drivers and important riders wore black top hats which added to their dignity but did not cool the crowd's enthusiastic cheering. Behind the carriages rode many horsemen: cowboys, veterans of the Rough Riders, and finally, a regiment of mounted soldiers from the Fort located just west of town. Walla Walla was proud of her horses those days, and horse-racing was a popular pastime.

The parade stopped near us, and Roosevelt alighted from his carriage. In his friendly, natural way, he greeted the driver of his carriage and asked his name.

"Mike Shaughnessy," the undersized Mike managed with a grin almost as wide as Teddy's.

"Mike Shaughnessy! You are a bully driver, Mike. You know how to handle horses. I'm a horseman too and I'm delighted to meet you." This from a man who counted as friends, rulers and great leaders of his world.

My mother never forgot President Roosevelt's words, and she never let me forget them either. She too loved horses.

●RW

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"EPITAPHS WRITTEN IN SILVER"

Around the corner of the wash Ed Schiefflin's sharp eyes glued themselves to a human skeleton sprawled grotesquely in the sand. Close by it was another one. The picture of a tragedy was etched in the bleached bones before him. Despite the heavy late afternoon heat of the Arizona desert, the horseman unconsciously shivered in spite of himself.

The penetrating words of his friend Al Sieber drummed through his brain. "There's no silver in them hills, Ed. That's Apache country, and all you'll find in them hot hills will be your own tombstone!" Fear gripped the rider, as he had seen the results of these cruel and cunning Apaches before. "Wolves of the Desert!" Sieber had called them.

The prospectors' bones told a vividly clear story of the calamity. The two ore hunters had poured their find out between them for their own inspection. Hidden and gleaming eyes had watched their every move, and the savages had struck at dawn, adding another pair of victims to their long list of vengeful acts.

Schiefflin dismounted, then stooped and picked up fragments of rich ore. On a nearby crumbling and naked ledge the facts indicated that the prospectors had found what they sought. Silver float generously decorated both sides of the wash. It took some time for Schiefflin to work his way up the draw to its head far back in the range.

Soaked with sweat and excitement, the silver searcher dug out a bit of rock and studied it carefully. Pure silver streaked the sample. Then suddenly his sharp ears picked up the sound of a stone bouncing down from the ridge above him. An unexpected noise in Apache country usually meant danger, so the silver hunter flattened himself noiselessly against nearby boulders and slid out of sight, clutching his rifle in readiness.

Worming his way to the crest of the ridge, Schiefflin saw three Apache warriors in close, animated conversation. He carefully backed downward with his body pressed low to the ground, and noticed twenty more Indian horsemen near the lower spring. Scarcely able to breathe with his heart pounding like a drum, the silver hunter sensed that the vicious enemy hadn't seen him or his hidden horse. After awhile the entire group rode off into the widening shadows.

Chuckling softly to himself in sheer relief at being alive and having escaped Al Sieber's predicted sagebrush tombstone, the sun-baked explorer vowed that the poor devils sprawled in the wash would rest in proper graves, and he would carve their epitaphs in pure silver.

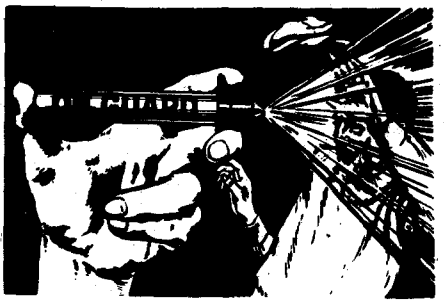
By some miracle Death had passed him by, and Fate had allowed him to discover a rich silver mine. He would be grateful! In a somewhat whimsical mood, Schiefflin decided to call not only his mine but these hills as well, "Tombstone!" He had named not just an area but a town yet unborn that was to become the scene of some of the most romantic events in the pioneer West.

This place in the silver fields roared to life with brazen activity and importance, then faded into obscurity. Yet through an ironic bit of history Tombstone, Arizona was born, and its gofather and creator was to have his life story and epitaph written in silver.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE:

Silver Fields of the Pioneer West by Robert Boorum, San Francisco, 1918.



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LAWYER'S REVENGE

(continued from page 49)

murder. Thereafter the prosecution made much of their declared fact that Sartain committed suicide rather than face a judge and jury.

A large number of witnesses paraded to and from the witness stand. The *Daily News* jubilantly predicted that Red Fox would receive justice — a hanging.

Red Fox's witnesses were suspected openly as lying desperately, and they were confused and easily tangled up in their testimony.

While the prosecution was summing up the state's case for the jury, Fagan rushed over to where Pruiett sat.

When a defendant is utterly guilty of an onerous crime, this man's services are indispensable. He was trained well in all the tricks of legal chicanery by his masters!

"Gentlemen of the jury!" he yelled dramatically, bringing Pruiett's diamond-ringed left hand high above his head, which he allowed to remain there. "This man, an ex-convict, commands fabulous figures for getting the guilty freed. Do not be mislead by his trickery.

"Look at this huge diamond on his finger. See it sparkle? Look at it and tell me if you see any of the money poor old Aunt Carrie saved to protect herself against want in declining years. No doubt the blood she shed while being robbed will go to buy more of the same for this ex-convict — this tricky lawyer for the defense!

"Look at the other diamonds he wears, the shirt studs and pins. Can you not see their brilliant whiteness is also blood red?

"Poor old Aunt Carrie's blood will go to enrich this ex-convict more!"

When Fagan deigned to release his hand Pruiett sat smugly, resting in a soothing peace. He knew the way now to hold up Vant Zant and Stockburger to public ridicule. He also had another enemy to deal with: Fagan, for reminding the court and all within hearing that he had served time in the Arkansas penitentiary. Any such reference to his past always brought him to the jousting tournament fighting mad. He cunningly curbed it and in his own words, "Burnt holes in their mangey hides."

Leaning close to Red Fox at counsel's table, he whispered, "You should get down on your knees and thank that bastard. He just turned you loose!"

Evidence in the case had been completely lost sight of. The prosecutions' accusations against Pruiett made him appear even more bloodthirsty than his client. Indeed, who was being tried, the defendant or his attorney? The situation was made exactly to order for Pruiett's vitriolic oratory.

Stepping over before the jury, he displayed his flashing diamonds.

He began in a soft voice, "Gentlemen, I must apologize to you for my own vulgar vanity: The truth is that I paid for the white of these diamonds with the sweat of my brow. The blood in them comes from my own toil-worn hands.

"Counsel has presented me as a product of the masters of trickery who schooled me in law, logic and oratory.

"So I was trained by the masters? The sum and total of my life's schooling was ten months in the country schools of Arkansas!"

Previously, he purposely avoided noticing the presence of Van Zant and Stockburger. Not once before that moment did he give a sign that he recognized them from the past. Now, walking closer to the jury box, he fixed piercing eyes on Van Zant.

"Mr. Van Zant, you will doubtless recall that I washed dishes in the old Van Winkle hotel for my supper, breathed the odor of fine food and saw the hotel guests in their fine clothes. I promised myself to overcome my poverty and have the same fine clothes and jewelry they did.

"One of those guests was you, Mr. Van Zant. A rich man, always well dressed. The beau brummel of the town. I shined your shoes for nickels and one day made a mistake. You kicked me down flat, injuring me seriously.

"You, you know that I lived in poverty and want against which I struggled for the day when it would be overcome.

"And you, Mr. Stockburger," Pruiett moved over to face him, pointing a finger, "can you not vouch for me as a hungry, poorly clothed, uncertain little boy in this town who once delivered your packages of groceries from the store?

"I can remember dear Mrs. Stockburger also, her work worn hands as you and she labored against ever encroaching poverty. Back there in those days we were all close to the bread line.

"I remember the day you was forced to sell her pet calf, and she stood in the yard crying as it was led away to the slaughter house."

While he continued in that vein for half an hour longer, Stockburger wiped hot tears from his eyes. Van Zant the dandy continually stroked his Van Dyke beard, watching Pruiett as though fascinated.

Pruiett's closing words were, "The prosecution's purpose has been to degrade me with a boyhood past to the detriment of my client. Counsel is wrong, and his declarations to you are false. By the same measure, charges against the defendant are unfounded, and crushed truth shall rise again.

"Gentlemen, the defendant is not guilty, and you should acquit him of the charge of murder!"

When he sat down, Voll Walker who was supposed to make the state's closing argument said to the others, "I won't make it. Nothing we can say now will help the least. Pruiett has won again, and so another wanton murderer goes free." He then walked out of the courtroom.

He was right. The jury was out less than an hour before returning with a verdict of not guilty.

Red Fox was the one who sat immobile, the most dumbfounded.

Pruiett told him, "You can go your way to run crooked gambling games steal and murder some more. You're out of this case."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Pruiett. Thanks to you."

"Spare me your thanks. You're as guilty as hell!"

Pruiett's several revenges were sweet. He got back more money than Red Fox swindled him out of in the crooked poker game. He had hit the state of Arkansas a hard blow for the long ago injustice done him when fourteen years old. He downed Fagan for calling him an ex-convict and tore the souls of Van Zant and Stockburger for injuries harbored over the years. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

My collected file on the murder of Mrs. John Winkleman.
My file on Moman Pruiett.
Moman Pruiett Criminal Lawyer. Privately printed, Oklahoma City, Okla., 1944.

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HOTSPURS by Patrick

ALL YOU ROTTEN, STINKIN' POLECATS GIT OUTTA HERE!
DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME SAY, 'ALL YOU ROTTEN, STINKIN' POLECATS GIT OUTTA HERE'?
OH, MY YES!
..CERTAINLY WAS A LOT OF THEM!
PATRICK

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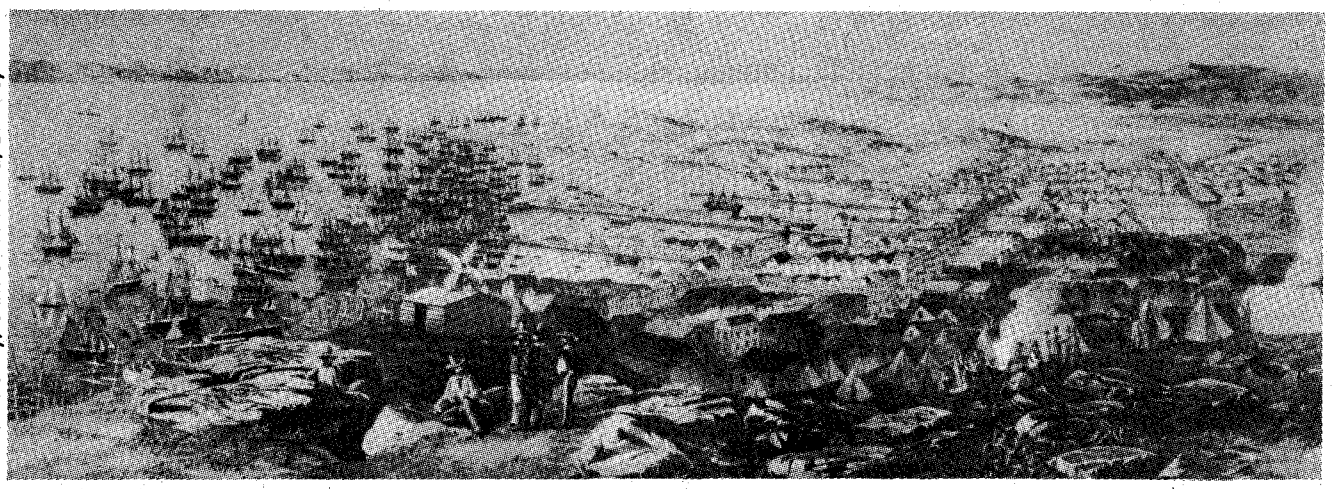
The Man Who Tried To Steal SAN FRANCISCO

By Clarence M. Fink



Bancroft Library, Univ. of California, Berkeley.

San Francisco as it appeared in 1852 when it was given to Limantour after his claim was accepted by the Land Department.

Jose Y. Limantour, a Frenchman who had lived twenty years in Mexico, had an inborn hatred of all Americans. He abhorred the greed, the avarice of these pompous and reckless Yankees whose only symbol of success was money. These creatures, with their strangeness and running blaze for riches, along with a lust for power and triumphant conviction of their own strength, were in his estimation fit only to be hanged or swindled. If the first couldn't be accomplished, then the second would do nicely.

Limantour's first visit to San Francisco was in 1841 where he was advised by a friend, a French writer, to invest in land there. It was probably then that a fertile seed took root in the Frenchman's mind and grew until it finally resulted in an audacious and daring fraud that later shook the city by the Golden Gate to its very foundations.

Limantour was an energetic arms dealer who supplies armaments and ammunition to the Californians resisting American invasion and control. In the next six years he made casual visits to San Francisco. On one of his gun running expeditions of 1847, Limantour was over-hauled by the U.S. sloop *Warren* under Commodore Biddle, which forced the Frenchman to jettison his entire and valuable cargo. The narrowness of his close call forced the foreigner to remain quiet and peaceful for the next five years.

Then in November 1852 he came to San Francisco with a definite purpose in mind. It was general knowledge in 1851 that Congress had passed "An Act to Settle Land Claims In California." Claimants were asked to appear before the United States Land Commission, assembled in San Francisco, to file and await the Committee's judgment.

Limantour's claim encompassed more than 15,000 acres, covering the entire city of San Francisco except for the northern tip, and all the islands in the bay of San Francisco including Yerba Buena, Alcatraz, Angel, and the Farallones which guard the entrance to the Golden Gate some 30 odd miles off the coast, plus some other smaller claims.

The Frenchman was equipped with signed parchments containing the signatures of Governor Michelton, a former Mexican governor of California, "in satisfaction of and reward for his services to the Mexican government" which gave him large tracts of real estate in 1843 and 1844 covering a vast acreage.

When the news leaked out of Limantour's immense bid for the city's lands, the incensed waterfront operators released their tempers at the Frenchman and the Land Commission. "His claim will never stick, and if it does the Commission better get ready for a good tar and feathering! The man's an impostor!" These and other, more violent remarks were heard throughout San Francisco.

To make matters worse, the registering land body upheld Limantour's demands for his formal land possession, and he was given the city site, all the islands, and the land for 35 miles out to sea. This dismal verdict squelched all the joy from the land owners and the real estate men throughout the city. Such a decision seemed unbelievable to them. To add to their consternation, the young and popular John B. Felton, who had helped and advised many San Franciscans in the past, was retained by this upstart Frenchman to collect compensation by his ownership from all the Americans on his property.

But like some big land swindles of that period, Limantour's cause suddenly developed an unexpected turn for the worse. Appearing on the land scene was a man by the name of Augustus Jouan who offered for a "consideration" to reveal the truth concerning Limantour's success at land grabbing. It appears that the

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Frenchman had "broken faith" or double-crossed him somewhere along the line. His revelation astonished many people and was music to hundreds of eager ears which filled them with gladness, and he was wined and dined like some great foreign prince.

The *senor's* revealing tale was a simple one but of great importance to those involved in land deals in San Francisco. Jouan said that Limantour had confessed secretly to him in the past that his land grants were pure fabrications; that he, by his own hand, had altered certain dates; and that Limantour had gathered a solid idea for fraud by listening to another Frenchman, a clerk who revealed to him that he knew a party who had forged land grants nine years after they were supposed to be made by the Mexican governor. This man, Francois Jacomet, confessed to the Americans his part in the clever swindle. Yet another conspirator, Letanneur, came to San Francisco and disclosed more vital information to the interested listeners.

Limantour was arrested immediately. Felton, his lawyer, still insisted that his client's claim was a true *cause and valid. To confuse the entire* case, the signatures of the Mexican statesmen proved to be genuine. *While confusion still reigned in court,* one official came up with the sound idea of comparing the government *seals on other grants issued at the* same time. Here the fraud stood out plainly for all to see — none matched *the real ones. An important* U.S. Justice declared that signatures of all Mexican authorities were a "shameless falsehood and that President Arista was engaged with others in a scandulous conspiracy to impose on the courts of the United States!"

"The most astonished man" in the community proved to be the lawyer, John B. Felton who, by making a public announcement of innocence, hoped to regain the trust of the people he had lost in the Limantour case. The wily Frenchman immediately jumped his bail and hurried from the country. After this court debacle, the Land Commission "lost face" with the press, state legislature, and the committee of organized lawyers who deliberately supported the thousands of land squatters who sought and grabbed valuable tracts of land.

It is said that the property filed for by Limantour was valued at more than the combined railroad fortunes of the world! ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:
"Port of Gold: San Francisco" by William Martin Camp, N.Y. 1947;
"California's Con Men, by Michael Arlett, Chicago, 1923

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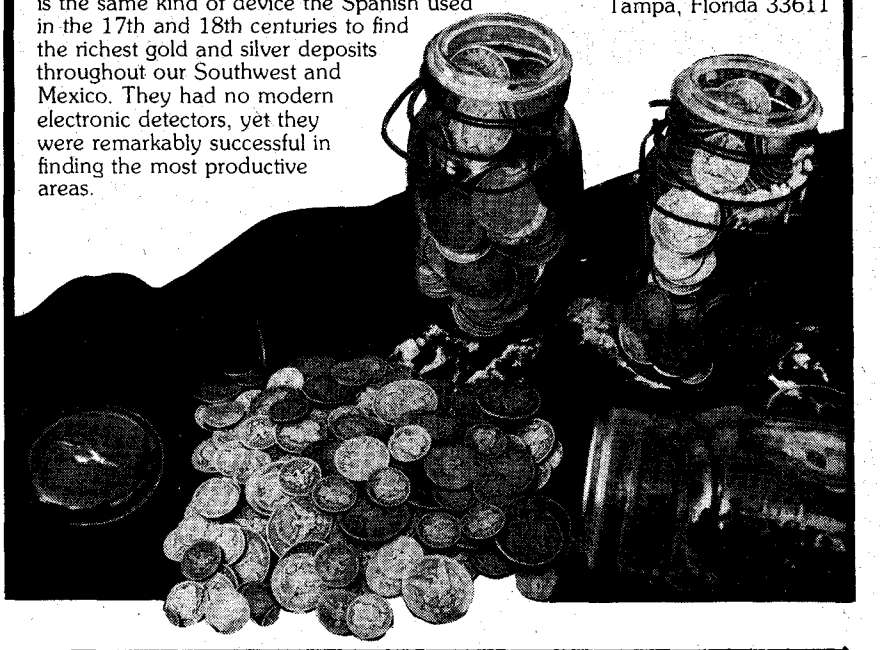

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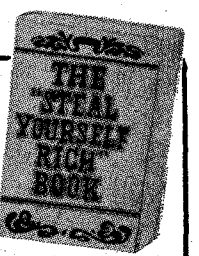

ABOUT THE AUTHOR
The explosive nature of this material prohibits us from using the name of this nationally famous author here. However, we can say this: "He has written articles in numerous magazines. He has been on T.V. many times including the David Frost, David Susskind, Merv Griffin and Johnny Carson shows. He is one of the most popular speakers on the college campuses and has been interviewed by Life, Look, Time, etc."

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THE EDITOR'S CORRAL

I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

SITTING BULL BACK IN CANADA

Sitting Bull and his hostiles have again retired across the British line.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, December 18, 1880

EARLY GOLD RUSH TO ALASKA

Collector Ball, at Sitka, Alaska, has sent to Washington some very rich specimens of gold quartz. He says it exists in immense quantities there. Miners are already flocking in.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, February 5, 1881

WESTERN COURAGE

A Wisconsin boy was building a fence. A rattlesnake bit him through the index finger. This boy, only fourteen, picked up an ax, and laying his finger on a post, chopped it off.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 8, 1874

CHARITY???

A San Francisco man who closed his saloon one night recently, to allow a lady in the rooms above to die quietly, is now suing her heirs for $350 because they won't pay for his sacrifice.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 8, 1874

GENERAL CARR'S FORCE NOT MASSACRED

General Carr's force was not massacred by Apaches, as reported. An official report from General Carr is to the effect that, having gone with two companies of the Sixth Cavalry and a company of Indian scouts to the village of a medicine man who was making trouble, with a view of arresting him, the force while making camp, was fired upon by the Indians, who were joined by the scouts. The medicine man was at once shot, and a three hours' fight ensued, in which Captain Hentig and seven privates were killed. The troops then retreated (the hostiles number 600 warriors) to Fort Apache, where they awaited reinforcements, meanwhile repulsing several assaults upon the fort. Later reports indicate that the outbreak in Arizona is general.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, September 24, 1881

PLAN TO EXILE INDIANS TO MEXICO

Governor Fremont, of Arizona, has suggested to the Interior Department, apropos of the Apaches troubles, that the United States negotiate with Mexico for the cession of the upper portion of Lower California, to be used as a place of exile for all troublesome Indians. Mexico, he suggested, is equally interested with us in sequestering the bad Indians of the border, and would unite with us in executing the scheme. The Pacific Ocean, the Gulf of California and a chain of forts on the Isthmus, would hem them in. Then peace would prevail throughout the West.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 1, 1881

UTES ON WARPATH

The White River Utes have left the lands on which they were placed by the Ute Commission and have returned to their former settlements. They declare their intention to remain, and have already killed two settlers. An outbreak is expected.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Oct. 8, 1881

TRAIN ROBBED AT IRON MOUNTAIN, MISSOURI

A passenger train on the Iron Mountain (Mo.) Railroad was robbed on the night of the 23rd by five masked men, who hailed and boarded the train, forced the express messenger to open the safe, and then proceeded to rob the passengers. They obtained $18,000 from the safe. It is claimed that the total loss will not fall short of between $40,000 and $50,000.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Oct. 8, 1881

SITTING BULL FORCIBLY REMOVED TO FORT RANDALL

The removal of Sitting Bull and his band of Indians from the Standing Rock Agency has been safely accomplished. Sitting Bull had been very defiant, and said he would rather die than go to Fort Randall; but the band was surrounded by a square of soldiers, and forced, step by step, down the bank and into the boat, which then started down the river to Fort Randall. A nephew of Sitting Bull made some resistance, and was knocked down with the butt end of a musket. A squaw of the band, rendered desperate by the removal, killed her child and tried to commit suicide.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Oct. 1, 1881

UTE MOVE TO NEW RESERVATION

The Ute Indians have all gone to their new reservation, and white settlers have already crowded in and staked out claims covering twenty miles of land on the abandoned territory.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, September 24, 1881

APACHES ON WAR PATH IN ARIZONA

The inhabitants of Arizona are arming and preparing to fight the Apaches. The Federal Government has been applied to for arms, and General McDowell has received orders to issue 200 pieces.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, September 24, 1881

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CROOKED INDIAN AGENTS

It was stated officially that "since the treaty of 1868 the different tribes of Sioux have cost the country about $19,000,000 in the shape of direct appropriations for their support", etc. Of this sum, probably not five per cent has ever reached the Sioux, all the rest finding its way into the pockets of agents, traders, and the hangers on of the Indian Bureau. The Indian, even when civilized, is bad enough but the white men, who have so long preyed upon him, through the weakness and indifference of the Government, are a great deal worse in every respect.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
September 24, 1881

SLAVERY IN ALASKA

Commander Glass, U.S.S., now at Sitka, is suppressing the system which has existed among the Alaska tribes of making slaves of prisoners of war or of hostages held for the payment of claims for injuries. At Sitka he found in the Indian village seventeen persons of various ages held or claimed as slaves — some by purchase, others by inheritance. They were all released in the presence of their owners. Commander Glass has sent letters to the tribes in Southeastern Alaska directing the slaves to be set free at once.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 18, 1881.

NEW MEXICO GETTING READY FOR INDIAN WAR

Governor Sheldon of New Mexico proposes to organize and arm independent companies for cooperating with the military in protecting the territory from Indian incursions.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
Sept. 17, 1881

SITTING BULL TO BE HELD PRISONER

Sitting Bull and his followers, 200 in number, are soon to be removed to Fort Randall, Dakota, above Yankton, and will be held as prisoners of war, and not as pensioners of the Interior Department in any sense.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
Sept. 17, 1881

MASSACRE NEAR FORT APACHE

General Carr, six other officers and sixty-four men of the Sixth Cavalry were murdered on August 31st by the Apaches near Fort Apache, Arizona. The slaughter was precipitated by an attempt to arrest a "medicine man", who shot Lieutenant Cruse, and was in turn shot down by the soldiers.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
Sept. 17, 1881 ●RW

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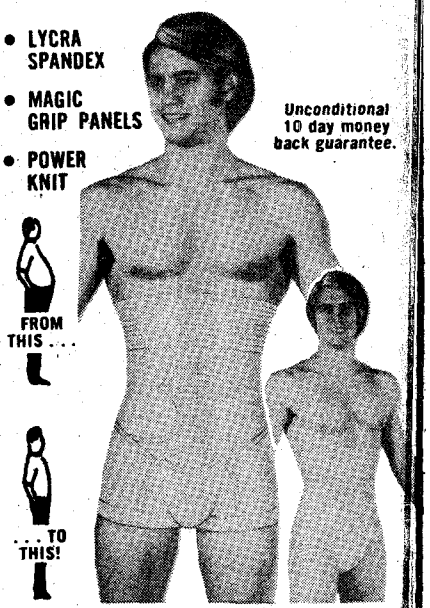

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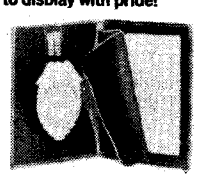

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CALAMITY JANE

(continued from page 31)

engagement began at the Palace Museum, Minneapolis, January 20, 1896, under Kohl and Middleton's management.

"Hoping that this little history of my life may interest all readers, I remain as in the older days,

Yours,

Mrs. M. Burk (Dorsett.)

Better known as Calamity Jane (1896)."

Quite obviously, her tales of scouting for Custer, capturing Jack McCall and about 98% of the others found therein are false. The most paragraphs dealing with her early life. Let us see how much of this can be documented. On July 2, 1860, the federal census taker listed an M. J. *Conarray* (if this was the girl who later came to be known as Calamity Jane, it's a tossup as to who erred—the census recorder in 1860 or Jane in subsequent years—in spelling the surname) as living with Abigail Conarray.

Also listed was a female child. E. E. Conarray. Both M. J. and E. E. attended school, so it would seem Martha had the opportunity for at least a rudimentary education. Whether or not she applied herself is another question. The woman Abigail, presumably the mother, could not read and write.

In her "autobiography" Jane states she was born in Missouri and her parents in Ohio, but the federal census referred to above for Marion Township, Mercer County, Missouri, gives her birthplace as Illinois and Abigail's as Tennessee. Perhaps Jane's father was from Ohio, and she assumed her mother to also be from that state.

Incidentally, the census does not list any male head of the household, although a young farmhand named W. H. Walker (probably related to the Walker family that owned an adjoining farm) stayed with the Conarrays. Owing to Calamity's later reputation for promiscuity, it is tempting to wonder if there was some sort of liaison between the two young people, but anything along this line is pure speculation.

Actually, "Marthy Cannary"—as she called herself in the *Life and Adventures of Calamity Jane*—was more likely to be correct concerning her parents' origin than she was her own. It would appear the Conarray (to achieve uniformity from here on in, this version of the name will be used) family moved around a bit. For instance, E.E. Conarray is listed as being born in Iowa. Therefore, it is probable that Martha Jane, or M. J., first saw the light of day in Illinois.

Sometime between 1844 and 1853 the family journeyed to (or thru) Iowa and eventually settled in Missouri. The children could have come into this world on the move, so to speak. In any event, Martha Jane most likely was not yet in her teens when the Conarrays came to Missouri. She considered herself a Missourian and that was, to all intents and purposes, true. As for the year 1852, which she claimed as the year of her birth, it shapes up as an exercise in vanity. Curiously, E. E. was born about that time. Did Calamity appropriate her sister's birthdate?

According to the "autobiography" the Conarray family was a larger one than is indicated in the census returns. Except for a brief reference in the first paragraph of the booklet she never *directly* mentions her brothers and sisters. Mortality rates among infants and young children on the frontier were high. This could explain the other members not appearing on the census rolls. An alternate explanation would be that sometimes children were farmed out for one reason or another. The lack of a father in the home is somewhat of a mystery, as he does turn up later. In recounting their emigration from Missouri to Virginia City, Montana Territory, Jane is less than exact concerning the composition of the "we" to which she refers.

The Conarrays reached Virginia City in 1864 rather than 1865. There is little doubt that the "three little girls" mentioned in the following piece from the (Virginia City) *Montana Post* for December 31, 1864, were Martha Jane Conarray's three sisters:

"Three little girls, who state their names to be Canary, appeared at the door of Mr. Fergus, on Idaho Street, soliciting charity. The ages of the two eldest ones were about ten and twelve, respectively. The eldest girl carried in her arms her infant sister, a baby of about twelve months of age. Canary, the father, it seems, is a gambler in Nevada (a small town near Virginia City—G.H.). The mother is a woman of the lowest grade, and was last seen in town, at Dr. Byam's office ..."

Calamity claimed her mother died at "Black Foot" (not present day Blackfoot), Montana Territory, in 1866 and her father somewhere in Utah in 1867. There is no corroboration that has been found to support Jane's statement of their deaths. It is not hard to imagine that Mr. Conarray, Mrs. Conarray and Martha Jane each went separate ways, deserting the children.

No doubt, Miss Conarray never saw her parents again, so it was more comfortable to relate they had died. Take note of the seemingly studied failure to say anything about the youngsters. To do otherwise would have reminded her of the sordid details surrounding the memory of the abandoned Conarray girls, whose fate may not have been a happy one.

Jane may have missed the lynching of Joseph Alfred "Jack" Slade, but proof that Virginia City was still plenty wild and wooly during her stay there is the following vigilante notice:

"To all whom it may concern:

"Whereas divers foul crimes and outrages against the persons and property of the citizens of Montana have been lately committed and whereas the power of the civil authorities, though exerted to its full extent, is frequently insufficient to prevent their commission, and to punish the perpetrators thereof; now, this is to warn and notify all whom it may concern that the Vigilance Committee, composed of the Citizens of the Territory, have determined to take these matters into their own hands, and to inflict summary punishment upon any and all malefactors in every case, where the civil authorities are unable to enforce the proper penalty of the law.

"The practice of drawing deadly weapons, except as a last resort, for the defense of life, being dangerous to society and in numerous instances leading to affrays and bloodshed, notice is hereby given, that the same is prohibited and offenders against this regulation will be summarily dealt with. In all cases the Committee will respect and sustain the action of the civil authorities.

"This notice will not be repeated, but will remain in full force and effect from this date. September 19, 1865.

Vigilance Committee"

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How did Jane occupy herself while in Virginia City? Was she content to trip the light fantastic with the miners at the hurdy-gurdy houses, or did her unrestrained nature lead to a membership in the Cyprian sisterhood? If money was foremost in her mind the dancehall was as far as she need go, but through her life Jane seemed to be motivated by a sense of ribaldry. She was reported to have been a real "fun gal". To an extent Calamity retained this reputation right up into the 20th century. In the intervening years she was linked with as many men as she was states and territories. Yes, Calamity Jane got around in more ways than one!

Although much of the time she dressed in masculine garb, essentially Jane could not stop being a woman. Her services along this line were always a by-product of any activity in which she engaged, whether it was acting as quasi-official scout for Frank Grouard (Chief of Scouts for the Crook expedition in 1876) or merely being the town character.

Finally her system could no longer take the pressure Jane put on it. For a woman almost 60 years of age a nightly round of the bars was too much. She expired on August 1, 1903, leaving behind a life largely cloaked in mystery. To add to an already enigmatic past the name put on her tombstone reads Mrs. M. *E.* Burke. From whence came the "E."? Of course, it could simply be an error, but if not, are there any other possibilities? Although speculative, there is one. Remember, according to the census rolls one of Martha Jane's sisters was named E. E.

Evidence already presented suggests that Calamity may have taken her sister's birthdate. Could the spectre of guilt have hung so heavily around the dying woman's head that she chose this strange way to symbolically unite herself with a kinswoman (perhaps her favorite) from whom she physically parted 37 years before. This may seem a farfetched theory, but Calamity Jane was an improbable person whose character was a farrago of sentiment, coarseness, truthfulness and prevarication. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:
Federal Population Censuses.
George Hart Western Americana Collection.
(Virginia City) *Montana Post.*

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CLAY ALLISON

(continued from page 33)

Once Allison, game leg and all, "danced" his way out of a situation that could easily have wound up for him in a one-way trip to Boot Hill.

Cowpuncher Frank Cattlin accidentally jostled Clay's elbow at a bar one day, spilling the gunfighter's liquor. Deep in one of his black moods, Allison still retained enough sense to realize that the crowd would not stand for his shooting an unarmed man. Accordingly, he jerked his gun and ordered Frank to dance to the tune of bullets chewing up the wooden floor around his feet. Cattlin danced as ordered—but when Clay's gun was empty and the surly killer had returned to his drinking without bothering to reload, Frank stepped outside and borrowed a Colt from a friend. Returning, the angry cowboy pushed the muzzle of the cocked .45 roughly into Allison's ribs and barked, "Now, damn you, *you* dance!"

Dance Clay did, wincing at the painful sting of powder blast accompanying each shot. His bad leg gave out at the fourth crashing shot, and he tumbled down in the dirty sawdust at Cattlin's feet. Lying in this undignified position, head resting on a filthy spittoon, Allison underwent a lightning change of mood. He grinned up at Frank Cattlin and bawled, "Goddam it, boy, you've taught me a good lesson! Help me up and I'll buy you a drink!"

Professional gamblers in the joint offered odds that Frank Cattlin would be a dead pigeon before sundown and got no takers. Inexplicably Allison never sought to rectify his loss of face by killing Cattlin. He drank steadily for an hour, mumbled something about having a toothache and walked stiffly and carefully out the door, seeking a dentist.

The tooth-yanker, understandably nervous at having the famed gunfighter in his chair, pulled the wrong tooth. Sobered by the pain, Clay discovered his loss immediately. Bellowing like a wounded buffalo, he lashed the terrified dentist to his own torture seat and pulled three of his teeth in retaliation—with his own forceps and without benefit of anesthesia.

In Dodge City, Clay is alleged to have meekly knuckled under to Wyatt Earp—but in New Mexico he was a law unto himself. Hank Lambert's saloon in Cimmarron was his unofficial headquarters. Here he ruled as sadistic tyrant or benevolent despot, as the mood hit him. One night he roared out his intention of shooting out all the swinging oil lamps in the place. The worried proprietor summoned the marshal to pacify him. Marshal Pancho tried to talk Clay out of the brainless idea. Allison listened sullenly without saying a word. Finally, in a nervous gesture, Pancho removed his sombrero and dropped hand and hat to the level of his belt. Instantly, Clay pulled a gun and shot him dead.

Allison was not even arrested for this shocking, cold-blooded murder. He claimed that the marshal had used his sombrero as a shield to hide his gun hand while he attempted to draw. As Pancho had no warrant for his arrest, Clay maintained he had a legal right to protect himself. Nobody challenged his assertion.

In Las Animas Clay and his brother John attended a shindig at a local dance hall. It was accepted western etiquette for the gents to check all shooting irons before shaking a merry hoof with the gals, but the Allisons delighted in breaking all rules of genteel conduct. Marshal Charlie Faber politely asked the swaggering brothers to turn over their guns for the duration of the dance and was told to go to hell. Faber left the hall and returned with a sawed-off double-barreled shotgun. He ordered John Allison to throw up his hands. John went for his Colt instead and took half a dozen Number-O buckshot in his gun arm and right shoulder. Firing from a far corner of the room, Clay took advantage of the cleared space around the marshal and his brother to put a slug through Faber's heart. Miraculously, only one "innocent bystander" was hit by flying lead in this shooting scrape, and he was not seriously wounded.

Again the crafty killer pleaded self-defense. "Faber had another load of buckshot in his gun and was out to get all the Allisons he could," argued Clay in a Las Animas courtroom. The bemused jury agreed with Allison and set him free.

Shortly thereafter Clay bulldozed his way into an appointment as foreman of a grand jury in Las Animas. He proceeded to lead the jurors into a 28-day-and-night session, during which no court business was transacted, but everybody stayed happily drunk on liquor generously provided by Foreman Allison. When the marathon binge was over and the bills came in, it was discovered that Clay had indeed paid for the whiskey—but with county warrants signed by himself. The town council voted to pay the bills and forget about it.

For all the foregoing indictment it must not be rashly assumed that Clay Allison was a totally bad *hombre*. In his lucid moments he fancied himself as a sort of frontier Robin Hood, fighting gallantly for the weak, helpless and oppressed. For example, Clay personally avenged the brutal holdup murder of Cimarron's beloved Methodist preacher, the Reverend F. J. Tolby. Allison led the posse that ran down the murderers, "assisted" at the hanging of one and summarily "executed" the other. It is also claimed by some folks that Clay staked the widow and her two small children to train fare back East.

In 1880 Allison sold his ranch and left Cimarron to buy a new and larger spread of land on the Blackwater in the lower Pecos Valley. Ranch house built and a responsible foreman hired, Clay tuned to his old home in Tennessee to marry his boyhood sweetheart and bring her back with him to New Mexico.

Marriage put an end to Allison's career as a badman and killer. His somnolent conscience awakened at last, he strove mightily to atone for past crimes. He was kind to the poor Mexican kids who lived in the 'dobe huts of his field workers, bought them clothing and candy and provided medical aid when needed. In every way possible he tried to even the long, bloody score against him, and—who knows—perhaps he partially succeeded. He paid in suffering and remorse when his first-born child arrived cruelly deformed in body; he paid again and again throughout the long nights when he couldn't sleep and drove his matched team of trotters to a steaming lather across the dark countryside.

The strange manner of Clay Allison's death has been attributed to grim retribution and to sheer, blind chance, according to varying viewpoints. Contemporary reports

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reflect this confusion; some state that Clay was drunk at the time of his death, others indignantly deny the harsh allegation. The most frequently quoted version is as follows:

Driving near his ranch one day, Clay overtook an old teamster trying feebly to restrain his nervous horses on a steep grade. He stopped his trotters, offering to drive the skittish team to the bottom of the hill.

The old driver thankfully accepted, setting his brake and climbing stiffly down from his precarious perch on the big load of saw logs.

Allison, an expert horseman, anticipated little difficulty guiding the wild young team safely to the bottom of the hill. Maybe he *was* drunk—in any case, he forgot one all-important factor in his own physical condition. Halfway down the rocky grade he shoved his right foot down hard on the brake to slow his plunging descent. The atrophied leg muscles and weakened tendons were not equal to the sudden strain. The leg buckled, and the frightened team lunged forward as the brake slacked off. Clay grabbed for the iron rail of the seat, but the tilting wagon struck a rock at the side of the road and hurled him to the ground.

The right rear wheel crunched over Clay's head, killing him instantly. ● **RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Story of the Outlaw, by Emerson Hough, Grosset & Dunlap, NYC, 1908

Outlaw Days, by Zoe A. Tilghman

Triggernometry, by Eugene Cunningham, Caxton Printers

Contemporary reports and records.

Correspondence with John Wright, Santa Fe, N.M. in connection with his father's memoirs, John Wright, Senior, who knew Clay Allison.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

what they were getting into than their Commander, and I use the title "Commander" with reservations. Custer met head on with not 15,000 but from 800 to 1000 ill equipped red men, who rightfully believed in what they were fighting for, not to vindicate any foul-ups with the Brass in Washington as George Custer was doing.

The defeat of the noble red man was inevitable, but those who finally accomplished this feat, with their empty promises and broken treaties, should have hung their heads in shame. Those in power today should do the same.

Let me go back a ways: Custer was not killed by any bullets, he was knocked off his horse and killed with a tomahawk; the Indians had no intention of extending him the dubious honor of killing him with a rifle. This I was told by old White Bull, the man who did this job on Custer. The Indians were out to humiliate Custer and this I think they accomplished, even though it meant the end of the trail for the red man.

This could have all been avoided had the Army and Federal Government lived up to their end of the bargain. The Indians never broke a treaty, and this is well documented in the National Archives in Washington.

In closing, let me say that Miss Shulsinger's narrative is well written; it's her view of the situation that I take issue with.

Sincerely,

Keeler J. Hopkins
Star Route
Carbondale, Colorado 81623

Gentlemen:

Recently, I came across the June 1972 issue of your publication.

In the 'Ask Your Questions' section of the magazine I see that a Mr. J. Glazner of Knoxville, Tennessee, would like to know the meaning of the word 'Coshocton,' and if it is an Indian word.

The word 'Coshocton' is an Indian word, or rather, it is a messed-up white-man's way of pronouncing an Indian word.

The word 'Coshocton' is from the Delaware (Lenape) language, and it is actually pronounced 'Cush - og - wenk.' At least that is as near as you can come to it in the white - man's tongue. It is actually spelled in the English language, 'Goschachguenk,' and it means 'finished' or 'completed.' How the white - man makes 'Coshocton' out of that is totally beyond me.

Cush-og-wenk was the second capitol of the Delawares in Ohio. The first capitol was 'Ge-ke-le-muk-pe-chuenk,' the present Newcomerstown, Ohio, and it is located a few miles up the Tuscarawas (Muskingum) River from Coshocton (Cush-og-wenk). Newcomer was a white-man's name for Netawatwis ("skilled adviser"), a chief of the tortoise clan. Another name of his was Ne-tod-we-hement.

If feasible, please forward this letter to Mr. J. Glazner, as I would enjoy hearing from him concerning his interest in this Indian word.

Sincerely,

Robert Wesley Stolz (Olumapis)
White Indian; Friend of the Lenape
P.O. Box A-E
Rm 1183,
San Luis Obispo, California
93561

P.S. 'Gekelemukpechuenk' means 'Still Waters.'

SHADES OF J. FRANK DALTON

Editor The WEST Magazine:

In answer to the few lines by one Warren J. Kelley Jr., relative to the Ryan Riddle — and the implied "assurance' that Bob Ford did not kill Jesse James — but was 'acquitted' by the authority of Governor T. T. Crittenden of Missouri, I have this to say in rebuttal:

Mr. Kelley's remarks about these frontier outlaws with Jesse James — and the ultimate release of Bill Ryan (convict #2677 in the Missouri Penitentiary) — is rather slanted reporting when viewed by historical research I have done. Granted that Bill Ryan's prison record is reported fairly correct, and that the assassin Bob Ford of Jesse James who was killed in Creede, Colorado was denied by Mr. Kelley as the truth found in all historical research. We are compelled to challenge the said person Kelley about his denial of the facts about them in verified historical research of their records!

The death of Jesse James by the assassin Bob Ford is not a "faked affair" of the historical known records as contended by J. Frank Dalton who asserted he was Jesse James in person! And the language of this old impostor sounds exactly like the apologists and descendants of Dalton himself. I have two of their books and several years of research into their records and that of Jesse and Frank James old Dalton and Joe Vaughn (his brother) claimed to be.

In addition to those reports and ridiculous assertions as truthful facts — I cite again factual reports by reputable historians who knew Jesse and Frank James that J. Frank Dalton and Joe Vaughn were impostors in the true records of Jesse and Frank James. I refer specifically in this answer to Mr. Kelley to the profound research of Carl Breihan about these true records and his reports to the American public about the lives of these men. It is too long a review of authentic research to cover their lives in this short review and answer to one who raises these questions in his short article.

But I'll definitely stick my neck out in this research to challenge anyone who denies the authenticity of the facts about the lives of the James Boys — And I certainly do not refer to the old impostors J. Frank Dalton and his brother Joe Vaughn as being the real outlaw brothers Frank and Jesse James!

Leonard Saxon,
Espanola, New Mexico
87532

ANYONE KNOW AARON KNICK?

Dear Sir:

I have been a fan of your magazine. What wonderful, exciting moments I've had learning about the old West from you. What brave and hard working people these pioneers of ours were.

I think my interest in the old West was stirred at the age of seven or eight when my father would sit and tell stories of his young days in Wyoming. He was about 18 years of age when he went to Wyoming around 1906. He lived on Shell Creek and Horse Creek near the Big Horn Mountains. The nearest town was Grey Bull. My mother came a year later and they were married at Basin City, Wyoming.

They had a small claim and my father worked for a man by the name of Charles Lampman. He had two sons, Russel and Ora, I think were their names. He also worked for a man by the name of Grant Brown who had a large horse ranch. Mr. Lampman had a large number of sheep. The country was wild and lovely in those days, and my mother did not like it so they moved to Ohio. They owned and operated two farms, and the farms are still in the family. I'm sending this letter hoping someone will read and recall my father as he was at 18 years of age. He was 6'3" and had a slight limp in his right leg.

I would love to hear from anyone who might have known him. My father, Aaron Knick is dead. My mother is living and is 84 years old.

God bless you and keep up the good work.

Hebert N. Knick

4614 Burkhardt Avenue,
Dayton, Ohio 45431 •RW

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

white man, or losing their identity through joining other stronger tribes for survival.

Everyone knows that Columbus discovered the New World in 1492, but Leif Ericson sailed to the New World

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circa 1000 A.D. He landed in Greenland, and leaving a Norse colony there he also landed below Cape Cod in Massachusetts, spending the winter there. It is also believed that many other people visited the new world before the arrival of Columbus.

The calumet, which is so widely known, was really only the long, elaborately ornamented stem of the pipe, or the stem to which the bowl was attached. In ancient times, in place of the pipe bowl, the head and neck of a duck was used. The stem or calumet was made of light wood and painted. It was then adorned with feathers or carved and wrapped in quillwork or beading. The bowl of the pipe was carved from catlinite or pipestone. The calumet itself was used in the ratification of treaties and was given the name "pipe of peace", or peace pipe. The calumet was also used as a symbol of war, a declaration of peace, or to greet strangers. It was sometimes used as a passport in a strange and hostile land, and it would insure the safety of the one carrying it.

The calumet was also used as the medium of appeal to the gods for special blessings. It is believed that the Indian is related to the people of Asia, and an interesting fact is that among the Tartar tribes of Siberia they light up and offer a sacred pipe when they make peace. This is offered by the chief to the principal men of the hostile tribe. If the pipe is received, peace is proclaimed, and this is so sacred that it is seldom ever violated. The bowl of this pipe is of red clay, and the tube consisted of a reed three or four feet long decorated with feathers of various colors. This runs parallel to the American Indian custom.

The bullboat used by the Mandan and other Indian tribes living along the Missouri River is a circular basket-like or tub-shaped boat made of skin; this type of boat is also being used by the people of Asia. The people of Tibet, especially, have a skin boat made much like the bullboat.

When Columbus first landed in the New World, he tried to transport the Indians to be used as slaves. On his first voyage he carried off a number of Indians, but only seven survived the trip, and these were given to the King. Sebastian Cabot carried off three Newfoundland natives and gave them to King Henry VII. When the French discovered the St. Lawrence in 1508, John Verrazano, in the service of Francis I, sailed along the coast of North America. Landing at what is now Connecticut, he kidnapped an Indian boy and sent him back to France.

When reading about the Indian it is well to remember that, as with all history written by man, much is left out or recorded according to the viewpoint of the historian. ●RW

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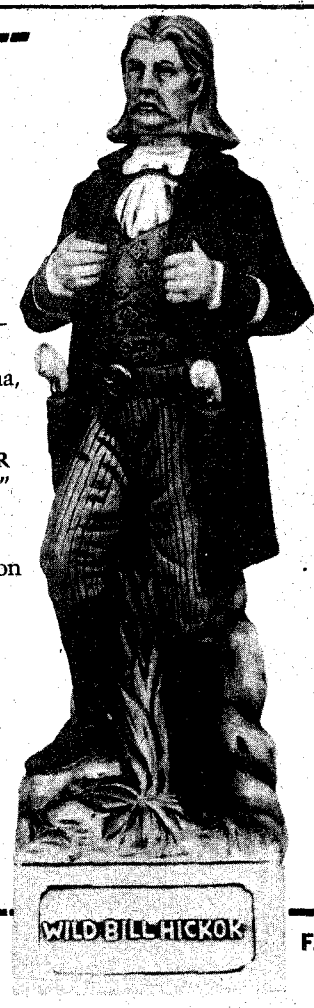

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SILENT SENTINEL

(continued from page 22)

Miss Judy Weber, elected queen of the first annual Nebraska barb wire collectors convention at Lincoln, Nebraska.

Photos furnished by the author

barbed wire at Gainesville.

The order was for ten rolls (or spools) of wire. His business boomed, and he sent for his friend, another barbed wire salesman, J.P. Warner, to come to Texas and work the area west and south of Dallas. Sanborn and Warner worked well together, selling their company's wire by the spool or by the carload. Warner sold his first carload of barbed wire at Austin at about the same time John (Bet-a-million) Gates was fencing his test corral in the plaza at San Antonio.

Sanborn made his home about ten miles west of Sherman in Grayson County where he purchased ten thousand acres of land, later purchasing an additional acreage in Clay County. He raised cattle, race horses and continued his work as a barbed wire salesman. In 1881 Sanborn and Warner purchased one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of land in Potter and Randall Counties and in 1882, bought an additional one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres, calling it the "Frying Pan Ranch." They fenced the land and stocked it with a thousand head of cattle. One year later, Sanborn bought his friend's interest in the Frying Pan and became its sole owner.

Following the construction of the Fort Worth and Denver Railroad, which passed through the Sanborn Ranch, the townsite of Amarillo began to form. It was laid out just east of Sanborn's property and approximately one mile from Amarillo's present Courthouse. The county voted thirty thousand dollars to build a courthouse, and, in a short period of time, about one thousand persons had located in its vicinity.

Sanborn, in spite of the courthouse, was not satisfied with the location of Amarillo's townsite.

He wanted the town on his land. According to Texas law, a county courthouse, once located, cannot be changed for five years. Unable to accomplish the immediate removal

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of the county seat, Sanborn proceeded to build the rest of the town on his property. He built an expensive hotel, dozens of houses and laid out streets. He introduced many new improvements, as history bears out, and used every legitimate means to entice residents of "old" Amarillo to move to his town.

The citizenry responded and "old" Amarillo became deserted except for the courthouse. County officials, who lived in Sanborn's new Amarillo, walked one mile each day to attend to county affairs. After the expiration of the five year period, as required by law, the court house was moved to Sanborn's town. Thus, the man who brought the first barbed wire to Texas left his mark forever in the pages of Texas history.

The period following the end of the fence wars was a period of growth and progress in the west. Back in Worcester, Massachusetts, the I. Washburn and Moen Company continued to prosper, manufacturing and shipping more and more barbed wire to the western frontier. In 1890, that company purchased additional barbed wire patents and constructed an additional wire factory at Waukegan, Illinois.

In 1891 the Columbia Patent Company purchased all the patents on barbed wire owned by I. Washburn and Moen Company, leaving the company the right to manufacture and sell wire on assigned patents. In 1898 the American Steel and Wire Company of Illinois was organized, and a year later, I. Washburn and Moen Company consolidated into the American Steel and Wire Company. The barbed wire industry continued to flourish, and in 1901, the American Steel and Wire Company was consolidated into the new United States Steel and Wire Corporation.

Just as surely as some people collect stamps, coins, bottles, guns and other items of interest, there are those who collect old "barb wire".

On January 14, 1966, a group of barb wire collectors met in Fort Worth, Texas and formed the first state collectors' association. In the same year, barb wire collectors gathered at LaCrosse, Kansas and formed a state association. Since 1966, state associations have been formed in almost half of the fifty states, and at the present, barb wire collecting is perhaps the fastest growing hobby in the country. Over six hundred types of barb wire were patented in the official records of the U.S. Patent Office.

But just how many more wires were manufactured and never patented is unknown. A collector's length of barb wire is 18 inches long and, depending on supply and demand, might cost a collector from $1.00 to $100.00. For age of the wire, like the age of a coin, has little to do with its value. No collector in the United States has a complete collection of all the wires as recorded in the patent office. Perhaps no one ever will. But new finds are being made from time to time and a find of a truly rare wire could possibly make the finder a prosperous man.

The various state barbed wire collector's associations state that the purpose of collecting old barb wire is to preserve and promote the history of the wire that fenced the west for future generations.

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The fine 18-inch pieces of antique barb wire held by Jack Buswell of Denison, Texas have a current retail value of approximately $300.

Praised by many, cursed by many, the silent sentinel of the west has taken its rightful place in history. ●**RW**

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PARROTT PEAK

(continued from page 13)

of his time doing. He made his living by working as a miner, still he always found some time to hunt and prospect in the La Plata Mountains.

Always on these hunting - prospecting trips, he gathered samples of any ledges and veins he thought might contain gold. Those were assayed later, either by himself or by a professional. If the assay showed some value, Hollingsworth remembered the place and never had any real difficulty in returning to the exact spot. With his system he had already found several valuable claims in the district.

He was out hunting late in October of 1901 while the weather was cloudy and threatening an early snowstorm. Hollingsworth was in a hurry to get his deer and was hard at work following fresh tracks high on the mountainside and west of his cabin. Following the dim game trail through the forest, he noticed an outcropping on the steep point of a ridge between Root Gulch and Snowslide Draw. Obeying his mining impulse, he stopped and broke off a good-sized specimen to study carefully. He recognized it as Sylvanite, an ore of the Telluride group, which usually carries a great deal of gold.

He knew the vein would stay put where it was, but his deer was getting away. Hollingsworth put the sample in his hunting sack and took careful note of the location before taking out after the deer. He got his deer all right, a mile further along the draw, dressed it out with its carcass hung on a spruce limb. He left the hind feet of the deer hanging from the spruce bough and took the meat home, making it just as it began to snow.

With the fresh snow on the ground, Hollingsworth made no attempt to return to his new gold find. It would be waiting for him when spring came. The finding of rich ore was no new experience, still he examined his sample carefully. He was soon convinced that it was by far the richest find he had ever made. To avoid any possibility of getting it mixed up with his other ore samples, he put it in his hunting bag hanging on the wall.

During the winter Hollingsworth tested the sample he had in his hunting bag. He was dumbfounded with the results of his simple analysis. He could hardly believe it. The ore was far richer than expected, running nearly $70,000 a ton. He felt the incomparable thrill of all mining men when they find a rich strike. Still, he was discreet and carefully kept his mouth shut.

Impatiently, he waited for spring so he could go back up Parrott Mountain to find the outcrop, stake it, and begin to make his fortune. Long before the snow really melted off the mountain slopes, he was out prospecting. Impatiently, he watched the slowly receding snow line, confident he would rediscover his coveted vein just as soon as the snow melted away.

Finally the snow was gone, yet he didn't find the elusive outcrop. Day after day he climbed the mountain, searching, all to no avail. He knew he was near, just in the immediate vicinity. He knew this was the place where he had stumbled onto the vein. He could see all the landmarks, even the hind feet of the deer were still hanging from the limb where he left them.

Even with all of this knowledge, he could not find the precise spot where the rich ledge broke the surface of the ground.

For two summers, Hollingsworth bore his bitter disappointment and conducted his solitary search. He always hoped each trip would prove to be successful. He just couldn't figure out why he couldn't find the rich outcrop. Finally, during the middle of the third summer, he confided in a fellow-miner, inviting him to join the search.

Together they searched for the lost bonanza. They found pieces of ore of the same character and quality, but they never found the solid vein Hollingsworth had found three years before. Then in 1905, the *Lucky Moon* was discovered, according to Hollingsworth, only about a quarter of a mile north and a little west from the point where he had made his fabulous find.

Still, the *Lucky Moon* was not the Hollingsworth *Venison Lode,* even though the ore in the Lucky Moon was similar to the *Venison Lode.* It was not the same, for it had more tellurium.

What happened to the *Venison Lode?* Well, Hollingsworth hunted for it intermittently up to the time of his death a number of years ago. The vein, of course, is still there. It did not evaporate or disappear back into Parrott Mountain. Whatever happened to it and to the Clubfoot and Lone Wolf were only the occurrences of nature. Snow and rock slides, land slumps, all occur in the rugged mountain vastness of the San Juan.

Experienced miners and prospectors believe the forces of nature covered them over, and those same forces will uncover them again. Very possibly these forces have uncovered them at many times, but no one was there when they were exposed.

Let us look closely at these three treasures on Parrott Mountain. The *Lone Wolf* was on the western slope. Clubfoot's mine was in Root Gulch and Root Gulch tends to circle toward the western slope. Milt Hollingsworth's *Vension Lode* was in a side draw of Root Gulch and on the western slopes of Parrott Mountain. So was the *Lucky Moon* Mine, but the *Lucky Moon* was not any of these lost mines. Its vein system was erratic with many offshoots from some Mother Lode located in the heart of the mountain.

Most experienced mining geologists believe the outcrops Lone Wolf and Clubfoot found are offshoots from the main vein. They also believe Hollingsworth found that main vein or Mother Lode of Parrott Mountain. Considering the richness of the *Lucky Moon, Red Arrow* and *Mountain Lily,* if they are only descendants of the Mother Lode, then the riches of the main vein would simply stagger a man's imagination.

Time has dulled the interest in these lost treasures. Many of the old-timers who knew about them have passed on and newcomers have taken their places. Still, every now and then, men will hunt for this rich lost lode on Parrott Mountain. They even find bits of ore in the area, evidence of a rich vein nearby. Possibly only a half an inch of dead leaf mold is the covering which hides the golden treasure. A hard summer shower can easily remove this in a few moments, exposing the outcrop.

Fortunate, indeed, will be the lucky person who passes by at the right time and is observant enough to note the invitation to golden wealth.

Footnote: Parrott Peak is located in T 36 N, R 11 W, New Mexico Principle Meridian. Location numbers are based on the U. S. Government

(continued on next page)

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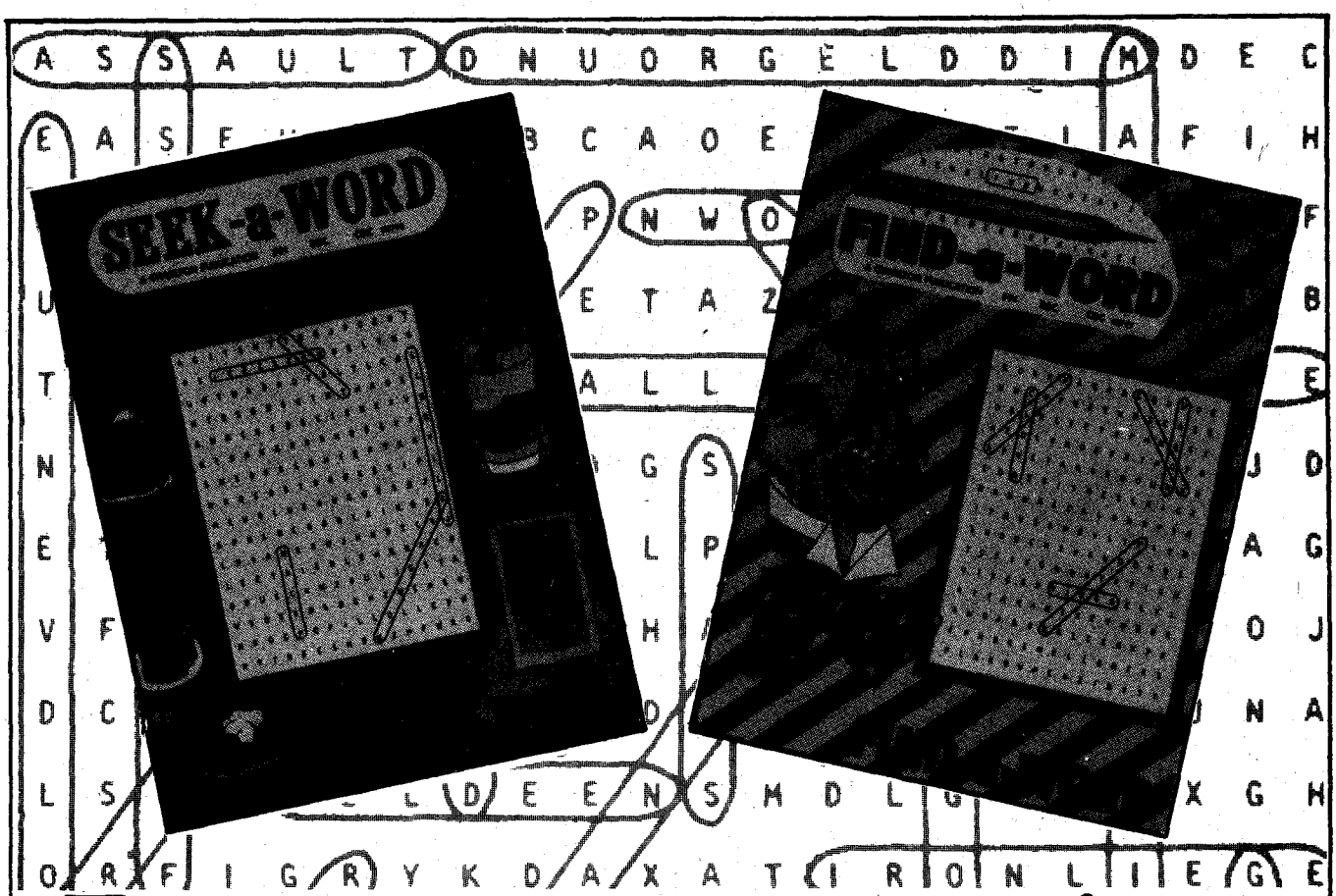

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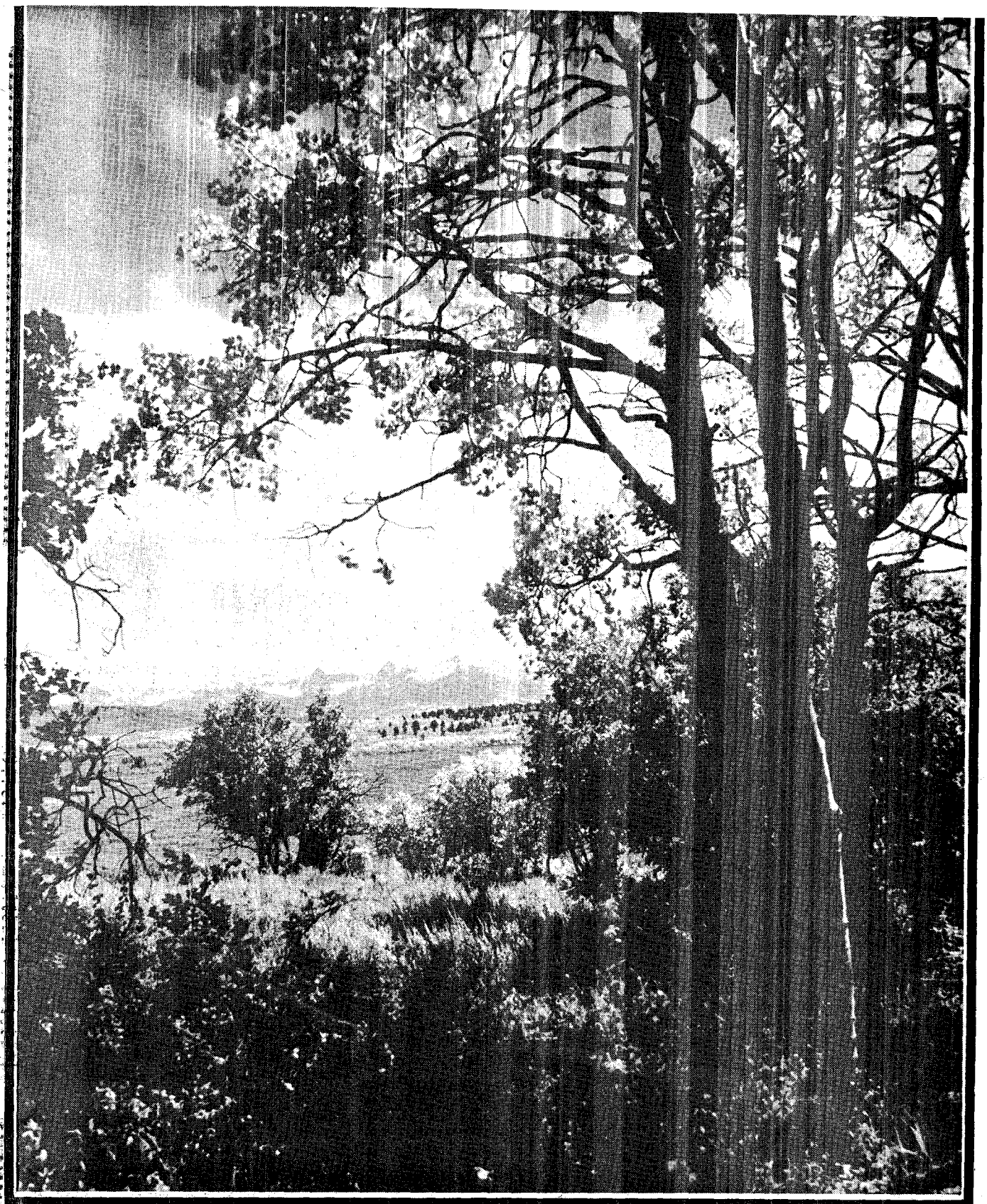

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A view across one of the valleys in the San Juan Mountains in Montrose and San Miguel counties in Colorado. It is this type of wilderness in which the treasures of Parrott Peak are hidden.

maps where the locations of areas are in terms of a township and range. The number after "T" is the township number and the number after "R" is the range number. Using this system and a map of San Juan National Forest (free), one can locate the area discussed in this article. ●**RW**

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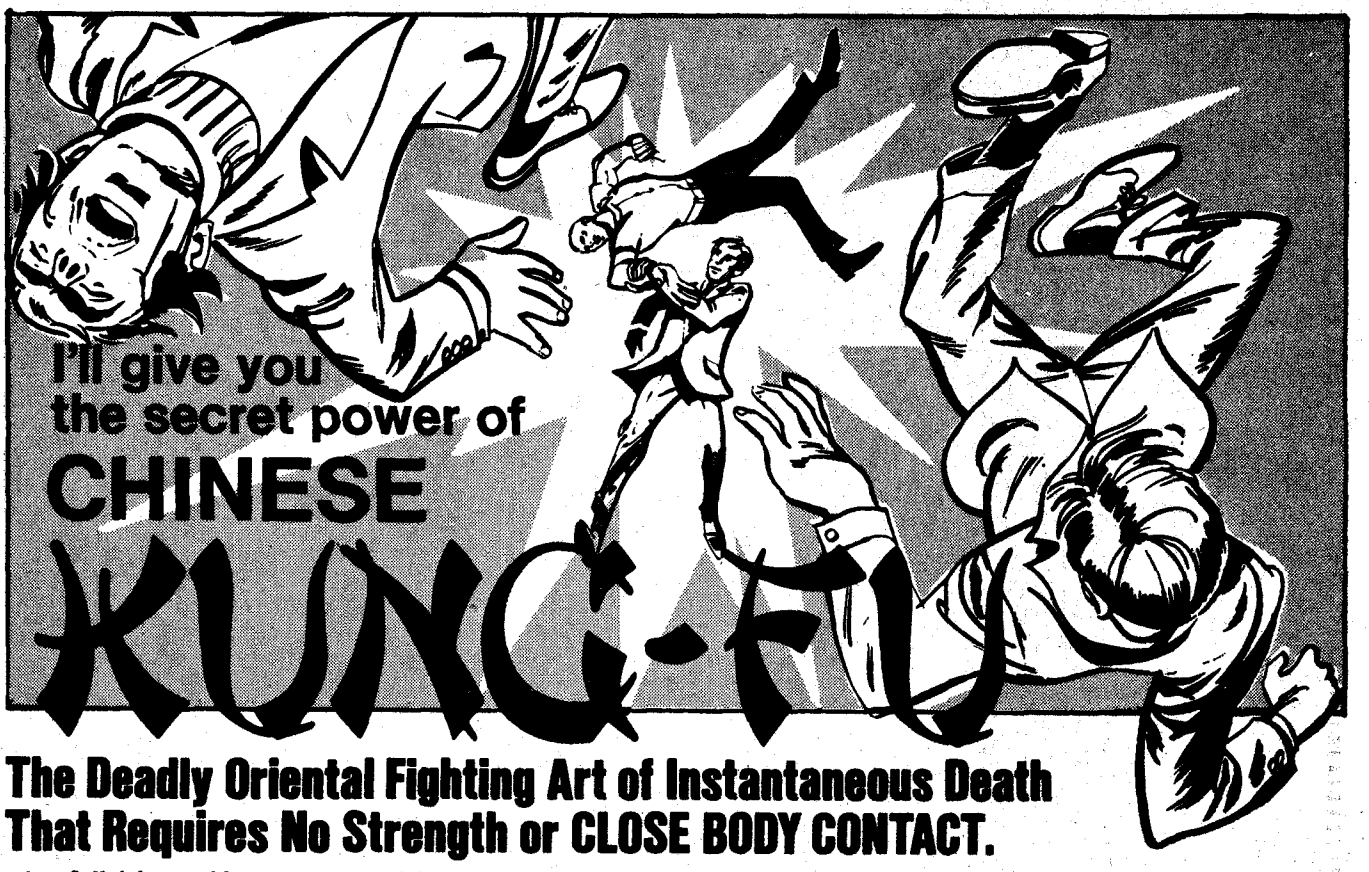

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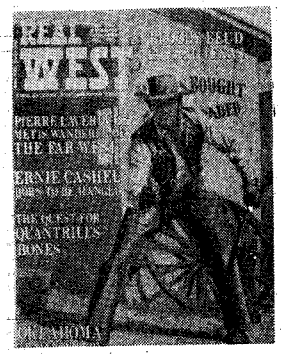

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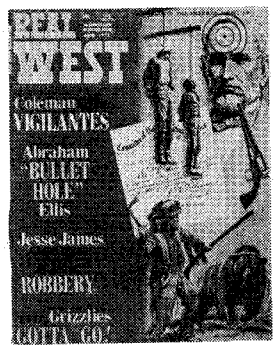

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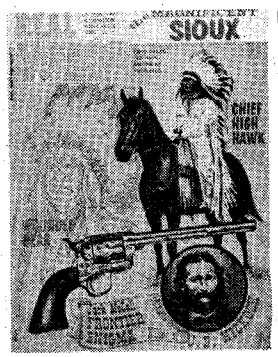

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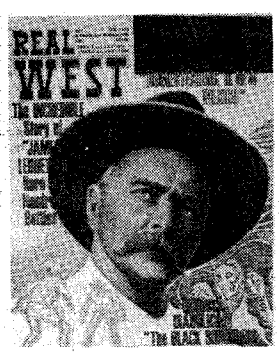

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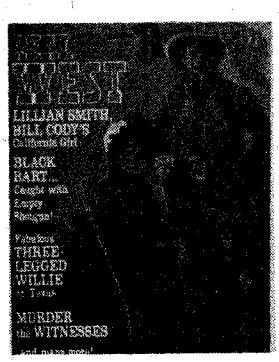

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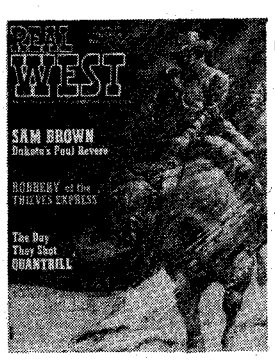

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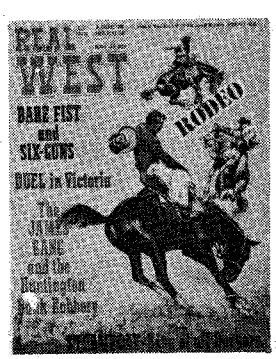

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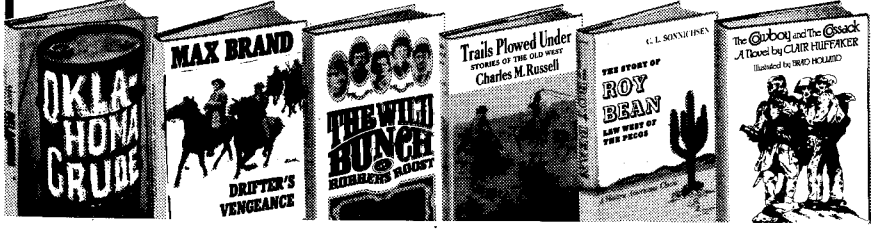

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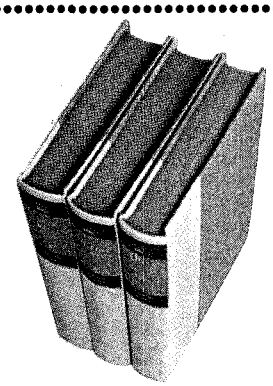

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